



POEMS



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Frances R. Havergal

POEMS

BY

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL



ASTLEY CHURCH, THE RECTORY, AND CHURCHYARD

The Early Home and Resting Place of F.R.H. The Tomb is beneath the spreading fir tree

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

713 BROADWAY

1881

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1881,
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PRESS OF J. J. LITTLE & CO.,
NOS. 10 TO 20 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

PREFACE.

THE poetical works of Frances Ridley Havergal steadily grow in favor. Hitherto, they have been obtainable only in two or more volumes ; there is a demand for an edition which shall bring within the compass of a single cover all that are of interest to the public. The present collection has been made by a loving and reverent hand. No poem has been changed, none mutilated ; and the work of exclusion has concerned itself chiefly with the unripe productions of early years, or those of too personal or local a character to be of general interest. We think that neither the devout nor the poetical reader will miss anything which has won, or is likely to win, his affections.

The order of arrangement is not strictly chronological. The poems under the head of "The Ministry of Song" were the first published ; but we have preferred to open the volume with those riper fruits of Miss Havergal's genius which came next, with the general title, "Under

the Surface." All poems, of whatever date, which did not fall naturally under other heads are classed as "Miscellaneous;" while in "Under His Shadow" and "Closing Chords" will be found the latest and maturest of her works, even to the final penciled fragment, so pathetically ending with what was meant for a beginning, which seems as if written within the very shadow of the pearly gates that she was so soon to enter.



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LIFE-MOSAIC.

*MASTER, to do great work for Thee my hand
Is far too weak. Thou givest what may suit—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which Thou hast traced ; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones that I have wrought,
Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought ;
Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.*



UNDER THE SURFACE.

“ Man’s goings are of the Lord ; how can a man then understand his own way ? ”
—Prov. xx. 24.



UNDER THE SURFACE.

I.

ON the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash,
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,
A hush of peace and an endless calm,
Winds and waves, from a choral height,
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,
Tossing weed and drifting waif,
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,
Where wreck-watching rocks they chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

•
II.

On the surface, lilies white,
A painted skiff with a singing crew,
Sky-reflections soft and bright,
Tremulous crimson, gold, and blue.

Under the surface, life in death,
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,
Creeping things with watery breath,
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,
A crystal couch for the moonbeam's rest,
Starry ripples along the beach,
Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,
Treacherous currents swift and strong,
Deafening rush in the drowning ears,—
Have ye rightly read my song?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ! So you say,
 So do I *not* believe !
 For no men or women that live to-day,
 Be they as good or as bad as they may,
 Ever would dare to leave
 In faintest pencil or boldest ink
 All they truly and really think,
 What they have said and what they have done,
 What they have lived and what they have felt,
 Under the stars or under the sun.
 At the touch of a pen the dewdrops melt,
 And the jewels are lost in the grass,
 Though you count the blades as you pass.
 At the touch of a pen the lightning is fixed,
 An innocent streak on a broken cloud ;
 And the thunder that pealed so fierce and loud,
 With musical echo is softly mixed.
 Autobiography ? No !
 It never was written yet, I trow.
 Grant that they try !
 Still they must fail !
 Words are too pale
 For the fervor and glow of the lava-flow.
 Can they paint the flash of an eye ?
 How much less the flash of a heart,
 Or its delicate ripple and glitter and gleam,
 Swift and sparkling, suddenly darkling,
 Crimson and gold tints, exquisite soul-tints,
 Changing like dawn-flush touching a dream !

Where is the art
That shall give the play of blending lights
From the porphyry rock on the pool below ?
Or the bird-shadow traced on the sunlit heights
Of golden rose and snow ?

You say 'tis a fact that the books exist,
Printed and published in Mudie's list,
Some in two volumes, and some in one—
Autobiographies plenty. But look !
I will you what is done
By the writers, confidentially !
They cut little pieces out of their lives
And join them together,
Making them up as a readable book,
And call it an autobiography,
Though little enough of the life survives.

What if we went in the sweet May weather
To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,
And reaches down to a tinkling brook,
That sings the flowers to sleep at night,
And calls them again with the earliest light.
Under the delicate flush of green,
Hardly shading the bank below,
Pale anemones peep between
The mossy stumps where the violets grow ;
Wide clouds of bluebells stretch away,
And primrose constellations rise,—
Turn where we may,
Some new loveliness meets our eyes.

The first white butterflies flit around,
 Bees are murmuring close to the ground,
 The cuckoo's happy shout is heard.
 Hark again !
 Was it echo, or was it bird ?
 All the air is full of song,
 A carolling chorus around and above ;
 From the wood-pigeon's call so soft and long,
 To merriest twitter and marvellous trill,
 Every one sings at his own sweet will,
 True to the key-note of joyous love.

Well, it is lovely ! is it not ?
 But we must not stay on the fairy spot,
 So we gather a nosegay with care :
 A primrose here and a bluebell there,
 And something that we have never seen,
 Probably therefore a specimen rare ;
 Stitchwort, with stem of transparent green,
 The white-veined woodsorrel, and a spray
 Of tender-leaved and budding May.

We carry home the fragrant load,
 In a close, warm hand, by a dusty road ;
 The sun grows hotter every hour ;
 Already the woodsorrel pines for the shade ;
 We watch it fade,
 And throw away the fair little flower ;
 We forgot that it could not last an hour
 Away from the cool moss where it grows.
 Then the stitchworts droop and close ;
 There is nothing to show but a tangle of green.
 For the white-rayed stars will no more be seen.

Then the anemones, can they survive ?

Even now they are hardly alive.

Ha ! where is it, our unknown spray ?

Dropped on the way !

Perhaps we shall never find one again.

At last we come in with the few that are left,

Of freshness and fragrance bereft ;

A sorry display.

Now, do we say,

“ Here is the wood where we rambled to-day ?

See, we have brought it to you ;

Believe us, indeed it is true.

“ This is the wood ! ” do we say ?

So much for the bright and pleasant side.

There is another. We did not bring

All that was hidden under the wing

Of the radiant plumaged Spring.

We never tried

To spy, or watch, or away to bear,

Much that was just as truly there.

What have we seen ?

Hush, ah, hush !

Curled and withered fern between,

And dead leaves under the living green,

Thick and damp. A clammy feather,

All that remains of a singing thrush

Killed by a weasel long ago,

In the hungry winter weather.

Nettles in unfriendly row,

And last year's brambles, sharp and brown,

Grimly guarding a hawthorn crown.

A pale leaf trying to reach the light
 By a long weak stem, but smothered down,
 Dying in darkness, with none to see.
 The rotting trunk of a willow tree,
 Leafless, ready to fall from the bank ;
 A poisonous fungus, cold and white,
 And a hemlock growing strong and rank.
 A tuft of fur and a ruddy stain,
 Where a wounded hare has escaped the snare,
 Only perhaps to be caught again.
 No specimens we bring of these,
 Lest they should disturb our case,
 And spoil the story of the May,
 And make you think our holiday
 Was far less pleasant than we say.

Ah no ! We write our lives indeed,
 But in a cipher none can read,
 Except the author. He may pore
 The life-accumulating lore

For evermore,
 And find the records strange and true
 Bring wisdom old and new.
 But though he break the seal,
 No power has he to give the key.

No license to reveal.
 We wait the all-declaring day,
 When love shall know as it is known.
 Till then, the secrets of our lives are ours and God's
 alone.

COMPENSATION.

O THE compensating springs ! O the balance-wheels
of life,
Hidden away in the workings under the seeming strife !
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighting the whirl
and the force,
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

How shall we gauge the whole, who can only guess a
part ?

How can we read the life, when we cannot spell the
heart ?

How shall we measure another, we who can never know
From the juttings above the surface the depth of the
vein below ?

Even our present way is known to ourselves alone,
Height and abyss and torrent, flower and thorn and
stone ;

But we gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain
scene,

Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

How shall we judge their present, we who have never
seen

That which is past for ever, and that which might have
been ?

Measuring by ourselves, unwise indeed are we,
Measuring what we *know* by what we can hardly *see*.

Ah ! if we knew it all, we should surely understand
That the balance of sorrow and joy is held with an even
hand,
That the scale of success or loss shall never overflow,
And that compensation is twined with the lot of high
and low.

The easy path in the lowland hath little of grand or
new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious
view ;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the
height,
But the peak that is nearer the storm-cloud is nearer the
stars of light.

Launch on the foaming stream that bears you along like
a dart,—
There is danger of rapid and rock, there is tension of
muscle and heart ;
Glide on the easy current, monotonous, calm, and slow,
You are spared the quiver and strain in the safe and
quiet flow.

O the sweetness that dwells in a harp of many strings,
While each, all vocal with love, in tuneful harmony
rings !
But O, the wail and the discord, when one and another
is rent
Tensionless, broken, or lost, from the cherished instru-
ment.

For rapture of love is linked with the pain or fear of
loss,
And the hand that takes the crown must ache with
many a cross ;
Yet he who hath never a conflict hath never a victor's
palm,
And only the toilers know the sweetness of rest and calm.

Only between the storms can the Alpine traveller know
Transcendent glory of clearness, marvels of gleam and
glow ;
Had he the brightness unbroken of cloudless summer
days,
This had been dimmed by the dust and veil of a brood-
ing haze.

Who would dare the choice, *neither* or *both* to know,
The finest quiver of joy or the agony-thrill of woe ?
Never the exquisite pain, then never the exquisite bliss,
For the heart that is dull to that can never be strung to
this.

Great is the peril or toil if the glory or gain be great ;
Never an earthly gift without responsible weight ;
Never a treasure without a following shade of care ;
Never a power without the lurk of a subtle snare.

For the swift is not the safe, and the sweet is not the
strong ;
The smooth is not the short, and the keen is not the
long ;

The much is not the most, and the wide is not the deep,
And the flow is never a spring, when the ebb is only
neap.

Then hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father knows what thou
knowest not.

The need and the thorn and the shadow linked with the
fairest lot ;

Knows the wisest exemption from many an unseen snare,
Knows what will keep thee nearest, knows what thou
couldst not bear.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father portioneth as He will,
To all His belovèd children, and shall they not be still ?
Is not His will the wisest, is not His choice the best ?
And in perfect acquiescence is there not perfect rest ?

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father, whose ways are true
and just,

Knoweth and careth and loveth, and waits for thy per-
fect trust ;

The cup He is slowly filling shall soon be full to the
brim,

And infinite compensations for ever be found in Him.

Hush ! oh, hush ! for the Father hath fullness of joy in
store,

Treasures of power and wisdom, and pleasures for ever-
more ;

Blessing and honor and glory, endless, infinite bliss ;—
Child of His love and His choice, oh, canst thou not
wait for this ?

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE ills we see,—
The mysteries of sorrow deep and long,
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,—
Have all one key :
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school :
All chance and change His love shall grandly overrule.

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end !
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

He traineth thus
That we may teach the lessons we are taught ;
That younger learners may be further brought,
Led on by us :
Well may we wait, or toil, or suffer long,
For His dear service so to be made fit and strong.

He traineth so
That we may shine for Him in this dark world,
And bear His standard dauntlessly unfurled :
That we may show

His praise, by lives that mirror back his love,—
His witnesses on earth, as He is ours above.

Nor only here
The rich result of all our God doth teach
His scholars, slow at best, until we reach
A nobler sphere :
Then, not till then, our training is complete,
And the true life begins for which He made us meet.

Are children trained
Only that they may reach some higher class ?
Only for some few school-room years that pass
Till growth is gained ?
Is it not rather for the years beyond
To which the father looks with hopes so fair and fond ?

Bold thought, flash on
Into the far depths of Eternity ;
When Time shall be a faint star-memory,
So long, long gone !
Only not lost to our immortal sight,
Because it ever bears Redemption's quenchless light.

Flash on, and stand
Among thy bright companions,—spirits blest,
Inhabiting through ages of glad rest
The Shining Land !
Each singing bliss into each other's hearts,—
Outpouring mighty joy that God's full hand imparts.

If sweet below
To minister to those whom God doth love,
What will it be to minister above !
His praise to show
In some new strain amid the ransomed choir,
To touch their joy and love with note of living fire !

With perfect praise,
With interchange of rapturous revelation
From Christ Himself, the burning adoration
Yet higher to raise,
For ever and for ever so to bring
More glory, and still more, to Him, our gracious King !

Look on to this
Through all perplexities of grief and strife,—
To this, thy true maturity of life,
Thy coming bliss ;
That such high gifts thy future dower may be,
And for such service high thy God prepareth thee.

What though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial-season,—
Trust and obey :
And, like the child whose story follows here,
In after life and light all shall be plain and clear.

ALICE'S STORY.

PART I.

The firelight softly glanced upon
Dark braids and sunny curls,
Where, in a many-windowed room,
Yet dim with late November gloom,
Were busy groups of girls.

Some sat apart to learn alone ;
Some studied side by side ;
Some gathered round a master's chair
In reverent silence ; others there
For readiest answer tried.

For one young name a summons came,
And Alice quickly rose :
The rapid pen aside is laid ;
The call once heard must be obeyed
At once,—as well she knows.

Yet with no joyous step or smile
She hastens now away,
A teacher's earnest look to meet,
Whose hand is filled with music sweet,
As hers shall be one day.

Beside her at the instrument
A place her teacher takes,

With patient eye, yet keenest ear ;
And Alice knows that he will hear
The slightest fault she makes.

Oh, such a music-task as this
Was never hers before !
So long and hard, so strange and stern,—
A piece she thinks she cannot learn,
Though practised o'er and o'er.

It is not beautiful to her,—
She cannot grasp the whole :
The master's thought was great and deep,—
A mighty storm, to seize and sweep
The wind-harp of the soul.

She only plays it note by note,
With undeveloped heart ;
She does not glimpse the splendor through
Each chord, so difficult and new,
Of veiled and varied art.

Unwonted beat and weird repeat
She cannot understand ;
She stumbles on with clouded brow,—
Her cheek is flushed, and aching now
The weary little hand.

She looked up in her teacher's face ;
Tears were not far away :
“ *Must* I go on till it is done ?
Oh, let me change it, sir, for one
That I can better play.

“I cannot make it beautiful,—
It has no tune to sing ;
And when I am at home, I fear
My friends will never care to hear
This long and dreary thing.”

He said, “If you might freely choose,
My child, what would you learn ? ”
“Oh, I would have the ‘Shower of Pearls,’
Or ‘Soldiers March,’ like other girls,
And quick approval earn ;

“Or sweet Italian melodies,
With brilliant run and shake ;
If you would only give me such,
I think that I could please you much,—
Such progress I should make.”

“Learn this, and it will please me more,”
Said he, with kindest voice :
“And though ’tis now so hard to play,
Trust me, you will be glad some day
That I have ruled your choice.”

Tears trembled on the lash, and now
His face she could not see ;
Once more she pleaded, as they fell,
“But I shall never play it well :
It is too hard for me !”

“One thing I grant,” he said ; “that you
May fully, freely tell
Your father, who is kind and wise :
And, Alice, what he shall advise,
Say, will it not be well ?”

Again she came, and stumblingly
The hard sonata played :
Another week had passed away,
With toilsome practice every day,
Yet small the progress made.

Her father’s writing, bold and clear,
Lay on the instrument :
“Your letter safely came to me,
And now shall answer lovingly
To my dear child be sent.

“The hardest gained is best retained ;
You learn not for to-day :
I cannot grant your fond request ;
Your teacher certainly knows best,—
So trust him and obey.”

The teacher spoke ; she listened well,
No word of his to miss :
“Alice, I want to make of you
An artist, noble, high, and true ;
And no light thing is this.

“There’s happier, better work in store
Than merry tunes to play :
You have a mission to fulfill,—
You do not know it ; but I will
Prepare you as I may.

“Will you believe that I know best,
And persevere, my child ?”
She answered, with a little sigh,
“Yes : I will trust, and I will try ;”
And then her teacher smiled.

PART II.

Long has the school been left behind,
For years have passed away :
We find her now where evening light
Fades not into the darksome night,
But melts into the day.

There, in an arched and lofty room,
She stands, in fair white dress ;
Where grace and color and sweet sound
Combine and cluster all around,
And rarest taste express.

’Tis Alice still, but woman grown
In hand and head and heart :
And those who now around her throng
Are skilled in music and in song,
In learning and in art.

It was an evening of delight
To be remembered long,
With many a reach of vivid thought,
And many a vision artist-wrought,
And—crown of all that friendship brought—
The eloquence of song.

The North is bright, with lingering light
To Northern summers given,—
A tender loveliness that stays
When twilight falls upon the days,
As silence falls in heaven.

“Now, Alice : now the time is come !
Sweet music you have poured ;
But, in this gentle twilight-fall,
Give now the very best of all
That in your heart is stored.

“Give now the Master’s masterpiece ;
All silent we will be :
And you shall stir our inmost souls,
While, like a fiery river, rolls
Beethoven’s harmony.

An instrument was by her side,—
A new and glad possession,
Whose perfect answering conveyed
Each delicate and subtle shade
Of varying expression.

She needed no reminding score,
For memory was true :
And what is learnt in childish years,
Deep graven on the mind appears
Our life's whole journey through.

And so she only had to let
The long-known music flow
From happy heart and steady hand,
As with a magic flame-command;
Enkindling in the listening band
A full responsive glow.

Through shade more beautiful than light,
Through hush of softest word,
Through calm and silence, still and deep
As angel-love or seraph-sleep.
The opening notes were heard.

THE SONATA.

PART 1.—(ADAGIO.)

Soft and slow,
Ever a gentle underflow,
Soft and slow,
Murmuring peacefully on below.
A twilight song ; while the shadows sleep
Dusk and deep,

Over the fountain, under the fern,
Solemn and still ;
Waiting for moonlight over the hill
To touch the bend of the lulling burn,
And make it show
As a diamond bow,
Shooting arrows of glancing light
In luminous flight
To the gloomy head of the waterfall ;
Again to break,
In silvery flake,
Under the wild and grim rock-wall.
A twilight song, a song of love,
Softer than nightingale, sweeter than dove ;
Loving and longing, loving and yearning,
With a hidden flow of electric burning
Ever returning ;
Melting again in calm repeat,
Slow and sweet,
Sweet and slow ;
While ever the gentle underflow
Murmurs lovingly on below,
In notes that seem to come from far,—
From the setting star
In the paling west,
Faint and more faint,
Like the parting hymn of a dying saint
Sinking to rest.

A moment of deep hush ; then wakes again,
With sudden sparkle of delight, a new and joyous strain.

PART II.—(ALLEGRETTO.)

Awake ! awake !

For life is sweet :

Awake ! awake !

New hopes to greet.

The shadows are fleeting,

The substance is sure ;

The joys thou art meeting

Shall ever endure.

Awake ! awake !

For twilight now

That veiled the lake

Where dark woods bow,

In moonlight resplendent

Is passing away ;

For brightness ascendant

Turns night into day.

Oh, listen ! yet listen !

The moonlight song

Where still waters glisten

Is floating along :

A melodious ripple of silver sound,

In golden rhythm of light-bars bound,

Linked with the loveliness all around.

A song of hope,

That soars beyond

The farthest scope

Of a vision fond ;

While the loneliest silence of solemn night,

And the depth of shadow beneath our feet,

Only make the song more sweet,—

Only make the sacred light
Yet more tender, yet more bright ;
And song and radiance both entwining
In radiant singing and musical shining

Float on and on
Till the night is gone,
Ever for rest
Far too blest.
Then wake, then wake
From slumberous leisure !
Arise and take

Thy truest pleasure !

A life is before thee which cannot decay ;
A glimpse and an echo are given to-day
Of glory and music not far away.
Take the bliss that is offered thee :
Hope on, hope ever, and thou shalt be
Blest for aye !

Once more a pause is made :
While deeper still the silence, deeper yet the shade.

PART III.—(PRESTO AGITATO.)

Now in awful tempest swelling,
Fallen hosts anew rebelling,
Battle shout and lava torrent
Mingle in a strife abhorrent.
Fiery cataracts are leaping,
Passion-driven stars are sweeping

In a labyrinth of courses ;
Space is torn with clashing forces :
'Tis a fearful new rehearsal
Of old chaos universal.

Hush ! and hark ! and hear aright,
And you shall know
It is not so !
'Tis the roar of chariot wheels,
That nothing hinders, nothing bars,
Whose flint-sparkles are the stars
Flashing bright ;
And the mighty thunder-peals
Are the trampling of its steeds.
On it speeds,
Crushing wrongs like river-reeds,
By the grandly simple might
Of Eternal Right.

'Tis a song—a battle song,—
And a shout of victory,
Darting through the conflict strong
Terror to the enemy.
Rising, while the moon is setting
That beheld the struggle sore ;
Rising still, while not forgetting
That the battle is not o'er ;
Rising, while the day is breaking
O'er the hills, serene and strong :
Rising, while the birds are waking
With their myriad-throated song ;

Rising ! yet with much to do
Ere the strife be ended !
For loud confusion
And wild delusion
Are rampant still, and still are blended
With the song of triumph bursting through.
It rises to fall again ;
Falls, but to rise ;
Hushed, but to call again
Loud to the skies.
Resonnding like thunder
In conquering march,
That reverberates under
The resonant arch.

Sternly triumphant o'er wrongful might,
In whirlwind of battle, in tempest of fight,
See the singers before us,
In warrior chorus,
Never despairing,
Never yielding :
Ever preparing
And faithfully wielding
Weapons kept bright,
And armor of light ;
Shattering barriers that seemed adamantine,
Spurning the depth and scaling the height ;
While over all the turmoil and fray
Shines, in the dawn that heralds the day,
Star-lit, a crown amaranthine.

Yea : a mighty song,
Of joy and triumph strong ;
Magnificent in madness,
And glorious in gladness.
Every obstacle is hurled
To an infinite abyss ;
Giant standards are unfurled, —
Banners of a far-off world
Calling followers from this ;
Calling, calling : shall it be
To noble failure and heroic death ?
Lifted with a parting breath,
Is the shout of victory
Failing fast ?
Is the only crown at last
Death : death ?
No !
'Tis not so !
For light and life
End the war and crown the strife.
Joy to the faithful one full shall be given !
Rising in splendor that never shall set,
The morning of triumph shall dawn on thee yet,
When gladness and love for ever have met
In heaven.

She ended. For a little space
The music still seemed swelling ;
As it were too sweet and rare
Like common sound to leave the air
As a deserted dwelling.

Then, through the flow of loving thanks
And murmuring delight,
And marvel at the Master's art,
One rich approval reached her heart
More than all else that night.

One who had also freely brought
His own high gift of song,
Drew near and spoke : "For many a year
That marvellous work has been most dear,—
Known, loved, and studied long.

"I own, like you, allegiance true,
And deemed my insight clear ;
But never guessed until to-night
The depths of meaning and the might
Of what you rendered here.

"The Master has been much to me ;
But more than ever now I see
That none there is above him.
You have been his interpreter :
To you it has been given to stir
The souls of all who love him."

Then swift up-flashed a memory,—
A long-forgotten day ;
A memory of tears once shed,
Of aching hand and puzzled head,
And of the father's word that said,
"Trust and obey."

The lesson learnt in patience then
 Was lit by love and duty :
 The toiling time was quickly past,
 The trusting time had fled fast,
 And Alice understood at last
 Its mysteries of beauty.

O glad, perpetual harvest-time
 After the sowing days !
 For all her life rich joy of sound,
 And deep delight to loved ones round,
 And to the Master,—praise !

CONCLUSION.

Ye read her story.
 Take home the lesson with a spirit-smile :
 Darkness and mystery a little while,
 Then—light and glory,
 And ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
 And service of high praise in the Eternal Land !

Our God.

“This God is our God for ever and ever.”—Ps. xlviii. 14.

THE INFINITY OF GOD.

“Too wonderful for me.”—Ps. cxxxix. 6.

HOLY and Infinite ! Viewless, Eternal !
 Veiled in the glory that none can sustain,
 None comprehendeth Thy being supernal,
 Nor can the heaven of heavens contain.

Holy and Infinite ! limitless, boundless,
All thy perfections, and power, and praise !
Ocean of mystery ! awful and soundless
All thine unsearchable judgments and ways !

King of Eternity ! what revelation
Could the created and finite sustain,
But for thy marvellous manifestation,
Godhead incarnate in weakness and pain !

Therefore archangels and angels adore Thee,
Cherubim wonder, and seraphs admire ;
Therefore we praise Thee, rejoicing before Thee,
Joining in rapture the heavenly choir.

Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,
Who shall not fear Thee, and who shall not laud ?
Anthems of glory Thy universe raises,
Holy and Infinite ! Father and God !



THE SPIRITUALITY OF GOD.

“ God is a Spirit.”—JOHN iv. 24.

WHAT know we, Holy God, of Thee,
Thy being and Thine essence pure ?
Too bright the very mystery
For mortal vision to endure.

We only know Thy word sublime,
 Thou art a Spirit ! Perfect ! One !
 Unlimited by space or time,
 Unknown but through the eternal Son.

By change untouched, by thought untraced,
 And by created eye unseen,
 In *Thy great Present* is embraced
 All that shall be, all that hath been.

O Father of our Spirits, now
 We seek Thee in our Saviour's face ;
 In truth and spirit we would bow,
 And worship where we cannot trace.



THE ETERNITY OF GOD.

“The King eternal, immortal, invisible.”—1 TIM. i. 17.

KING Eternal and Immortal !
 We, the children of an hour,
 Bend in lowly adoration,
 Rise in raptured admiration,
 At the whisper of Thy power.
 Myriad ages in Thy sight
 Are but as the fleeting day ;
 Like a vision of the night,
 Worlds may rise and pass away.

All Thy glories are eternal,
None shall ever pass away ;
Truth and mercy all victorious,
Righteousness and love all glorious,
Shine with everlasting ray :
All resplendent, ere the light
Bade primeval darkness flee ;
All transcendent, through the flight
Of eternities to be.

Thou art God from everlasting,
And to everlasting art !
Ere the dawn of shadowy ages,
Dinly guessed by angel sages,
Ere the beat of seraph-heart ;
Thou, Jehovah, art the same,
And Thy years shall have no end ;
Changeless nature, changeless name,
Ever Father, God, and Friend.



THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

“ Be still, and know that I am God.”—Ps. xlv. 10.

GOD Almighty ! King of nations ! earth Thy foot-
stool, heaven Thy throne !
Thine the greatness, power, and glory, Thine the king-
dom, Lord, alone !

Life and death are in Thy keeping, and Thy will ordaineth all,
From the armies of Thy heavens to an unseen insect's fall.
Reigning, guiding, all-commanding, ruling myriad worlds of light ;
Now exalting, now abasing, none can stay Thy hand of might !
Working all things by Thy power, by the counsel of Thy will,
Thou art God ! enough to know it, and to hear Thy word :
“ Be still ! ”

In Thy sovereignty rejoicing, we Thy children bow and praise,
For we know that kind and loving, just and true, are all Thy ways.
While Thy heart of sovereign mercy, and Thine arm of sovereign might,
For our great and strong salvation in Thy sovereign grace unite.

THE ESSENTIAL BLESSEDNESS OF GOD.

“ Dwelling in the light.”—1 TIM. vi. 16.

O GLORIOUS God and King,
O gracious Father, hear
The praise our hearts would bring
To Thee, who, ever near,
Yet in eternity dost dwell,
Immortal and invisible.

Around Thee all is light,
And rest of perfect love,
And glory full and bright,
All human thought above.
Thyself the Fountain infinite
Of all ineffable delight.

O depth of holy bliss,
Essential and divine,
What thought can measure this,—
Thy joy, Thy glory,—Thine !
Yet such our treasure evermore,
Thy fullness is Thy children's store.

O Father, Thy great grace
We magnify and praise ;
Called to that blessed place,
With Thee through endless days
Thy joy to share, Thy joy to be,
Thy glory all unveiled to see !

THINE IS THE POWER.

O UR Father, our Father, who dwellest in light,
We lean on Thy love, and we rest on Thy might ;
In weakness and weariness joy shall abound,
For strength everlasting in Thee shall be found :
Our Refuge, our Helper, in conflict and woe,
Our mighty Defender, how blessed to know
That Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy promise we earnestly claim,
The sanctified heart that shall hallow Thy Name,
In ourselves, in our dear ones, throughout the wide world,
Be Thy Name as a banner of glory unfurled ;
Let it triumph o'er evil and darkness and guilt,
We know Thou canst do it, we know that thou wilt,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we long for the glorious day
When all shall adore Thee, and all shall obey.
Oh, hasten Thy kingdom, oh, show forth Thy might,
And wave o'er the nations Thy sceptre of right.
Oh, make up Thy jewels, the crown of Thy love,
And reign in our hearts as Thou reignest above,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, we pray that Thy will may be done,
For full acquiescence is heaven begun,—
Both in us and by us Thy purpose be wrought,
In word and in action, in spirit and thought ;
And Thou canst enable us thus to fulfill,
With holy rejoicing, Thy glorious will,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thou carest ; Thou knowest indeed
Our inmost desires, our manifold need ;
The fount of Thy mercies shall never be dry,
For Thy riches in glory shall mete the supply :
Our bread shall be given, our water be sure,
And nothing shall fail, for Thy word shall endure,
And Thine is the Power !

Our Father, forgive us, for we have transgressed,
Have wounded Thy love, and forsaken Thy breast ;
In the peace of Thy pardon henceforth let us live,
That through Thy forgiveness we too may forgive ;
The Son of Thy love, who hath taught us to pray
For Thy treasures of mercy, hath opened the way,
And Thine is the Power !

Thou knowest our dangers, Thou knowest our frame,
But a tower of strength is Thy glorious name ;
Oh, lead us not into temptation, we pray,
But keep us, and let us not stumble or stray ;
Thy children shall under Thy shadow abide ;
In Thee as our Guide and our Shield we confide,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, deliver Thy children from sin,
From evil without and from evil within,
From this world, with its manifold evil and wrong,
From the wiles of the Evil One, subtle and strong ;
Till, as Christ overcame, we, too, conquer and sing,
All glory to Thee, our victorious King,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Father, Thy children rejoice in Thy reign,
Rejoice in Thy highness, and praise Thee again !
Yea, Thine is the kingdom and Thine is the might,
And Thine is the glory transcendently bright ;
For ever and ever that glory shall shine,
For ever and ever that kingdom be Thine,
For Thine is the Power !

Our Saviour.

“Whom having not seen, ye love.”—1 PET. i. 8.

THE ONE REALITY.

FOG-WREATHS of doubt in blinding eddies drifted,
 Whirlwinds of fancy, countergusts of thought,
 Shadowless shadows where warm lives were sought,
 Numb feet, that feel not their own tread, uplifted
 On clouds of formless wonder, lightning-rifted !

What marvel that the whole world's life should seem,
 To helpless intellect, a Brahma-dream,
 From which the real and restful is out-sifted ?

Through the dim storm a white peace-bearing Dove
 Gleams, and the mist rolls back, the shadows flee,

The dream is past. A clear calm sky above,
 Firm rock beneath ; a royal-scrollèd tree,

And One, thorn-diademed, the King of Love,
 The Son of God who gave Himself for me.

TO THEE.

“Lord, to whom shall we go ?”—JOHN vi. 68.

I BRING my sins to Thee,
 The sins I cannot count,
 That all may cleansèd be
 In Thy once opened Fount.

I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read ;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee ;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell ;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

My joys to thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own ;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King !

*CONFIDENCE.*

I.

IN Thee I trust, on Thee I rest,
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest !
No earthly friend, no brother knows
My weariness, my wants, my woes.
On Thee I call,
Who knowest all.
O Saviour dear, Redeemer blest,
In Thee I trust, on Thee I rest.

II.

Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.
With lip and life I long to bless.
Thy faithfulness shall be my tower,
My sun Thy love, my shield Thy power,
In darkest night,
In fiercest fight.
With lip and life I long to bless
Thy power, Thy love, Thy faithfulness.

I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

I COULD not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost !
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea !

I could not do without Thee !
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee !
For oh ! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How *could* I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear !
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee !

I could not do without Thee !
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need.
No human heart could enter
Each deep recess of mine,
And soothe and hush and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine !

I could not do without Thee !
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

“*JESUS ONLY.*”

MATT. xvii. 8.

I.

“**J**ESUS only !” In the shadow
 Of the cloud so chill and dim,
 We are clinging, loving, trusting,
 He with us, and we with Him ;
 All unseen, though ever nigh,
 “Jesus only”—all our cry.

II.

“Jesus only !” In the glory,
 When the shadows all are flown,
 Seeing Him in all His beauty,
 Satisfied with Him alone,
 May we join His ransomed throng,
 “Jesus only”—all our song.

IS IT FOR ME?

“O Thou whom my soul loveth.”—CANT. i. 7.

IS it for me, dear Saviour,
 Thy glory and Thy rest ?
 For me, so weak and sinful,
 Oh, shall *I* thus be blessed ?

Is it for me to see Thee
In all Thy glorious grace,
And gaze in endless rapture
On Thy belovèd Face ?

Is it for me to listen
To Thy belovèd Voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice ?
Is it for me, Thy welcome,
Thy gracious "Enter in" ?
For me, Thy "Come, ye blessed !"
For me, so full of sin ?

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet ;
I bless Thee and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art ;

Behold Thee in thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face ;
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace,
And be with Thee forever,
And never grieve Thee more !
Dear Saviour, I *must* praise Thee,
And lovingly adore.

HIDDEN IN LIGHT.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy: We say, "How fair they are,
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and bright!"
But when the sun draws near in westerling might,
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we,
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not our light, but Thine, the world may see,
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

*HE IS THY LORD.*

"So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord, and worship thou Him."—Ps. xlv. 11.

JESUS, belovéd Master, art Thou near? -
My heart goes forth to Thee! Thy precious Word
Has flashed a bright yet tender thrill, a touch
Of living light, all through my silent soul.
I had not looked for it. I was too tired
For earnest search, and could not rise above
A sense of weary pain, that drew a veil

Of mist and lonely gloom before my eyes.
But as I lay and waited for the sleep
That had been asked, the Book beside my hand
Lured me to glance at lightly opening leaves.
Did not Thy loving Spirit guide the glance
That fell upon the unsought word of power,
“*He is Thy Lord*”? So simple, yet so strong,
So all-embracing! oh, it was enough
To chase away all mists and glooms of life.

“*He is Thy Lord!*” Thyself, O Saviour dear,
And not another. Whom have I but Thee
In heaven or earth? And whom should I desire!
For Thou hast said, “*So shall the King desire thee!*”
And well may I respond in wondering love,
“Thou art my Lord, and I will worship Thee.”

“*He is thy Lord!*” So certainly, I know
My glad allegiance has been given to Thee,
Because Thine all-compelling love and grace
Have won the citadel which else had stood
Defiant, till God’s wrath had laid it low.
So certainly! a fact which cannot change
Because Thou changest not, my glorious Lord.

“*He is THY Lord!*” Oh, mine! though other lords
Have had dominion, now I know Thy name,
And its great music is the only key
To which my soul vibrates in full accord,
Blending with other notes but as they blend
With this. Oh, mine! But dare I say it, *I*,

Who fail and wander, mourning oftentimes
Some sin-made discord, or some tuneless string ?
It would be greater daring to deny,
To say, "Not mine," when Thou hast proved to me
That I am Thine, by promise sealed with blood.

"*He is thy LORD!*" Oh, I am *glad* of this,
So glad that Thou art Master, Sovereign, King !
Only I want Thy rule to be supreme
And absolute; no lurking rebel thought,
No traitor in disguise to pass its bounds.
So glad,—because it is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been, and yet may be,
Thou choosest and Thou rulest, THOU, my Lord !
And this is peace, such peace,—I hardly pause
To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of Thy full and visible reign:
Thou reignest now—" *He is thy Lord!*" to-day !

My *Lord!* My heart hath said it joyfully.
Nay, could it be my own cold, treacherous heart ?
'Tis comfort to remember that we have
No will or power to think one holy thought,
And thereby estimate His power in us,—
"*No man can say that Jesus is the Lord,
But by the Holy Ghost.*" Then it must be
That all the sweetness of the word, "Thy Lord,"
And all the long glad echoes that it woke,

Are whispers of the Spirit, and a seal
Upon His work, as yet so faintly seen.

“ *My Lord, my God!* ” Thou hearest, blessèd Lord,
Thou knowest how, like Mary, I would bend
At Thy belovèd feet, if Thou wert here !
“ If Thou wert here ? ” But surely Thou *art* here,
And I believe it, though I cannot see.
I should not love Thee now wert Thou not near,
Looking on me in love. Yea, Thou dost meet
Those that remember Thee. Look on me still,
Lord Jesus Christ, and let Thy look give strength
To work for Thee with single heart and eye.



OUR KING.

“Worship thou Him.”—Ps. xlv, 11.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love ;
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King!

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought :

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King !

In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine :
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing ;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King !

Oh grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love :
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King !



ASCENSION SONG.

“He ascended up on high.”—EPI. iv. 8.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
Opened for the King ;

Christ, the King of Glory,
Jesus, King of Love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die :
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

ADVENT SONG.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour !
Thou art coming, O my King !
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing !
Coming ! In the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells ;
Coming ! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

Thou art coming, Thou art coming !
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say !
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet !

Thou art coming ! Rays of glory
Through the veil Thy death has rent,

Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden glowing quiver,
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream ;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Not a cloud and not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin and not a sorrow,
Not a dim and veiled to-morrow,
For that sunrise grand and clear !
Jesus, Saviour, once with Thee
Nothing else seems worth a thought !
Oh how marvellous will be
All the bliss Thy pain hath bought !

Thou art coming ! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss.
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming ! We are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail ;

Asking not the day or hour,
 Resting on Thy word of power,
 Anchored safe within the veil.
 Time appointed may be long,
 But the vision must be sure :
 Certainty shall make us strong,
 Joyful patience can endure !

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee, my own beloved Lord !
 Every tongue Thy name confessing,
 Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
 Brought to Thee with glad accord !
 Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned !
 Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and owned !

Our Work.

Workers together with Him."—2 COR. vi. i.

"Serve the Lord with gladness ; come before His presence with singing."—Ps.
 c. 2.

"HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?"

"O Lord, open Thou my lips ; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise." --
 Ps. li. 15.

HAVE you not a word for Jesus ? not a word to say
 for Him ?

He is listening through the chorus of the burning sera-
 phim !

HE IS LISTENING ; does He hear you speaking of the things of earth,

Only of its passing pleasure, selfish sorrow, empty mirth ?
He has spoken words of blessing, pardon, peace, and love to you,

Glorious hopes and gracious comfort, strong and tender, sweet and true ;

Does He hear you telling others something of His love untold,

Overflowings of thanksgiving for His mercies manifold ?

Have you not a word for Jesus ? Will the world His praise proclaim ?

Who shall speak if ye are silent ? ye who know and love His name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen His own witnesses to be,

Will you tell your gracious Master, “ Lord, we cannot speak for Thee ! ”

“ Cannot ! ” though He suffered for you, died because He loved you so !

“ Cannot ! ” though He has forgiven, making scarlet white as snow !

“ Cannot ! ” though His grace abounding is your freely promised aid !

“ Cannot ! ” though HE stands beside you, though HE says, “ Be not afraid ! ”

Have you not a word for Jesus ? Some, perchance, while ye are dumb,

Wait and weary for your message, hoping *you* will bid them “ come ; ”

Never telling hidden sorrows, lingering just outside the
door,
Longing for *your* hand to lead them into rest for ever-
more.
Yours may be the joy and honor His redeemèd ones to
bring,
Jewels for the coronation of your coming Lord and King.
Will you cast away the gladness thus your Master's joy
to share,
All because a word for Jesus seems too much for you to
dare ?

What shall be our word for Jesus ? Master, give it day
by day ;
Ever, as the need arises, teach Thy children what to say.
Give us holy love and patience ; grant us deep humility,
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full
of Thee ;
Give us zeal and faith and fervor, make us winning, make
us wise,
Single-hearted, strong and fearless,—Thou hast called us,
we will rise !
Let the might of Thy good Spirit go with every loving
word ;
And by hearts prepared and opened be our message always
heard !

Yes, we have a word for Jesus ! Living echoes we will be
Of thine own sweet words of blessing, of Thy gracious
“Come to Me.”

Jesus, Master ! yes, we love Thee, and to prove our love,
would lay
Fruit of lips which Thou wilt open at Thy blessèd feet
to-day.
Many an effort may it cost us, many a heart-beat, many a
fear,
But Thou knowest, and wilt strengthen, and Thy help is
always near.
Give us grace to follow fully, vanquishing our faithless
shame,
Feebly it may be, but truly, witnessing for Thy dear
Name.

Yes, we have a word for Jesus ! we will bravely speak for
Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour, we would
henceforth be :
In Thy name set up our banners, while Thine own shall
wave above,
With Thy crimson Name of Mercy, and Thy golden
Name of Love.
Help us lovingly to labor, looking for Thy present
smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing, through the bright-
ening “little while.”
Words for Thee in weakness spoken Thou wilt here ac-
cept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory, when we see Thee on
Thy throne.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone ;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just *as* Thou wilt, and *when*, and *where* ;
Until Thy blessed Face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

SINGING FOR JESUS.

“ With my song will I praise him.”—Ps. xxviii. 7.

SINGING for Jesus, our Saviour and King,
Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love ;
All adoration we joyously bring,
Longing to praise as we praise Him above.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace ;
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful, and base.

Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song ;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light ;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark ;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives ;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

Singing for Jesus, Oh, singing for joy !
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus forever above.



A SILENCE AND A SONG.

I AM alone, dear Master—
Alone in heart with Thee !
Though merry faces round me
And loving looks I see.

There's a hush among the blithe ones,
While a pleasant voice is heard,
A truce to all the tournament
Of flashing wit and word.

And in that truce of silence
I lay aside my lance,
And through the light and music send
One happy upward glance.

I know not what the song may be,
The words I cannot hear ;
'Tis but a gentle melody,
All simple, soft, and clear.

But the sweetness and the quiet
Have set my spirit free,
And I turn in loving gladness,
Dear Master, now to Thee.

I know I love Thee better
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

I know that Thou art nearer still
Than all this merry throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad !
Without the secret of Thy love,
I could not but be sad.

I bless Thee for these pleasant hours
With sunny-hearted friends,
But more for this sweet moment's calm
Thy loving-kindness sends.

O Master, gracious Master,
What will Thy presence be,
If such a thrill of joy can crown
One upward look to Thee ?

'Tis ending now, that gentle song,
And they will call for me ;
They know the music I love best,—
My song shall be for Thee !

For Thee, who hast so lovèd us,
And whom, not having seen,
We love ; on whom in all our joy,
As in our grief, we lean.

Be near me still, and tune my notes,
And make them sweet and strong
To waft Thy words to many a heart,
Upon the wings of song.

I know that all will listen,
For my very heart shall sing,
And it shall be Thy praise alone,
My glorious Lord and King.

THE COMING OF THE HEALER.

"They came into the land of Gennesaret. And *when* the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."—MATT. xiv. 34-36.

FROM the watch of lonely mountain prayer, in gather-
ing storm and blast,
From the path no mortal foot could tread, o'er waters
wild and vast,
HE came, the glorious Son of God, with healing, love,
and light,
To the land of far Gennesaret, that lay in shadowy night.

Oh, blessed morning, sunrise true, upon that gloomy
shore,
Where they who walked in darkness long the Light of
Life adore!
Oh, blessed coming to the land of Death's usurping sway;
For where those shining footsteps fall the shadows flee
away!

But *when* the Light had touched the hills by slumbering
Galilee,
The golden wave must roll afar toward the western sea:
And *when* the men had knowledge of the Holy One of
God,
Then they sent out through all the land, and spread His
fame abroad.

And *then* they brought the suffering ones, the lonely, or
the dear,
And laid them at the Healer's feet, from far away, or
near :
Then bent before the Wondrous One, and earnestly be-
sought
That they might only touch the hem around His gar-
ment wrought.

He heard the prayer, and gave the will and strength to
touch the hem,
And gave the faith ; and virtue flowed from Him, and
healèd them :
For every one whose feeblest touch thus met the Saviour's
power
Rose up in perfect health and strength in that accepted
hour.

O Tender One, O Mighty One, who never sent away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art the Same to-day !
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and Thou art
waiting still
To heal the multitudes that come, yea, "whosoever
will !"

We know Thee, blessed Saviour, who hast "filled us
with good things ;"
Thou hast arisen on our land, with healing in Thy
wings ;

Thou hast arisen on our hearts, with light and life
Divine ;
Now bid us be Thy messengers, bid us “arise and
shine !”

Oh, let Thy Spirit fire our zeal, that we may now “send
out,”
And tell that Thou art come “in all the country round
about,”—
That Thou art waiting now to heal, that 'Thou art strong
to save,
That Thou hast spoilt the Spoiler, Death, and triumphed
o'er the grave.

Oh, make us fervent in the quest, that we may bring them
in,
The weary and the wounded, and the sufferers from sin ;
The stricken and the dying, let us seek them out for
Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that healed they may
be.

Oh, pour upon our waiting hearts the Spirit of Thy
grace,
That we may plead with Thee to show the brightness of
Thy face,
Beseeching Thee to grant the will and strength and faith
to such
As lie in helpless misery, Thy garment's hem to touch.

And then, Lord Jesus, make them whole, that they may
rise and bring
New praise and glory unto Thee, our Healer and our
King :
Yea, let Thy saving health be known through all the
earth abroad,
So shall the people praise Thy Name, our Saviour and
our God.



TELL IT OUT.

“Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.”—Ps. xcvi. 10. (*Prayer Book Version.*)

TELL it out among the heathen that the Lord is
King !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase,

That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.

Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,

That He sitteth on the waterfloods, our King for ever-
more !

Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the nations that the Saviour reigns !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their
chains !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives ;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives ;
 Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save ;
 Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the
 grave.

Tell it out, etc.

Tell it out among the heathen, Jesus reigns above !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that His name is Love !

Tell it out, tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways, and the lanes at home :

Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam ;

Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea !

Tell it out, etc.



“HOW WONDERFUL!”

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,

And crowned the work that to His feet I brought,

With blessing more than I had asked or thought—

A blessing undisguised. and fair, and free.

I stood amazed, and whispered. “Can it be

That He hath granted all the boon I sought ?

How wonderful that He for me hath wrought !

How wonderful that He hath answered me !”

O faithless heart ! He *said* that he would hear
And answer Thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear ?
Why marvel that Thy Lord hath kept His word ?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success !

*THE LULL OF ETERNITY.**

MANY a voice has echoed the cry for "a lull in
life,"

Fainting under the noontide, fainting under the strife.
Is it the wisest longing ? is it the truest gain ?
Is not the Master withholding possible loss and pain ?

Perhaps if He sent the lull we might fail of our heart's
desire !

Swift and sharp the concussion striking out living fire,
Mighty and long the friction resulting in living glow,
Heat that is force of the spirit, energy fruitful in flow.

What if the blast should falter, what if the fire be stilled,
What if the molten metal cool ere the mold be filled ?

What if the hands hang down when a work is almost
done ?

What if the sword be dropped when a battle is almost
won ?

* See "A Lull in Life," in "*The Ministry of Song*,"

Past many an unseen Maelstrom the strong wind drives
the skiff,
When a lull might drift it onward to fatal swirl or cliff.
Faithful the guide that spurreth, sternly forbidding repose,
When treacherous slumber lureth to pause amid Alpine
snows.

The lull of Time may be darkness, falling in lonely
night,
But the lull of Eternity neareth, rising in full calm light ;
The earthly lull may be silence, desolate, deep, and
cold,
But the heavenly lull shall be music sweeter a thousand-
fold.

Here, it is “calling apart,” and the place may be desert
indeed,
Leaving and losing the blessings linked with our busy
need ;
There !—why should I say it ? hath not the heart leapt
up,
Swift and glad, to the contrast, filling the full, full cup ?

Still shall the key-word, ringing, echo the same sweet
“*Come !*”
“Come” with the blessèd myriads safe in the Father’s
home ;
“Come”—for the work is over ; “come”—for the feast
is spread ;
“Come”—for the crown of glory waits for the weary
head.

When the rest of faith is ended, and the rest in hope is
past,
The rest of love remaineth, Sabbath of life at last.
No more fleeting hours, hurrying down the day,
But golden stillness of glory, never to pass away.

Time with its pressure of moments, mocking us as they
fell
With relentless beat of a footstep, hour by hour the
knell
Of a hope or an aspiration, then shall have passed away,
Leaving a grand calm leisure, leisure of endless day.

Leisure that cannot be dimmed by the touch of time or
place,
Finding its counterpart measure only in infinite space ;
Full, and yet ever filling, leisure without alloy,
Eternity's seal on the limitless charter of heavenly joy.

Leisure to fathom the fathomless, leisure to seek and to
know
Marvels and secrets and glories eternity only can show ;
Leisure of holiest gladness, leisure of holiest love,
Leisure to drink from the Fountain of infinite peace
above.

Art thou patiently toiling, waiting the Master's will,
For a rest that never seems nearer, a hush that is far off
still ?

Does it seem that the noisy city never will let thee hear
The sound of His gentle footsteps drawing, it may be,
near ?

Does it seem that the blinding dazzle of noonday glare
and heat
Is a fiery veil between thy heart and visions high and
sweet ?
What though a "lull in life" may never be made for
thee ?
Soon shall a "better thing" be thine, the Lull of Eter-
nity.

THE SOWERS.

IN the morning sow thy seed, nor stay thy hand at
evening hour,
Never asking which shall prosper—both may yield thee
fruit and flower :
Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest ; though thy grain
be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest full and
fair ;
Though it sink in turbid waters, hidden from thy yearn-
ing sight,
It shall spring in strength and beauty, ripening in celes-
tial light ;
Ever springing, ever ripening ;—not alone in earthly soil,
Not alone among the shadows, where the weary workers
toil ;
Gracious first-fruits there may meet thee of the reaping-
time begun ;—
But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the Uncreated Sun,

First the *fullness* of the blessing shall the faithful
laborer see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of Eternity.

Let us watch awhile the sowers, let us mark their tiny
grain,
Scattered oft in doubt and trembling, sown in weakness
or in pain ;
Then let Faith, with radiant finger, lift the veil from un-
seen things,
Where the golden sheaves are bending, and the harvest
anthem rings.

I.

“ Such as I have I sow, it is not much,”
Said one who loved the Master of the field ;
“ Only a quiet word, a gentle touch
Upon the hidden harp-strings, which may yield
No quick response ; I tremble, yet I speak
For Him who knows the heart, so loving, yet so weak.”

And so the words were spoken, soft and low,
Or traced with timid pen ; yet oft they fell
On soil prepared, which she would never know,
Until the tender blade sprang up, to tell
That not in vain her labor had been spent ;
Then with new faith and hope more bravely on she went.

II.

“ I had much seed to sow,” said one ; “ I planned
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring,

And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring
Is laid upon His laborer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, useless, at His palace gate.

“Now I have nothing, only, day by day,
Grace to sustain me till the day is done ;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the Altogether Lovely One ;
And some strange things to learn, unlearnt before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.”

Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated wingèd seeds of thought and prayer ;
These, reaching many a desert place, to bloom
And pleasant fruit an hundred-fold to bear ;
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh,
To fall again with showers of blessing from on high.

III.

“What can I sow ?” thought one, to whom God gave
Sweet notes and skillful fingers—“Can my song
Be cast upon the waters, as they lave
My feet with grateful echo, soft and long,
Or break in sunny spray of fair applaud ?
Shall this be found one day as fruit to Thee, my God ?”

He sang, and all were hushed : Oh, sweeter fall
The notes that pour from fervent fount of love
Than studied flow of sweetest madrigal.
He sang of One who listened from above,

He cast the song at His beloved feet ;—
Some said, “How strange !” And others felt, “How
sweet !”

IV.

Another stood, with basket stored indeed,
And powerful hand both full and faithful found,
And cast God's own imperishable seed
Upon the darkly heaving waste around ;
Yet oft in weariness, and oft in woe,
Did that good sower store, and then go forth to sow.

The tide of human hearts still ebbcd and flowed,
Less like the fruitful flood than barren sea ;
He saw not where it fell, and yet he sowed :
“Not void shall it return,” said God, “to Me !”
The precious seed, so swiftly borne away,
A singing reaper's hand shall fill with sheaves one day.

V.

Another watched the sowers longingly.
“I cannot sow such seed as they,” he said ;
“No shining grain of thought is given to me.
No fiery words of power bravely sped.
Will others give me of their bounteous store ?
My hand may scatter that, if I can do no more.”

So by the wayside he went forth to sow
The silent seeds, each wrapped in fruitful prayer,
With glad humility ; content to know
The volume lent, the leaflet culled with care,

The message placed in stranger hands, were all
Beneath His guiding eye who notes the sparrow's fall.

VI.

An opening blossom, bright with early dew,
Whose rosy lips had touched the Living Spring
Before the thirst of earth was felt ; who knew
The children's Saviour, and the children's King,
Said, " What can I sow, mother ? " " Darling boy,
Show all how glad He makes you, scatter love and joy ! "

That sparkling seed he took in his small hand,
And dropped it tenderly beside the flow
Of sorrows that he could not understand,
And cast it lovingly upon the snow
That shrouded aged hearts, and joyously
Upon the dancing waves of playmates' thoughtless glee.

VII.

" What seed have I to sow ? " said one. " I lie
In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and low ;
The silent days and silent nights pass by
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
It would be life again, a blessed life indeed ! "

And so she lay through lingering month and year,
No word for Him to speak, no work to do ;
Only to suffer and be still, and hear
That yet the Golden Gate was not in view ;

While hands of love and skill, this charge to keep,
Must leave the whitening plain, where others now would
reap.

Such the sowing ; what the reaping ? Many a full and
precious ear
Waved and ripened, fair and early, for the patient sow-
ers' cheer.
Not without some gracious witness of God's faithfulness
and love
Toiled they, waiting for the coming of the harvest home
above ;
Word, and prayer, and song, and leaflet, found, though
after many days,
Quickening energy and courage, brightening hope and
wakening praise.
Yet how many a seed seemed trodden under foot, and
left to die,
Lost, forgotten by the sower, never traced by human eye ;
Many a worker meekly saying, " Lord, how thankful will
I be,
If but one among a thousand may bring forth good fruit
to Thee ! "

One by one, no longer
Gently bid to wait ;
One by one, they entered
Through the Golden Gate.

One by one they fell adoring
At the Master's feet,
Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,
"Enter thou!" each full heart filling,
All its need forever stilling—
All its restless beat.

Then the gift, the free, the glorious
Life with Him, eternal life,—
Erst bestowed amid the weeping,
And the weary vigil-keeping,
And the bitter strife,—

Now in mighty consummation,
First in all its fullness known,
Dower of glory all transcendent,
Everlasting and resplendent,
Is their own!

All their own, through Him who loved them,
And redeemed them unto God!
New and living revelation
Of the marvels of salvation,
Wakes new depths of adoration,
New and burning land.

Now they see their gracious Master,
See Him face to face!
Now they know the great transition
From the veiled to veil-less vision,
In that bright and blessèd place.

What a change has passed upon them !
Made like Him, the Perfect One,—
Made like Him, whose joy they enter,
Him, the only Crown and Center
Of the endless bliss begun !

But Eternity is long,
And its joys are manifold !
Though the service of its song
Never falters or grows cold,
Though the billows of its praise
Never die upon the shore,
Though the blessed harpers raise
Alleluias evermore,
Though the eye grows never dim
Gazing on that mighty Sun,
Ever finding all in Him,
Every joy complete in one ;—

Yet THE INFINITE is He,
In His Wisdom and His Might ;
And it needs eternity
To reveal His Love and Light
To the finite and created !
Archangelic mind and heart
Never with His bliss was sated,
Never knew the thousandth part
Of the all-mysterious rays
Flowing from Essential Light,

Hiding in approachless blaze
God Himself, the Infinite.

Infinite the ocean-joy
Opening to His children's view ;
Infinite their varied treasure,
Meted not by mortal measure—
Holy knowledge, holy pleasure,
Through Eternity's great leisure,
Like its praises, ever new.

So the blessed sowers' gladness
In the free and royal grace
Should be crowned with added glory,
Woven with their earthly story,
Linked with time and place.

Glad surprise ! for every service,
Overflowing their reward !
No more sowing, no more weeping,
Only grand and glorious reaping,
All the blessing of their Lord.

I.

She who timidly had scattered
Trembling line or whispered word,
Till the holy work grew dearer,
And the sacred courage clearer,
Now her Master's own voice heard,

Calling shining throngs around her,
All her own fair harvest found ;
Then, her humble name confessing,
With His radiant smile of blessing,
All her dower of gladness crowned.

II.

“ Welcome thou, whose heavenly message
Came with quickening power to me !
Oh, most welcome to the portals
Of this home of bright immortals,
I have waited long for thee ! ”

“ Who art thou ? I never saw thee
In my pilgrimage below,”
Said he, marvelling. “ I will show thee,”
Answered he, “ the love I owe thee,
Full and fervent, for I know thee
By the starlight on thy brow.

“ Words that issued from thy chamber
Turned my darkness into light,
Guided footsteps, weak and weary,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Through the valley of the night.

“ Come ! for many another waits thee !
All unfolded thou shalt see,
Through the ecstatic revelation
Of their endless exultation,
What our God hath wrought by thee.”

III.

Hark ! a voice all joy-inspiring
Peals adown the golden floor,
Leading on a white-robed chorus,
Sweet as flute, and yet sonorous
As the many waters' roar.

He who sang for Jesus heard it !
" 'Tis the echo of thy song !"
Said the leader. " As we listened
Cold hearts glowed and dim eyes glistened,
And we learned to love and long—

" Till the longing and the loving
Soared to Him of whom you sang ;
Till our Alleluia, swelling
Through the glory all-excelling,
Up the jasper arches rang."

IV.

'Mid the angel-constellations,
Like a star of purest flame,
Shining with exceeding brightness,
Robed in snowy-glistening whiteness,
Now a singing reaper came.

Came with fullness of rejoicing
That belovèd smile to meet ;
" Master, lo, I come with singing,
Myriad sheaves of glory bringing
To Thy dear and blessèd feet.

Followed o'er the golden crystal
 Glittering hosts with crown and palm ;
Joining him whose voice had taught them,
To the praise of Him who bought them,
 In a new and rapturous psalm.

v.

He who humbly watched the sowers,
 Watched the reapers of the Lord ;
Sharing all their jubilation,
Hailing every coronation,
 Gladdened by their great reward.

“Seed of others long I scattered,
 Now their harvest joy is mine,
Kindling holy contemplation
Into glowing adoration,
 Into ecstasy divine.”

So he chanted. But the Master
 Beckoned through the shining throng ;
While the praises of the choir
Rose into that silence, higher
 Than the highest flight of song.

Great and gracious words were spoken
 Of his faithful service done.
By the Voice that thrills all heaven ;
And mysterious rule was given
 To that meek and marvelling one.

VI.

Found the little child rich harvest
From his tiny seed of love ;
Little footsteps followed surely
In the footprints marked so purely,
Till they met again above.

Aged ones and feeble mourners
Felt the solace of his smile ;
Hastened on with footsteps lighter,
Battled on with courage brighter,
Through the lessening "little while,"

Till they too had joined the mansions
Where the weary are at rest.
Could that little one forget them ?
Oh, how joyously he met them
In his dear home safe and blest !

And the Saviour, who had called him,
Smiled upon His little one ;
On his brow so fair and tender,
Set a crown of heavenly splendor,
With the gracious word "Well done !"

VII.

Yet again a wondrous anthem
Rang across the crystal sea ;
Harps and voices all harmonious,
Nearer, nearer, sweet, symphonious,
Meet for heaven's own jubilee.

One by one the singers gathered,
Ever swelling that great song,
Till a mighty chorus thundered,
Till the listening seraphs wondered,
As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
Bearing one upon their wings,
With their waving palms victorious,
To the presence-chamber glorious
Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper, clear and thrilling,
Fell upon her ravished ear :
“Lo, *thy* harvest song ascending !
Lo, *thy* golden sheaves are bending,
Full and precious, round thee here !”

“Nay,” she said, “I have no harvest,
For I had no power to sow ;
Burdening others, daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
Still and silent, lone and low.”

Then a flash of sudden glory
Lit her long life-mystery ;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
Shone, revealed in radiancey.

And she knew the sweet memorials
Of her hidden life had shed

Glories on the sufferer's pillow,
Calmness on the darkling billow,
Peace upon the dying bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
This for her, and her for this !

He that goeth forth and weepeth, seed of grace in sorrow
bringing,
Laden with his sheaves of glory, doubtless shall return
with singing.

Our Blessings.

“Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.”—EPI. i. 3.

EVERLASTING BLESSINGS.

“I know that whatsoever God doeth it shall be for ever.”—ECCLES. iii. 14.

O WHAT everlasting blessings God outpoureth on
His own !
Ours by promise true and faithful, spoken from the eter-
nal throne ;

Ours by His eternal purpose ere the universe had place ;
 Ours by everlasting covenant, ours by free and royal
 grace.

With salvation everlasting He shall save us, He shall bless
 With the largess of Messiah, everlasting righteousness ;
 Ours the everlasting mercy all His wondrous dealings
 prove ;
 Ours His everlasting kindness, fruit of everlasting love.

In the Lord Jehovah trusting, everlasting strength have
 we ;
 He Himself, our Sun, our Glory, Everlasting Light shall
 be ;
 Everlasting life is ours, purchased by The Life laid down ;
 And our heads, oft bowed and weary, everlasting joy
 shall crown.

We shall dwell with Christ forever, when the shadows
 flee away,
 In the everlasting glory of the everlasting day.
 Unto Thee, belovèd Saviour, everlasting thanks belong,
 Everlasting adoration, everlasting laud and song !

ACCEPTED.

“Accepted in the Beloved.”—EPH. i. 6. “Perfect in Christ Jesus.”—COL. i. 28. “Complete in Him.”—COL. ii. 10.

A CCEPTED, Perfect, and Complete,
 For God's inheritance made meet !
 How true, how glorious, and how sweet !

In the Belovèd—by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgressions laid,
We in his righteousness arrayed.

Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raisèd from the dead,
And by His mighty Spirit led !

O blessèd Lord, is this for me ?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia-song to Thee !

FRESH SPRINGS.

“All my fresh springs shall be in Thee.”—Ps. lxxxvii. 7. (*Prayer Book Version.*)

HEAR the Father's ancient promise !
Listen, thirsty, weary one !
“I will pour My Holy Spirit
On thy chosen seed, O Son.”
Promise to the Lord's Anointed,
Gift of God to Him for thee !
Now, by covenant appointed,
All thy springs in Him shall be.

Springs of life in desert places
Shall thy God unseal for thee ;
Quickening and reviving graces,
Dew-like, healing, sweet and free.
Springs of sweet refreshment flowing,
When thy work is hard or long,
Courage, hope, and power bestowing,
Lightening labor with a song.

Springs of peace, when conflict heightens,
Thine uplifted eye shall see ;
Peace that strengthens, calms, and brightens,
Peace, itself a victory.
Springs of comfort, strangely springing,
Through the bitter wells of woe ;
Founts of hidden gladness, bringing
Joy that earth can ne'er bestow.

Thine, O Christian, is this treasure,
To Thy risen Head assured !
Thine in full and gracious measure,
Thine by covenant secured !
Now arise ! His word possessing,
Claim the promise of the Lord ;
Plead through Christ for showers of blessing,
Till the Spirit be outpoured !

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

ISA. xli. 10.

STANDING at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us,
Hushing every fear.
Spoken through the silence
By our Father's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away !

I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid !
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed !
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own Right Hand ;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.
Onward, then, and fear not,
Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away !

For the year before us,
 Oh what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
 Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
 Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
 Perfect strength be found.
 Onward, then, and fear not,
 Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
 Never pass away !

He will never fail us,
 He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
 He will never break !
Resting on His promise,
 What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
 For the coming year.
 Onward, then, and fear not,
 Children of the Day !
For His word shall never,
 Never pass away !

THE FAITHFUL COMFORTER.

"The Holy Ghost—He is faithful."—HEB. x. 15, 23.*

TO Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,
By every promise made our own.
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia !

To Thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia ! Amen !

UNDER HIS SHADOW.

(COMMUNION HYMN.)

“I sat down under his shadow with great delight.”—CANT. ii.3.

SIT down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight ;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free ;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief ;
He calls the heavy laden,
And gives them kind relief.

His righteousness “all glorious”
Thy festal robe shall be ;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed !



THE TRIUNE PRESENCE.

(BIRTHDAY OR NEW YEAR'S HYMN.)

"Certainly I will be with thee."—Exod. iii. 12.

"CERTAINLY I will be with thee !" Father, I have
found it true :

To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my seal
anew.

All the year Thy grace hath kept me, Thou my help
indeed hast been,

Marvellous the loving-kindness every day and hour hath
seen.

"Certainly I will be with thee !" Let me feel it,
Saviour dear,

Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious, very
near.

On this day of solemn pausing, with Thyself all longing
still,

Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace my
spirit fill.

“Certainly I will be with thee!” Blessed Spirit, come
to me,

Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy tem-
ple be ;

Through the trackless year before me, Holy One, with
me abide !

Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-present
Guide.

“Certainly I will be with thee !” Starry promise in
the night !

All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its
light.

“Certainly I will be with thee !” He hath spoken : I
have heard :

True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah’s
word.

The Church of Christ.

"Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified."—ROM. viii. 30.

CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

"He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."—EPH. i. 4.

O THOU chosen Church of Jesus, glorious, blessèd,
 and secure,
 Founded on the One Foundation, which forever shall
 endure;
 Not thy holiness or beauty can thy strength and safety
 be,
 But the everlasting love wherewith Jehovah lovèd thee.

Chosen by His own good pleasure, by the counsel of His
 will,
 Mystery of power and wisdom working for His people
 still;
 Chosen—in thy mighty Saviour, ere one ray of quicken-
 ing light
 Beamed upon the chaos waiting for the Word of sov-
 ereign might.

Chosen—through the Holy Spirit, through the sanctify-
 ing grace
 Poured upon His precious vessels, meetened for the heav-
 enly place;

Chosen—to show forth His praises, to be holy in His
sight ;
Chosen—unto grace and glory, chosen unto life and light.

Blessèd be the God and Father of our Saviour Jesus
Christ,
Who hath blessed us with such blessings all uncounted
and unpriced !
Let our high and holy calling, and our strong salvation
be
Theme of never-ending praises, God of sovereign grace,
to Thee !

CALLED.

“Partakers of the heavenly calling.”—HEB. iii. 1.

HOLY brethren, called and chosen by the sovereign
Voice of Might,
See your high and holy calling out of darkness into
light !
Called according to His purpose and the riches of His
love ;
Won to listen by the leading of the gentle heavenly Dove !

Called to suffer with our Master, patiently to run His
race ;
Called a blessing to inherit, called to holiness and grace ;

Called to fellowship with Jesus, by the Ever-Faithful
One ;

Called to His eternal glory, to the kingdom of His Son.

Whom He calleth He preserveth, and His glory they
shall see ;

He is faithful that hath called you ; He will do it, fear
not ye !

Therefore, holy brethren, onward ! thus ye make your
calling sure ;

For the prize of this high calling bravely to the end
endure.



JUSTIFIED.

"This is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."
—JER. xxxiii. 16.

ISRAEL of God, awaken ! Church of Christ, arise
and shine !

Mourning garb and soiled raiment henceforth be no
longer thine !

For the Lord thy God hath clothed thee with a new and
glorious dress,

With the garments of salvation, with the robe of right-
eousness.

By the grace of God the Father, thou art freely justified,
Through the great redemption purchased by the blood of
Him who died ;

By His life, for thee fulfilling God's command exceeding
broad,
By His glorious resurrection, seal and signet of thy God.
Therefore, justified forever by the faith which He hath
given,
Peace, and joy, and hope abounding, smooth thy trial
path to heaven :
Unto Him betrothed forever, who thy life shall crown
and bless,
By His name thou shalt be callèd, Christ, "The Lord our
Righteousness !"

♦ ♦ ♦

JOINED TO CHRIST.

"Head over all things to the church, which is His body."—EPH. i. 22, 23.

JOINED to Christ in mystic union,
We Thy members, Thou our Head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with Thee, who once were dead—
Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this Thy name.

Instant sympathy to brighten
All their weakness and their woe,
Guiding grace their way to lighten,
Shall Thy loving members know ;
All their sorrows Thou dost bear,
All Thy gladness they shall share.

Make Thy members every hour
For Thy blessed service meet ;
Earnest tongues, and arms of power,
Skillful hands, and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfill
All Thy word and all Thy will.

Everlasting life Thou givest,
Everlasting love to see ;
They shall live because Thou livest,
And their life is hid with Thee.
Safe Thy members shall be found,
When their glorious Head is crowned !

GLORIFIED.

"The God of all grace, who hath called you unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus . . . to Him be glory."—1 PET. v. 10, 11.

SOVEREIGN Lord and gracious Master,
Thou didst freely choose Thine own,
Thou hast called with mighty calling,
Thou wilt save, and keep from falling ;
Thine the glory. Thine alone !
Yet Thy hand shall crown in heaven
All the grace Thy love hath given ;
Just, though undeserved reward
From our glorious, gracious Lord.

From the martyr and apostle
To the sainted baby boy,
Every consecrated chalice
In the King of Glory's palace
Overflows with holy joy.
Sovereign choice of gift and dower,
Differing honor, differing power,—
Yet are all alike in this,
Perfect love and perfect bliss.

In these heavenly constellations
Lo ! what differing glories meet ;
Stars of radiance soft and tender,
Stars of full and dazzling splendor,
All in God's own light complete ;
Brightest they whose holy feet,
Faithful to His service sweet,
Nearest to their Master trod,
Winning wandering souls to God.

Oh, the rapture of that vision !
(Every earthly passion o'er),
Our Redeemer's coronation,
And the blissful exaltation
Of the dear ones gone before !
Grace that shone for Christ below,
Changed to glory we shall know ;
And before His unveiled face
Sing the glory of His grace.

Now and Afterward.

"Nevertheless, afterward."—HEB. xii. 11.

"And afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. lxxiii. 24.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

NOW, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long ;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing ;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot !
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea ;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring ;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong ;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife ;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now :
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou !"



"TEMPTED AND TRIED!"

"**T**EMPTED and tried !"
Oh ! the terrible tide
May be raging and deep, may be wrathful and wide !
Yet its fury is vain,
For the Lord shall restrain ;
And forever and ever Jehovah shall reign.

"Tempted and tried !"
There is One at thy side,
And never in vain shall His children confide !
He shall save and defend,
For He loves to the end,
Adorable Master and glorious Friend !

"Tempted and tried !"
Whate'er may betide,
In His secret pavilion His children shall hide !

'Neath the shadowing wing
Of Eternity's King
His children shall trust and His servants shall sing.

“Tempted and tried !”
Yet the Lord shall abide
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and Guide,
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward !
Then enough for the servant to be as his Lord !

“Tempted and tried !”
The Saviour who died
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His side.
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear,
And forever and ever His glory shalt share.



NOT FORSAKEN.

Answer to an extremely beautiful but utterly melancholy sonnet, entitled
“Forsaken.”

O H, not forsaken ! God gives better things
Than thou hast asked in thy forlornest hour.
Love's promises shall be fulfilled in power.
Not death, but life ; not silence, but the strings
Of angel-harps ; no deep, cold sea, but springs
Of living water ; no dim, wearied sight,
Nor time, nor tear-mist, but the joy of light ;

Not sleep, but rest that happy service brings ;
And no forgotten name thy lot shall be,
But God's remembrance. Thou canst never drift
Beyond His love. Would I could reach thee where
The shadows droop so heavily, and lift
The cold weight from thy life !—And if I care
For one unknown, oh, how much more doth HE !



*LISTENING IN DARKNESS—SPEAKING
IN LIGHT.*

“What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light.”—MATT. x. 27.

HE hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of the night,
Spoken sweetly of the Father,
Words of life and love and light.
Floating through the somber stillness
Came the loved and loving Voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.
What He tells thee in the darkness—
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light !

He hath spoken in the darkness,
In the silence of thy grief,
Sympathy so deep and tender,
Mighty for thy heart-relief.

Speaking in thy night of sorrow
Words of comfort and of calm,
Gently on thy wounded spirit
Pouring true and healing balm.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Weary watcher for the day,
Grateful lip and life should utter
When the shadows flee away.

He is speaking in the darkness,
Though thou canst not see His face,
More than angels ever needed,
Mercy, pardon, love, and grace.
Speaking of the many mansions,
Where, in safe and holy rest,
Thou shalt be with Him forever,
Perfectly and always blest.
What He tells thee in the darkness,
Whispers through Time's lonely night,
Thou shalt speak in glorious praises,
In the everlasting light !



EVENING TEARS AND MORNING SONGS.

“Weeping may endure in the evening, but singing cometh in the morning.”—
Ps. xxx. 5 (*Margin*).

IN the evening there is weeping,
Lengthening shadows, failing sight ;
Silent darkness slowly creeping
Over all things dear and bright.

In the evening there is weeping,
 Lasting all the twilight through ;
Phantom shadows, never sleeping,
 Wakening slumbers of the true.

In the morning cometh singing,
 Cometh joy and cometh sight,
When the sun ariseth, bringing
 Healing on his wings of light.

In the morning cometh singing,
 Songs that ne'er in silence end,
Angel minstrels ever bringing
 Praises new with thine to blend.

Are the twilight shadows casting
 Heavy glooms upon thy heart ?
Soon in radiance everlasting
 Night forever shall depart.

Art thou weeping, sad and lonely
 Through the evening of thy days ?
All thy sighing shall be only
 Prelude of more perfect praise.

Darkest hour is nearest dawning,
 Solemn herald of the day ;
Singing cometh in the morning,
 God shall wipe thy tears away !

PEACEABLE FRUIT.

“Nevertheless, afterward it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness.”—
HEB. xii. 11.

WHAT shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord,
For this dark and suffering night?
Father, *what* shall Thine “afterward” be?
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and joyous light?

What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay?
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away?

What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord
For this helplessness of pain?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father’s strength and my Father’s love—
Shall this be my lasting gain?

What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord?
How long must Thy child endure?
Thou knowest! ’Tis well that I know it not!
Thine “afterward” cometh—I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

What shall Thine “afterward” be, O Lord?
I wonder, and wait to see
(While to Thy chastening Hand I bow)
What “peaceable fruit” may be ripening now—
Ripening fast for me!

THE COL DE BALM.

SUNSHINE and silence on the Col de Balm !
I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light, as seen through silent psalm :—

Crossed with one discord, only one. For Love
Cried out, and would be heard. “If ye were here,
O friends, so far away and yet so near,
Then were the anthem perfect !” And the cry
Threaded the concords of that Alpine harmony.

Not vain the same fond cry if first I stand
Upon the mountain of our God, and long,
Even in the glory, and with His new song
Upon my lips, that you should come and share
The bliss of heaven, imperfect still till all are there.

Dear ones ! shall it be mine to watch you come
Up from the shadows and the valley mist,
To tread the jacinth and the amethyst,
To rest and sing upon the stormless height,
In the deep calm of love and everlasting light ?

*“EYE HATH NOT SEEN.”*

“YOU never write of heaven,
Though you write of heavenly themes ;
You never paint the glory
But in reflected gleams !”

My pencil only pictures
 What I have known and seen :
 How can I tell the joys that dwell
 Where I have never been ?

I sing the songs of Zion,
 But I would never dare
 To imitate the chorus,
 Like many waters, there.
 I sketch the sunny landscape,
 But can I paint the sun ?
 Can that by art, which human heart
 Conceiveth not, be won ?

The Laplander that never
 Hath left his flowerless snows,
 Might make another realize
 The fragrance of the rose :
 The blind might teach his brother
 Each subtle tint to know,
 Of lovely lights and summer sights,
 Of shadow and of glow :

To whom all sound is silence,
 The dumb man might impart
 The spirit-winged marvels
 Of Handel's sacred art :
 But never, sister, never,
 Was told by mortal breath.
 What they behold, o'er whom hath rolled
 The one dark wave of death.

Yet angel-echoes reach us,
 Borne on from star to star,
And glimpses of our purchased home,
 Not always faint and far.
No harp seraphic brings them,
 No poet's glowing word;
By One alone revealed and known—
 The Spirit of the Lord.

Have we not bent in sadness
 Before the mercy-seat,
And longed with speechless longing
 To kiss the Master's feet?
And though for precious ointment
 We had but tears to bring,
We let them flow, and could not go
 Till we had seen our King.

Then came a flash of seeing
 How every cloud should pass,
And vision should be perfect,
 Undimmed by darkling glass.
The glory that excelleth
 Shone out with sudden ray,
We seemed to stand so near "the land,"
 No longer "far away"—

The glisten of the white robe,
 The waving of the palm,
The ended sin and sorrow,
 The sweet eternal calm,

The holy adoration
That perfect love shall bring,
And, face to face, in glorious grace,
The beauty of the King!

Oh, this is more than poem,
And more than highest song;
A witness with our spirit,
Though hidden, full and strong.
'Tis no new revelation
Vouchsafed to saint or sage,
But light from God cast bright and broad
Upon the sacred page.

Our fairest dream can never
Outshine that holy light,
Our noblest thought can never soar
Beyond that Word of might.
Our whole anticipation,
Our Master's best reward,
Our crown of bliss, is summed in this—
“Forever with the Lord!”

RIGHT!

SCENE I.

THE summer sun was high and strong,
And dust was on the traveler's feet ;

Oh, weary was the stage and long,
And burning was the early heat !
There was a pause. For Ernest stood
Upon the borders of a wood.
Between him and his home it lay,
Stretching in mystery away.
What might be there he could not tell,
Of briery steep, or mossy dell,
Of bog or brake, of glen or glade,
All hidden by the dim green shade.

He had not passed that way before,
And wonderingly he waited now,
While mystic voices, o'er and o'er,
Soft whispered on from bough to bough.
Oh, was it only wind and trees
That made such gentle whisperings ?
Or was it some sweet spirit breeze
That bore a message on its wings,
And bid the traveler that day
Go forward on his woodland way ?

How should he know ? He had no clue,
And more than one fair opening lay
Before him, where the broad boughs threw
Cool, restful shade across the way.
Which should he choose ? He could not trace
The onward track by vision keen ;
The drooping branches interlace,
Not far the winding paths are seen.

Oh, for a sign ! Were choice not right,
Was no return, for well he knew
The hours were short, and swift the night ;
Once entered, he must hasten through.

For what hath been can never be
As if it had not been at all ;
We gaze, but never more can we
Retrace one footstep's wavering fall.
Oh, how we need from day to day
A guiding hand for all the way ;
Oh, how we need from hour to hour
That faithful, ever-present Power !

Which should he choose ? He pondered long,
And with the sounds of bird and bee,
He blent an oft-repeated song,
A soft and suppliant melody.

“ Oh, for a light from heaven,
Clear and divine,
Now on the paths before me
Brightly to shine !
Oh, for a hand to beckon !
Oh, for a voice to say,
‘ Follow in firm assurance—
This is the way !’

“ Listening to mingling voices,
Seeking a guiding hand,
Watching for light from heaven,
Waiting I stand.

Onward and homeward pressing,
Nothing my feet should stay,
Might I but plainly hear it,—
‘This is the way!’”

Was it indeed an answer given,
That whisper through the tree-tops o’er him?
Was it indeed a light from heaven,
That fell upon the path before him?
Or was it only that he met
The wayward playing of the breeze,
Parting the heavy boughs to let
The sunshine fall among the trees?
Again he listened—did it say,
“‘This is the onward, homeward way?’”
Perhaps it did. He would not wait,
But pressing toward a Mansion Gate
That, yet unseen, all surely stood,
Beyond the untried, unknown wood,
And trusting that his prayer was heard,
Although he caught no answering word,
And gazing on with calm, clear eye,
The straightest, surest path to spy
(Not seeking out the smooth and bright,
If he might only choose the right),
With hopeful heart and manly tread,
Into the forest depths he sped.

SCENE II.

Hours flit on, and the sunshine fails in the zenith of day;
Hours flit on, and the loud wind crashes and moans
o’er the ridge;

Heavily beateth the strong rain, lashing the miry clay,
Hoarsely roareth the torrent under the quivering
bridge.

Under the shivering pine trees, over the slippery stone,
Over the rugged boulder, over the cold wet weed,
Ernest the traveler passeth, storm-beaten, weary, and
lone,
Only following faintly whither the path may lead.

Leading down to the valleys, dank in the shadow of
death,
Leading on through the briers, poisonous, keen, and
sore ;
Leading up to the grim rocks, mounted with panting
breath,
Only to gain a glimpse of sterner toil before.

Faint and wounded and bleeding, hungry, thirsty, and
chill,
Hardly a step before him seen through the tangled
brake,
Rougher and wilder the storm-blast, steeper the thorn-
grown hill,
Brave heart and bright eye and strong limb, well may
they quiver and ache !

Was it indeed the *right* way ? Was it a God-led choice,
Followed in faith and patience, and chosen not for
ease ?

Was it a false, false gleam, and a mocking, mocking voice
That fell on the woodland pathway, and murmured
among the trees ?

Oh, the dire mistake ! fatal freedom to choose !
Had he but taken a fair path, sheltered, level, and
straight,
Never a thorn to wound him, never a stone to bruise,
Leading safely and softly on to the Mansion Gate !

Was it the wail of a wind-harp, cadencing weird and
long,
Pulsing under the pine trees, dying to wake again ?
Is it the voice of a brave heart striving to utter in song
Agony, prayer, and reliance, courage and wonder and
pain ?

“Onward and homeward ever,
Battling with dark distress,
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press.
Why was no beckoning hand
Sent in my doubt and need ?
Why did no true guide stand
Guiding me right indeed ?
Why? They will tell me all
When I have reached the gate,
Where, in the shining hall,
Many my coming wait.

“Oh, the terrible night,
Falling without a star !
Darkness anear, but light—
Glorious light afar.
Oh, the perilous way !
Oh, the pitiless blast !
Long though I suffer and stray,
There will be rest at last.
Perhaps I have far to go !
Perhaps but a little way !
Well that I do not know !
Onward ! I must not stay.

“Splinter and thorn and brier,
Yet may be sore and keen ;
Rocks may be rougher and higher,
Hollows more chill between.
There may be torrents to cross,
Bridgeless, and fierce with foam ;
Rest in the wild wood were loss,
There will be rest at home.
Battling with dark distress.
Faltering, but yielding never,
Still shall my faint feet press
Onward and homeward ever !”

Pulsing under the pine trees, dying, dying,—and gone,—
Gone that Æolian cadence, silent the firm refrain ;
Only the howl of the storm-wind rages cruelly on ;
Has the traveler fallen, vanquished by toil and pain ?

SCENE III.

Morning, morning on the mountains, golden-vestured,
snowy-browed !

Morning light of clear resplendence, shining forth with-
out a cloud ;

Morning songs of jubilation, thrilling through the crys-
tal air ;

Morning joy upon all faces, new and radiant, pure and fair !

At the portals of the mansion Ernest stands and gazes
back.

There is light upon the river, light upon the forest
track ;

Light upon the darkest valley, light upon the sternest
height ;

Light upon the brake and bramble, everywhere that glo-
rious light !

Strong and joyous stands the traveler, in the morning
glory now,

Not a shade upon the brightness of the cool and peaceful
brow ;

Not a trace of weary faintness, not a touch of lingering
pain,

Not a scar to wake the memory of the suffering hours
again.

Onward by the winding pathway, many another jour-
neyed fast,

Hastening to the princely mansion by the way that he
had passed ;

Spared the doubting and the erring by those footsteps
bravely placed
In the clogging mire, or trampling on the wounding
bramble-waste.

Some had followed close behind him, pressing to the
self-same mark,
Cheered and guided by the refrain of that singer in the
dark ;
Some were near him in the tempest, while he thought
himself alone,
And regained a long-lost pathway, following that beck-
oning tone.

Some who patiently, yet feebly, sought to reach that
mansion too,
Caught the unseen singer's courage, battled on with vigor
new ;
Some exhausted in the struggle, sunk in slumber chill
and deep,
Started at that strange voice near them, rousing from
their fatal sleep.

Now they meet and gather round him, and together en-
ter in,
Where the rest is consummated and the joys of home
begin,
Where the tempest cannot reach them, where the wan-
derings are past,
Where the sorrows of the journey not a single shadow
cast.

Singing once in dismal forest, singing once in cruel
storm,
Singing now at home in gladness in the sunshine bright
and warm,
Once again the voice resoundeth, pouring forth a happy
song,
While a chorus of rejoicing swells the sweet notes full
and long.

“Light after darkness,
Gain after loss,
Strength after suffering,
Crown after cross.
Sweet after bitter,
Song after sigh,
Home after wandering,
Praise after cry.

“Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain,
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain.
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast,
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last.

“Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb.

After long agony,
Rapture of bliss !
Right was the pathway
Leading to this !"

Songs.

"*BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW.*"

O CHRISTMAS ! merry Christmas !
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain ?
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song !
If we could but hear them singing
As they are singing now,

If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

O Christmas, merry Christmas !
This never more can be ;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of goodwill,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow.
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow."

SINGING AT SUNSET.

DID you hear it at the sunset ?
Happy, happy thrush !
Caroling and trilling
Through the evening hush.
Singing at the sunset,
Singing, singing sweet,
Where the shadows and the splendor
Softly, softly meet ;

Pouring out the full notes,
Ringing, ringing loud,
When the gold is on the beeches,
And the crimson on the cloud !
Singing at the sunset !
Happy, happy song.

Shall we listen in the sunset,
Listen, listen long,
Silent for the glory,
Silent for the song ?
Singing at the sunset,
Angel voices hear,
And the harpings of the harpers
Ringing, ringing clear :
Nearing all the gladness,
Leaving all the gloom,
When the light is on the river,
And the glory on the tomb !
Singing at the sunset !
Happy, happy song.



*HEATHER LINTIE.**

I.

“**H**EATHER Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the Snow-wreath went away ?”

* “Heather Lintie,” a Scotch linnet ; “Burnie,” a little brook.

“ Silent Snow-wreath sat alone,
Till she heard the laughing call
Of the merriest stream of all

In the land.

Down the steep from stone to stone,
Shyly creeping, smiling, weeping,
While a sunbeam held her hand,
Snow-wreath found her home ere long,
Silence melted into song.
Now she flows, but not alone,
Singing and rejoicing.”

II.

“ Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why the Burnie went away ? ”

“ Burnie laughed adown the hill,
Keeping all the flowers awake,
Till she saw the purple lake
Deep and still.

Down the glen from stone to stone,
Blithely dancing, glinting, glancing.
Singing on in silver tone,
Burnie found her home ere long,
Silence sweeter far than song ;
Now she flows, but not alone,
Resting and rejoicing.”

III.

“ Heather Lintie, tell me, pray,
Why you do not fly away ? ”

Heather Lintie plumed her wing,
Sang about a happy nest,
Made with one who loved her best,
 In the spring;
Where beneath a boulder-stone
In the heather all together,
Warmly nestle all her own.
Heather Lintie will not roam
From her sweet and hidden home.
So she sings, but not alone,
 Loving and rejoicing.

SUNBEAM AND DEWDROP.

O SUNBEAM, O sunbeam !
 I would be a sunbeam too !
When the winter chill
Hushes lark and rill ;
When the thunder-showers
Bow the weeping flowers ;
When the shadows creep
Cold, and dark, and deep,
We would follow swift and bright,
Blending all our love and light,
Chasing winter, grim and hoary,
 Shining all the tears away ;
Turning all the gloom to glory,
 All the darkness into day.

O dewdrop, O dewdrop,
I would be a dewdrop too !
When the fatal glow,
Sultry, still, and slow,
Makes the scentless flowers
Droop in withering bowers,
Leaf and shade and bloom
Touched with early doom ;
We would follow, sweet and bright,
Blending life and love and light :
Making what was parched and dreary
Glad and lovely, fresh and fair,
Softly cheering what was weary,
Sparkling, starlike, everywhere.



DREAM-SINGING.

I DREAMT that I was singing,
Singing all for thee ;
And still the notes went ringing
Far over land and sea.

Went ringing till they found thee,
Though so far away,
And softly floating round thee,
Made music all the day.

Made music that could cheer thee,
Full of gentle glee ;
Then leaving echoes near thee,
Came back again to me.

Came back with love and blessing
On their spirit-wings,
With musical expressing
Of sweet and holy things.

I dreamt that I was singing.
Come again to me !
And all its fairy ringing
No more a dream shall be !



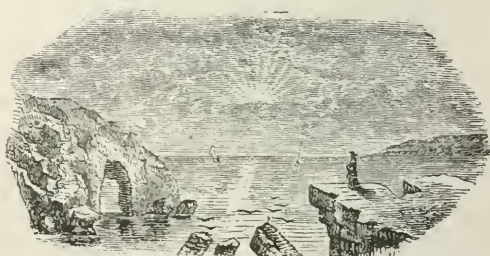
SHE WAITS FOR ME.

“ I WAIT for thee ! ” I said it in the splendor
Of golden moons beneath the lonely palms.
“ I wait for thee ! ” An echo, clear and tender,
Fell from the height across the silver calms.
For I had waited long,
And hope was growing weary,
Though faith and love were strong,
And lit the path so dreary,—
Till o’er the coral sea
My love should come to me,
“ I wait for thee.”

“ I wait for thee ! ” I said it in my dreaming,
Then fell a hush beyond the hush of night ;
And, fairer far than southern waters gleaming,
A Presence passed in soft celestial light.

Then calm and sweet and clear
A spirit voice came singing,
Far, far away, yet near,
Like star-bells' crystal ringing.
Oh, well my own heart knew
That voice so clear and true—
“I wait for thee !”

“She waits for me !” I said it in my weeping,
For never more she cometh o'er the sea ;
She waits for me ! A glorious vigil keeping
Beyond the stars, she waiteth there for me.
And now I wait awhile
Beneath the palm-trees lonely,
And learn once more to smile,
For she hath gladness only.
Beside the Crystal Sea,
Until the shadows flee,
She waits for me.





THE MINISTRY OF SONG.

PRELUDE.

AMID the broken waters of our ever-restless thought,
Oh, be my verse an answering gleam from higher
radiance caught ;
That where through dark o'erarching boughs of sorrow,
doubt, and sin,
The glorious Star of Bethlehem upon the flood looks in,
Its tiny trembling ray may bid some downcast vision turn
To that enkindling Light, for which all earthly shadows
yearn.

Oh, be my verse a hidden stream, which silently may flow
Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys
grow ;

And often by its shady course to pilgrim hearts be
brought
The quiet and refreshment of an upward-pointing
thought ;
Till, blending with the broad bright stream of sanctified
endeavor,
God's glory be its ocean home, the end it seeketh ever.

THE MINISTRY OF SONG.

IN God's great field of labor
All work is not the same ;
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.
And you, to whom the secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up ! for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.
And, rightly to fulfill it,
His grace can make you strong,
Who to your charge hath given
The Ministry of Song.

Sing to the little children,
And they will listen well ;
Sing grand and holy music.
For they can feel its spell.
Tell them the tale of Jephthah :
Then sing them what he said,—

“Deeper and deeper still,” and watch
How the little cheek grows red,
And the little breath comes quicker :
They will ne’er forget the tale,
Which the song has fastened surely,
As with a golden nail.

I remember, late one evening,
How the music stopped, for, hark !
Charlie’s nursery door was open,
He was calling in the dark :
“Oh, no ! I am not frightened,
And I do not want a light ;
But I cannot sleep for thinking
Of the song you sang last night.
Something about a ‘valley,’
And ‘make rough places plain,’
And ‘Comfort ye ;’ so beautiful !
Oh, sing it me again !”

Sing at the cottage bedside ;
They have no music there,
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.
Sing of the gentle Saviour
In the simplest hymns you know,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten
As the soothing verses flow.
Better than loudest plaudits
The murmured thanks of such,
For the King will stoop to crown them
With His gracious “Inasmuch.”

Sing, where the full-toned organ
Resounds through aisle and nave,
And the choral praise ascendeth
In concord sweet and grave.
Sing, where the village voices
Fall harshly on your ear ;
And, while more earnestly you join,
Less discord you will hear.
The noblest and the humblest
Alike are "common praise,"
And not for human ear alone
The psalm and hymn we raise.

Sing in the deepening twilight,
When the shadow of eve is nigh,
And the purple and golden pinions
Fold o'er the western sky.
Sing in the silver silence,
While the first moonbeams fall ;
So shall your power be greater
Over the hearts of all.
Sing till you bear them with you
Into a holy calm,
And the sacred tones have scattered
Manna, and myrrh, and balm.

Sing ! that your song may gladden ;
Sing like the happy rills,
Leaping in sparkling blessing
Fresh from the breezy hills.

Sing ! that your song may silence
The folly and the jest,
And the "idle word " be banished
As an unwelcome guest.
Sing ! that your song may echo
After the strain is past,
A link of the love-wrought cable
That holds some vessel fast.

Sing to the tired and anxious ;
It is yours to fling a ray,
Passing indeed, but cheering,
Across the rugged way.
Sing to God's holy servants,
Weary with loving toil,
Spent with their faithful labor
On oft ungrateful soil.
The chalice of your music
All reverently bear,
For with the blessèd angels
Such ministry you share.

When you long to bear the Message
Home to some troubled breast,
Then sing with loving fervor,
"Come unto Him, and rest."
Or would you whisper comfort
Where words bring no relief,
Sing how "He was despisèd,
Acquainted with our grief."

And, aided by His blessing,
The song may win its way
Where speech had no admittance,
And change the night to day.

Sing, when His mighty mercies
And marvellous love you feel,
And the deep joy of gratitude
Springs freshly as you kneel ;
When words, like morning starlight,
Melt powerless,—rise and sing !
And bring your sweetest music
To Him, your gracious King.
Pour out your song before Him
To whom our best is due ;
Remember, He who hears your prayer
Will hear your praises too.

Sing on in grateful gladness !
Rejoice in this good thing
Which the Lord thy God hath given thee,
The happy power to sing.
But yield to Him, the Sovereign
To whom all gifts belong,
In fullest consecration
Your Ministry of Song,
Until His mercy grant you
That resurrection voice,
Whose only ministry shall be
To praise Him and rejoice.

OUR HIDDEN LEAVES.

O II, the hidden leaves of life,
Closely folded in the heart !
Leaves where Memory's golden finger,
Slowly pointing, loves to linger ;
Leaves that bid the old tears start.

Leaves where Hope would read the future,
Sibylline, and charged with fate :
Leaves which calm Submission closeth,
While her tearless eye reposeth
On the legend, "Trust, and wait !"

Leaves which grave Experience ponders,
Soundings for her pilot-charts ;
Leaves which God Himself is storing,
Records which we read, adoring
Him who writes on human hearts.

All our own, our treasured secrets,
Indestructible archives !
None can copy, none can steal them,
Death itself shall not reveal them,
Sacred manuscripts of lives.

Some are filled with fairy pictures,
Half imagined and half seen ;
Radiant faces, fretted towers,
Sunset colors, starry flowers,
Wondrous arabesques between.

Some are traced with liquid sunbeams,
Some with fire, and some with tears ;
Some with crimson dyes are glowing,
From a smitten life-rock flowing
Through the wilderness of years.

Some are crossed with later writing,
Palimpsests of earliest days ;
Old remembrance faintly gleaming
Through the thinking and the dreaming,
Outlines dim in noontide haze.

One lies open, all unwritten,
To the glance of careless sight ;
Yet it bears a shining story,
Traced in phosphorescent glory,
Only legible by night.

One is dark with hieroglyphics
Of some dynasty of grief :
Only God, and just one other,
Dearest friend, or truest brother,
Ever read that hidden leaf.

Many a leaf is undeciphered,
Writ in languages unknown ;
O'er the strange inscription bending
(Every clue in darkness ending),
Finding no " Rosetta Stone,"

Still we study, always failing !
God can read it, we must wait ;

Wait, until He teach the mystery,
Then the wisdom-woven history
Faith shall read, and Love translate.

Leaflets now unpaged and scattered
Time's great library receives ;
When eternity shall bind them,
Golden volumes we shall find them,
God's light falling on the leaves.



THREEFOLD PRAISE.

HAYDN—MENDELSSOHN—HANDEL.

“We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life ; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

PART I.

“We bless Thee for our creation.”

Haydn's "Creation : ”

WHAT is the first, simplest praise,
The universal debt,
Which yet the thoughtless heart of man
So quickly may forget?
“We bless Thee for creation ! ”
So taught the noble band
Who left a sound and holy form,
For ages yet to stand,
Rich legacy of praise and prayer,
Laid up through ages past.

Strong witness for the truth of God :
Oh, may we hold it fast !

“ We bless Thee for creation ! ”
So are we blithely taught
By Haydn's joyous spirit ;
Such was the praise he brought.
A praise all morning sunshine,
And sparklets of the spring,
O'er which the long life-shadows
No chastening softness fling.

A praise of early freshness,
Of carol and of trill,
Re-echoing all the music
Of valley and of rill.
A praise that we are sharing
With every singing breeze,
With nightingales and linnets,
With waterfalls and trees ;
With anthems of the flowers
Too delicate and sweet
For all their fairy minstrelsy
Our mortal ears to greet.

A mighty song of blessing
Archangels too uplift,
For their own bright existence,
A grand and glorious gift.
But such their full life-chalice,
So sparkling and so pure,

And such their vivid sense of joy,
Sweet, solid, and secure,
We cannot write the harmonies
To such a song of bliss,
We only catch the melody,
And sing, content with this.

We are but little children,
And earth a broken toy ;
We do not know the treasures
In our Father's house of joy.
Thanksgiving for creation
We ignorantly raise ;
We know not yet the thousandth part
Of that for which we praise.

Yet praise Him for creation !
Nor cease the happy song,
But this our Hallelujah
Through all our life prolong ;
'Twill mingle with the chorus
Before the heavenly throne,
Where what it truly is TO BE
Shall first be fully known.

PART II.

“ . . . preservation, and all the blessings of this life.”

« Mendelssohn's “ *Elijah*. ”

O Felix ! happy in thy varied store
Of harmonies undreamt before,

How different was the gift
Of praise 'twas thine to pour,
Whether in stately calm, or tempest strong and swift.

Mark the day,
In mourning robe of gray,
Of shrouded mountain and of storm-swept vale,
And purple pall spread o'er the distance pale,
While thunderous masses wildly drift
In lurid gloom and grandeur : then a swift
And dazzling ray bursts through a sudden rift ;
The dark waves glitter as the storms subside,
And all is light and glory at the eventide.

O sunlight of thanksgiving ! Who that knows
Its bright forth-breaking after dreariest days
Would change the after-thought of woes
For memory's loveliest light that glows ?
If so he must forego one note of that sweet praise.

For not the song
Which knows no minor cadence, sad and long ;
And not the tide
Whose emerald and silver pride
Was never dashed in wild and writhing fray,
Where grim and giant rocks hurl back the spray ;
And not the crystal atmosphere,
That carves each outline sharp and clear
Upon a sapphire sky : not these, not these,
Nor aught existing but to charm and please,
Without acknowledging life's mystery,

And all the mighty reign
Of yearning and of pain
That fills its half-read history,
Fit music can supply
To lift the wandering heart on high
To that Preserving Love, which rules all change,
And gives "all blessings of this life," so dreamlike and
so strange.

And his was praise
Deeper and truer, such as those may raise
Who know both shade and sunlight, and whose life
Hath learnt victorious strife
Of courage and of trust and hope still dear,
With passion and with grief, with danger and with fear.

Upriseth now a cry,
Plaintive and piercing, to the brazen sky:
Help, Lord ! the harvest days are gone ;
Help, Lord ! for other help is none ;
The infant children cry for bread,
And no man breaketh it. The suckling's tongue for
thirst
Now cleaveth to his mouth. Our land is cursed ;
Our wasted Zion mourns, in vain her hands are spread.

A mother's tale of grief,
Of sudden blight upon the chief,

The *only* flower of love that cheered her widowed need :
O loneliest ! O desolate indeed !
Were it not mockery to whisper here
A word of hope and cheer ?

A mountain brow, an awe-struck crowd,
The prayer-sent flame, the prayer-sent cloud,
A mighty faith, a more than kingly power,
Changed for depression's darkest hour,
For one lone shadow in the desert sought,
A fainting frame, a spirit overwrought,
A sense of labor vain, and strength all spent for
naught.

Death hovering near,
With visible terror-spear
Of famine, or a murder-stainèd sword,
A stricken land forsaken of her Lord ;
While bowed with doubled fear,
The faithful few appear ;
O sorrows manifold outpoured !
Is blessing built upon such dark foundation ?
And can a temple rising from such woe,
Rising upon such mournful crypts below,
Be filled with light and joy and sounding adoration ?

O strange mosaic ! wondrously inlaid
Are all its depths of shade,
With beauteous stones of promise, marbles fair
Of trust and calm, and flashing brightly, there

The precious gems of praise are set, and shine
Resplendent with a light that almost seems divine.

Thanks be to God !
The thirsty land He laveth,
The perishing He saveth,
The floods lift up their voices,
The answering earth rejoices.
Thanks be to Him, and never-ending laud,
For this new token of His bounteous love,
Who reigns in might the waterfloods above :
The gathering waters rush along,
And leaps the exultant shout, one cataract of song,
Thanks be to God !

Thus joyously we sing ;
Nor is this all the praise we bring.
We need not wait for earthquake, storm, and fire,
To lift our praises higher ;
Nor wait for heaven-dawn ere we join the hymn
Of throne-surrounding cherubim ;
For even on earth their anthem hath begun,
To Him, the Mighty and the Holy One.
We know the still small Voice in many a word
Of guidance, and command, and promise heard ;
And, knowing it, we bow before His feet,
With love and awe the seraph-strain repeat,
Holy, Holy, Holy ! God the Lord !
His glory fills the earth, His name be all adored.

O Lord, our Lord ! how excellent Thy name
Throughout this universal frame !

Therefore Thy children rest
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings,
A shelter safe and blest ;
And tune their often tremulous strings
Thy love to praise, Thy glory to proclaim,
The Merciful, the Gracious One, eternally The Same.

PART III.

“ . . . but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world
by our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Handel's "Messiah."

Hush ! for a master harp is tuned again,
In truest unison with choirs above,
For prelude to a loftier, sweeter strain,
The praise of God's inestimable love ;
Who sent redemption to a world of woe,
That all a Father's heart His banished ones might know.

Hush ! while on silvery wing of holiest song
Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace,
His coming, the Desire of Ages long,
To wear our chains, and win our glad release.
Our wondering joy, to hear such tidings blest,
Is crowned with "Come to Him, and He will give you
rest."

Rest, by His sorrow ! Bruisèd for our sin,
Behold the Lamb of God ! His death our life.
Now lift your heads, ye gates ! He entereth in,
Christ risen indeed, and Conqueror in the strife.

Thanks, thanks to Him who won, and Him who gave
Such victory of love, such triumph o'er the grave.

Hark ! " Hallelujah !" O sublimest strain !

Is it prophetic echo of the day

When He, our Saviour and our King, shall reign,

And all the earth shall own His righteous sway ?

Lift heart and voice, and swell the mighty chords,

While hallelujahs peal, to Him, the Lord of lords !

" Worthy of all adoration

Is the Lamb that once was slain,"

Cry, in raptured exultation,

His redeemed from every nation ;

Angel myriads join the strain,

Sounding from their sinless strings

Glory to the King of kings :

Harping, with their harps of gold,

Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling

Rise around His throne of might,

All our highest laud excelling.

Holy and Immortal, dwelling

In the unapproachèd light,

He is worthy to receive

All that heaven and earth can give ;

Blessing, honor, glory, might,

All are His by glorious right.

As the sound of many waters

Let the full Amen arise !

HALLELUJAH ! Ceasing never,
Sounding through the great FOREVER,
Linking all its harmonies ;
Through eternities of bliss,
Lord, our rapture shall be this ;
And our endless life shall be
One AMEN of praise to Thee.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

O UR yet unfinished story
Is tending all to this :
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss.

If all things work together
For ends so grand and blest,
What need to wonder whether
Each in itself is best !

If some things were omitted
Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
To work for perfect good.

Our plans may be disjointed,
But we may calmly rest ;
What God has once appointed
Is better than our best.

We cannot see before us ;
But our all-seeing Friend
Is always watching o'er us,
And knows the very end.

What though we seem to stumble ?
He will not let us fall ;
And learning to be humble
Is not lost time at all.

What though we fondly reckoned
A smoother way to go
Than where His hand has beckoned ?
It will be better so.

What only seemed a barrier
A stepping-stone shall be ;
Our God is no long tarrier,
A present help is He.

And when amid our blindness
His disappointments fall,
We trust His loving-kindness
Whose wisdom sends them all.

They are the purple fringes
That hide His glorious feet ;
They are the fire-wrought hinges
Where truth and mercy meet ;

By them the golden portal
Of Providence shall ope,
And lift to praise immortal
The songs of faith and hope.

From broken alabaster
Was deathless fragrance shed,
The spikenard flowed the faster
Upon the Saviour's head.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever need regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet.

The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand revolveth
In richest harmony.

We hush our children's laughter,
When sunset hues grow pale ;
Then, in the silence after,
They hear the nightingale.

We mourned the lamp declining,
That glimmered at our side ;—
The glorious starlight shining
Has proved a surer guide.

Then tremble not and shrink not
When Disappointment nears ;
Be trustful still, and think not
To realize all fears.

While we are meekly kneeling,
We shall behold her rise,
Our Father's love revealing,
An angel in disguise.



THE SONG CHALICE.

“**Y**OU bear the chalice.” Is it so, my friend ?
Have I indeed a chalice of sweet song,
With underflow of harmony made strong,
New calm of strength through throbbing veins to
send ?
I did not form or fill,—I do but spend
That which the Master poured into my soul,
His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,
That service so with praise might meekly blend.
May He who taught the morning stars to sing,
Aye keep my chalice cool, and pure, and sweet,
And grant me so with loving hand to bring
Refreshment to His weary ones.—to meet
Their thirst with water from God's music-spring ;
And, bearing thus, to pour it at His feet.

NOT YET.

JOHN xiii. 7.

NOT yet thou knowest what I do,
O feeble child of earth,
Whose life is but to angel view
The morning of thy birth !
The smallest leaf, the simplest flower,
The wild bee's honey-cell,
Have lessons of My love and power
Too hard for thee to spell.

Thou knowest not how I uphold
The little thou dost scan ;
And how much less canst thou unfold
My universal plan,
Where all thy mind can grasp of space
Is but a grain of sand ;—
The time thy boldest thought can trace,
One ripple on the strand !

Not yet thou knowest what I do
In this wild, warring world,
Whose prince doth still triumphant view
Confusion's flag unfurled ;
Nor how each proud and daring thought
Is subject to My will,
Each strong and secret purpose brought
My counsel to fulfill.

Not yet thou knowest how I bid
Each passing hour entwine
Its grief or joy, its hope or fear,
In one great love-design ;
Nor how I lead thee through the night,
By many a various way,
Still upward to unclouded light,
And onward to the day.

Not yet thou knowest what I do
Within thine own weak breast,
To mold thee to My image true,
And fit thee for My rest.
But yield thee to My loving skill ;
The veiled work of grace,
From day to day progressing still,
It is not thine to trace.

Yes, walk by faith and not by sight,
Fast clinging to My hand ;
Content to feel My love and might,
Not yet to understand.
A little while thy course pursue,
Till grace to glory grow ;
Then what I am, and what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt know.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKS be to God ! to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,

The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower ;
And for the sable clond that heals
Each fevered flower ;
And for the rushing storm that peals
Our weakness and Thy power.

Thanks for the sweetly-lingering might
In music's tone ;
For paths of knowledge, whose calm light
Is all Thine own ;
For thoughts that at the Infinite
Fold their bright wings alone.

Yet thanks that silence oft may flow
In dewlike store ;
Thanks for the mysteries that show
How small our lore ;
Thanks that we here so little know,
And trust Thee all the more !

Thanks for the gladness that entwines
Our path below ;
Each sunrise that incarnadines
The cold, still snow ;
Thanks for the light of love which shines
With brightest earthly glow.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
Which none may flee ;
For loved ones standing now around
The crystal sea ;
And for the weariness of heart
Which only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessèd Word,
And Sabbath rest ;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest ;
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From Death and Sin ;
Till, when the thanks of Earth shall end,
The thanks of Heaven begin.

NOTE.—It may be well to say, that these verses were in print before the writer either saw or heard of the beautiful little poem by Adelaide Procter on the same theme.

LIFE-CRYSTALS.

THE world is full of crystals. Swift, or slow,
Or dark, or bright their varying formation ;
From pure calm heights of fair untrodden snow
To fire-wrought depths of earliest creation.

And life is full of crystals ; forming still
In myriad-shaped results from good and seeming ill.

Yes ! forming everywhere ; in busiest street,
In noisiest throng. Oh, how it would astound us,
The strange soul-chemistry of some we meet
In slight and passing talk ! For all around us,
Deep inner silence broods o'er gems to be.
Now, in three visioned hearts trace out the work with me.

A heart that wonderingly received the flow
Of marvels and of mysteries of being,
Of sympathies and tensions, joy and woe ;
Each earnestly from baser substance freeing :
A great life-mixture, full, and deep, and strong,
A sudden touch, and lo ! it crystallized in song.

Then forth it flashed among the souls of men
Its own prismatic radiance, brightly sealing
A several rainbow for each several ken ;
The secrets of the distant stars revealing ;
Reflecting many a heart's clear rays unknown,
And, freely shedding light, it analyzed their own.

A heart from which all joy had ebbed away,
And grief poured in a flood of burning anguish,
Then sealed the molten glow ; till, day by day,
The fires without, within, begin to languish :
Then "afterward" came coolness ; all was well,
And from the broken crust a shining crystal fell.

A mourner found, and fastened on her breast
 The soft-hued gem, the prized by mourners only ;
 With sense of treasure gained she sought her rest,
 No longer wandering in the twilight lonely ;
 The sorrow-crystal glittering in the dark,
 While faith and hope shone out to greet its starry spark.

A heart where emptiness seemed emptier made
 By colorless remains of tasteless pleasure ;
 ONE came, and pitying the hollow shade,
 Poured in His own strong love in fullest measure ;
 Then shadowed it with silent falling night,
 And stilled it with the solemn Presence of His might.

A little while, then found the Master there
 Love-crystals sparkling in the joyous morning ;
 He stooped to gaze, and smiled to own them fair,
 A treasure choice for His own rich adorning ;
 Then set them in His diadem above,
 To mingle evermore with His own light and love.

REST.

“Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Thee.”—*St. Augustine.*

MADE for Thyself, O God !
 Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy
 delight ;

Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;
 Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud ;

Oh, strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee !

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'T was made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
'Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
“ This is not rest ! ”

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace;
In Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
(Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet ;
Then lean our love upon His loving breast,
And know God's rest.



THE GREAT TEACHER.

I LOVE to feel that I am taught,
And, as a little child,
To note the lessons I have learnt
In passing through the wild.

For I am sure God teaches me,
And His own gracious hand
Each varying page before me spreads,
By love and wisdom planned.

I often think I cannot spell
The lesson I must learn,
And then, in weariness and doubt,
I pray the page may turn ;
But time goes on, and soon I find
I was learning all the while ;
And words which seemed most dimly traced
Shine out with rainbow smile.

Or sometimes strangely I forget,
And, learning o'er and o'er,
A lesson all with tear-drops wet,
Which I had learnt before,
He chides me not, but waits awhile,
Then wipes my heavy eyes :
Oh what a Teacher is our God,
So patient and so wise !

Dark silent hours of study fall,
And I can scarcely see ;
Then one beside me whispers low
What is so hard to me.
'T is easier then ! I am so glad
I am not taught alone ;
It is such help to overhear
A lesson like my own.

Sometimes the Master gives to me
A strange new alphabet ;
I wonder what its use will be,
Or why it need be set.
And then I find this tongue alone
Some stranger ear can reach,
One whom He may commission me
For Him to train or teach.

If others sadly bring to me
A lesson hard and new,
I often find that helping them
Has made me learn it too.
Or, had I learnt it long before,
My toil is overpaid,
If so one tearful eye may see
One lesson plainer made.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear His voice ;
And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it, and rejoice.
There is a music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key ;
There is a Presence with our souls,
We know that it is He.

His loving teaching cannot fail ;
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
When learning time is past.

Oh! may we learn to love Him more,
By every opening page,
By every lesson He shall mark
With daily ripening age.

And then, to "know as we are known"
Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise.
O joy untold! Yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be:
The travail of His soul in us
Our Saviour-God shall see.

WOUNDED.

ONLY a look and a motion that nobody saw or heard.
Past in a moment and over, with never the sound
of a word;

Streams of converse around me smoothly and cheerily
flow,

But a terrible stab has been given, a silent and staggering
blow.

Guesses the hand that gave it hardly a tithe of the smart,
Nothing at all of the anguish that fiercely leapt up in my
heart,

Scorching and scathing its peace, while a tremulous
nerve to the brain

Flashed up a telegram sudden, a message of quivering
pain.

They must be merry without me, for how can I sing to-night ?

They will only think I am tired, and thoughtfully shade the light ;

Finger and voice would fail while the wound is open and sore ;

Bleeding away the strength I had gathered for days before.

Only a look and a motion ! Yes, but we little know
How from each dwarf-like “only” a giant of power may grow ;

The thundering avalanche crushes, loosened by only a breath,

And only a colorless drop may be laden with sudden death.

Only a word of command, but it loses or wins the field ;
Only a stroke of the pen, but a heart is broken or healed ;
Only a step may sever, pole-wide, future and past ;
Only a touch may rivet links which for life shall last.

Only a look and a motion ! Why was the wound so deep ?
Were it no echo of sorrow, hushed for a while to sleep,
Were it no shadow of fear, far o’er the future thrown,
Slight were the suffering now, if it bore on the present alone.

Ah ! I would smile it away, but ’tis all too fresh and too keen ;

Perhaps I may some day recall it as if it had never been ;

Now I can only be still, and endure where I cannot cope,
Praying for meekness and patience, praying for faith and
hope.

Is it an answer already that words to my mind are
brought,

Floating like shining lilies on waters of gloomiest
thought ?

Simple and short is the sentence, but oh ! what it com-
prehends !

*“ Those with which I was wounded, in the house of My
friends.”*

Floating still on my heart, while I listen again and again,
Stillling the anxious throbbing, soothing the icy pain,
Proving its sacred mission healing and balm to bring.

“ Coming ? ” Yes, if you want me ! Yes, I am ready
to sing.



PEACE.

IS this the Peace of God, this strange, sweet calm ?
The weary day is at its zenith still,

Yet 'tis as if beside some cool, clear rill,
Through shadowy stillness rose an evening psalm,
And all the noise of life were hushed away,
And tranquil gladness reigned with gently soothing sway.

It was not so just now. I turned aside
With aching head, and heart most sorely bowed ;
Around me cares and griefs in crushing crowd,
While inly rose the sense, in swelling tide,

Of weakness, insufficiency, and sin,
And fear, and gloom, and doubt, in mighty flood rolled in.

That rushing flood I had no strength to meet,
Nor power to flee : my present, future, past,
My self, my sorrow, and my sin I cast
In utter helplessness at Jesu's feet ;
Then bent me to the storm, if such His will.
He saw the winds and waves, and whispered, " Peace, be
still ! "

And there was calm ! O Saviour, I have proved
That Thou to help and save art *really* near ;
How else this quiet rest from grief, and fear,
And all distress ? The cross is not removed ;
I must go forth to bear it as before,
But, leaning on Thine arm, I dread its weight no more.

Is it indeed Thy Peace ? I have not tried
To analyze my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim Thy Peace. But Thou hast died :
I know that this is true, and true for me,
And, knowing it, I come, and cast my all on Thee.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou
Wilt be my strength ; it is not that I see
Less sin, but more of pardoning love with Thee,
And all-sufficient grace. Enough ! And now
All fluttering thought is stilled ; I only rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know that I am blest.

NOT YOUR OWN.

“NOT your own !” but His ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth’s store of gems and gold.
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.

“Not your own !” but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now,
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

“Not your own !” but His, the King,
His, the Lord of earth and sky,
His, to whom archangels bring
Homage deep and praises high.
What can royal birth bestow ?
Or the proudest titles show ?
Can such dignity be known
As the glorious name “ His own ” ?

“Not your own !” to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love ;

Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee ;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high
Thee to serve and glorify ;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine forever, Thine alone !

"A GREAT MYSTERY."

THERE is a hush in earth and sky,
The ear is free to list aright
In darkness, veiling from the eye
The many-colored spells of light.

Not heralded by fire and storm,
In shadowy outline dimly seen,
Comes through the gloom a glorious Form,
The once despisèd Nazarene.

Through waiting silence, voiceless shade,
A still, small Voice so clearly floats,
A listening lifetime were o'erpaid
By one sweet echo of such notes.

“ Fear not, beloved ! thou art Mine,
For I have given My life for thee ;
By name I call thee, rise and shine ;
Be praise and glory unto Me.

“ In Me all spotless and complete,
And in My comeliness most fair,
Art thou ; to Me thy voice is sweet,
Prevailing in thy feeblest prayer.

“ Thy life is hid in God with Me,
I stoop to dwell within thy breast ;
My joy forever thou shalt be,
And in My love for thee I rest.

“ O Prince's daughter, whom I see
In bridal garments, pure as light,
Betrothed forever unto Me,
On thee My own new name I write.”

Lo ! 'neath the stars' uncertain ray,
In flowing mantle glistening fair,
One, lowly bending, turns away
From that sweet voice in cold despair.

Is it Humility, who sees
Herself unworthy of such grace,
Who dares not hope her Lord to please,
Who dares not look upon His face ?

Nay, where that mantle fleeting gleams,
 'Tis Unbelief who turns aside ;
Who rather rests in self-spun dreams,
 Than trust the love of Him who died.

Faith casts away the fair disguise,
 She will not doubt her Master's voice,
And droop when He hath bid her rise,
 Or mourn when He hath said, " Rejoice ! "

Her stained and soiled robes she leaves,
 And Christ's own shining raiment takes ;
What His love gives, her love receives,
 And meek and trustful answer makes :

" Behold the handmaid of the Lord !
 Thou callest, and I come to Thee :
According to Thy faithful word,
 O Master, be it unto me !

" Thy love I cannot comprehend,
 I only know Thy word is true,
And that Thou lovest to the end
 Each whom to Thee the Father drew.

" Oh ! take the heart I could not give
 Without Thy strength-bestowing call ;
In Thee, and for Thee, let me live,
 For I am nothing, Thou art all."

CONTENT.

“ ‘ **W**HAT wouldst thou be ?’

A wavelet just rising from life’s
wide sea.

I would I were once again a child,
Like a laughing floweret on mountains wild :
In the fairy realms of fancy dwelling,
The golden moments for sunbeams selling ;
Ever counting on bright to-morrows,
And knowing nought of unspoken sorrows :

Such would I be,

A sparkling cascade of untiring glee.”

1860.

* * * * *

Not so, not so !

For longings change as the full years flow.
When I had but taken a step or two
From the fairy regions still in view ;
While their playful breezes fanned me still
At every pause on the steeper hill,
And the blossoms showered from every shoot,
Showered and fell, and yet no fruit,

It was grief and pain

That I never could be a child again.

Not so, not so !

Back to my life-dawn I would not go.
A little is lost, but more is won,
As the sterner work of the day is done.
We forget that the troubles of childish days
Were once gigantic in morning haze.

There is less of fancy, but more of truth,
For we lose the mists with the dew of youth ;
 And a rose is born
On many a spray which seemed only thorn.

Not so, not so !
While the years of childhood glided slow,
There was all to receive and nothing to give :
Is it not better for others to live ?
And happier far than merriest games
Is the joy of our new and nobler aims :
Then fair fresh flowers, *now* lasting gems ;
Then wreaths for a day, but *now* diadems,
 Forever to shine,
Bright in the radiance of Love Divine.

Not so, not so !
I would not again be a child, I know !
But were it not pleasant again to stand
On the border-line of that fairy land,—
Feeling so buoyant and blithe and strong,
Fearing no slip as we bound along,
Halting at will in the sunshine to bask,
Deeming the journey an easy task,
 While Courage and Hope
Smooth with “Come, see, and conquer” each emerald
slope ?

Not so, not so !
Less leaping flame, but a deeper glow !

There is more of sorrow, but more of joy,
 Less glittering ore, but less alloy ;
 There is more of pain, but more of balm,
 And less of pleasure, but more of calm ;
 Many a hope all spent and dead,
 But higher and brighter hopes instead ;
 Less risked, more won ;
 Less planned and dreamed, but perhaps more done.

Not so, not so !
 Not in stature and learning alone we grow.
 Though we no more look from year to year
 For power of mind more strong and clear,
 Though the table-land of life we tread,
 No widening views before us spread,
 No sunlit summits to lure ambition,
 But only the path of a daily mission.

 We would not turn
 Where the will-o'-the-wisps of our young dreams
 burn.

Then be it so !
 For in better things we yet may grow.
 Onward and upward still our way,
 With the joy of progress from day to day ;
 Nearer and nearer every year
 To the visions and hopes most true and dear ;
 Children still of a Father's love,
 Children still of a home above !

 Thus we look back,
 Without a sigh, o'er the lengthening track.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

“PEOPLE do not understand me,
Their ideas are not like mine ;
All advances seem to land me
Still outside their guarded shrine.”

So you turn from simple joyance,
Losing many a mutual good,
Weary with the chill annoyance
So to be misunderstood.

Let me try to lift the curtain
Hiding other hearts from view ;
You complain, but are you certain
That the fault is not with you ;

In the sunny summer hours,
Sitting in your quiet room,
Can you wonder if the flowers
Breathe for you no sweet perfume ?

True, you see them bright and pearly
With the jewelry of morn ;
But their fragrance, fresh and early,
Is not through your window borne.

You must go to them, and stooping,
Cull the blossoms where they live ;
On your bosom gently drooping,
All their treasure they will give.

Who would guess what fragrance lingers
In verbenæ's pale green show !
Press the leaflet in your fingers,
All its sweetness you will know.

Few the harps Æolian sending
Unsought music on the wind :
Else must love and skill be blending
Music's full response to find.

“ But my key-note,” are you thinking,
“ Will not modulate to theirs ” ?
Seek ! and subtle chords enlinking,
Soon shall blend the differing airs.

Fairly sought, some point of contact
There must be with every mind ;
And, perchance, the closest compact
Where we least expect, we find.

Perhaps the heart you meet so coldly
Burns with deepest lava-glow ;
Wisely pierce the crust, and boldly,
And a fervid stream shall flow.

Dialects of love are many,
Though the language be but one ;
Study all you can, or any,
While life's precious school-hours run.

Closed the heart-door of thy brother,
All its treasure long concealed ?
One key fails, then try another,
Soon the rusty lock shall yield.

Few have not some hidden trial,
And could sympathize with thine ;
Do not take it as denial
That you see no outward sign.

Silence is no certain token
That no secret grief is there ;
Sorrow which is never spoken
Is the heaviest load to bear.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

'Twill not be a fruitless labor,
Overcome this ill with good ;
Try to understand your neighbor,
And you will be understood.



THE STAR SHOWER.

NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

OH ! to raise a mighty shout,
And bid the sleepers all come out !
No dreamer's fancy fair and high,
Could image forth a grander sky.
And oh, for eyes of swifter power
To follow fast the starry shower !

Oh, for a sweep of vision clear
To grasp at once a hemisphere !

The solemn old chorale of Night,
With fullest chords of awful might,
Re-echoes still in stately march
Throughout the glowing heavenly arch ;
But harmonies all new and rare
Are intermingling everywhere,
Fantastic, fitful, fresh, and free ;
A sparkling wealth of melody,
A carol of sublimest glee,
Is bursting from the starry chorus,
In dazzling exultation o'er us.
O wondrous sight ! so swift, so bright,
Like sudden thrills of strange delight ;
As if the stars were all at play,
And kept ecstatic holiday ;
As if it were a jubilee
Of glad millenniums fully told,
Or universal sympathy
With some new dawning age of gold.

Flashing from the lordly lion,
Flaming under bright Procyon,
From the farthest east up-ranging,
Past the blessed orb* unchanging ;

* "That admirable Polar Star, which is a blessing to astronomers."—*Professor Airy's Popular Lectures on Astronomy.*

Ursa's brilliance far out-gleaming,
From the very zenith streaming ;
Rushing, as in joy delirious,
To the pure white ray of Sirius ;
Past Orion's belted splendor,
Past Capella, clear and tender ;
Lightening dusky Polar regions,
Brightening pale encircling legions ;
Lines of fiery glitter tracing,
Parting, meeting, interlacing ;
Paling every constellation
With their radiant revelation !
All we heard of meteor glory
Is a true and sober story ;
Who will not for life remember
This night grandeur of November ?

'Tis over now, the once-seen, dream-like sight !
With gradual hand the clear and breezy dawn
Hath o'er the marvels of the meteor night
A veil of light impenetrable drawn.
And earth is sweeping on through starless space.
Nor may we once look back, the shining field to trace.

Ere next the glittering stranger-throng we meet,
How many a star of life will seek the west !
Our century's dying pulse will faintly beat ;
The toilers of to-day will be at rest ;
And little ones, who now but laugh and play,
Will weary in the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, is there nothing beautiful and glad
But bears a message of decay and change ?
So be it ! Though we call it stern and sad,
Viewed by the torch of Love, it is not strange.
'T is mercy that in Nature's *every* strain
Deep warning tones peal out, in solemn sweet refrain.

And have not all created things a voice
For those who listen farther,—whispers low
To bid the children of the light rejoice
In burning hopes they yet but dimly know ?
What will it be, all earthly darkness o'er,
To shine as stars of God forever—evermore !



TREASURE TROVE.

I PLAYED with the whispering rushes,
By a river of reverie,
Flowing so quietly onward
Into an unknown sea.

And I watched the dreamy current,
Till to my feet it brought,
Glistening among the pebbles,
The pearl of a fair new thought.

New ! yet many another,
Leaning over the stream,
May have welcomed its sudden shining,
And gazed on its gentle gleam.

Long it must have been lying,
Yet it is new to me.
Oh, the treasures around us,
If we could only see !

I have broken the smooth dark water
Into ripples and circles bright,
Lifting my pearl from the pebbles,
Bearing away its light.

I am so glad to have found it !
I shall treasure it safely awhile,
It will brighten the niche that is darkest
In my spirit's loneliest aisle.

And then, it may be, a dear one
Will wear it, a long, long time,
Fastened firm on her bosom,
In a setting of silver rhyme.



COMING SUMMER.

WHAT will the summer bring ?
Sunshine and flowers,
Brightness and melody,
Golden-voiced hours ;
Rose-gleaming mornings
Vocal with praise ;
Crimson-flushed evenings,
Nightingale lays.

What may the summer bring ?
Gladness and mirth,
Laughter and song,
For the children of earth ;
Smiles for the old man,
Joy for the strong,
Glee for the little ones
All the day long.

What will the summer bring ?
Coolness and shade,
Eloquent stillness
In thicket and glade ;
Whispering breezes,
Fragrance oppressed ;
Lingering twilight
Soothing to rest.

What may the summer bring ?
Freshness and calm
To the care-worn and troubled,
Beauty and balm.
O toil-weary spirit,
Rest thee anew,
For the heat of the world-race
Summer hath dew !

What will the summer bring ?
Sultry noon hours,
Lurid horizons,
Frowning cloud-towers !

Loud-crashing thunders,
 Tempest and hail,
Death-bearing lightnings,
 It brings without fail.

What may the summer bring ?
 Dimness and woe,
Blackness of sorrow
 Its bright days may know ;
Flowers may be wormwood,
 Verdure a pall,
The shadow of death
 On the fairest may fall.

Is it not ever so ?
 Where shall we find
Light that may cast
 No shadow behind ?
Calm that no tempest
 May darkly await ?
Joy that no sorrow
 May swiftly abate ?

Will the story of summer
 Be written in light,
Or traced in the darkness
 Of storm-cloud and night ?
We know not—we *would* not know ;
 Why should we quail ?
Summer, we welcome thee !
 Summer, all hail !

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

AN April burst of beauty,
And a May like the Mays of old,
And a glow of summer gladness
While June her long days told ;
And a hush of golden silence
All through the bright July,
Without one peal of thunder,
Or a storm-wreath in the sky ;
And a fiery reign of August,
Till the moon was on the wane ;
And then short clouded evenings,
And a long and chilling rain.
I thought the summer was over,
And the whole year's glory spent,
And that nothing but fog and drizzle
Could be for Autumn meant ;—
Nothing but dead leaves, falling
Wet on the dark, damp mold,
Less and less of the sunshine,
More and more of the cold.

But oh ! the golden day-time ;
And oh ! the silver nights :
And the scarlet touch on the fir trunks
Of the calm, grand sunset lights ;
And the morning's bright revealings,
Lifting the pearly mist,
Like a bridal veil, from the valley
That the sun hath claimed and kissed ;

And oh ! the noontide shadows
Longer and longer now,
On the river margin resting,
Like the tress on a thoughtful brow.
Rich fruitage bends the branches
With amber, and rose, and gold,
O'er the purple and crimson asters,
And geraniums gay and bold.
The day is warm and glowing,
But the night is cool and sweet,
And we fear no smiting arrows
Of fierce and fatal heat.
The leaves are only dropping,
Like flakes of a sunset cloud,
And the robin's song is clearer
Than spring's own minstrel-crowd.
A soft new robe of greenness
Decks every sunny mead,
And we own that bright September
Is beautiful indeed.

Is thy life-summer passing ?
Think not thy joys are o'er !
Thou hast not seen what Autumn
For thee may have in store.
Calmer than breezy April,
Cooler than August blaze,
The fairest time of all may be
September's golden days.
Press on, though Summer waneth,
And falter not, nor fear,

For God can make the Autumn
The glory of the year.

EARLY FAITH.

WHOM hear we tell of all the joy which loving Faith
can bring,
The ever-widening glories reached on her strong seraph
wing ?
Is it not oftenest they who long have wrestled with temp-
tation,
Or passed through fiery baptisms of mighty tribulation ?

Perhaps, in life's great tapestry, the darkest scenes are
where
The golden threads of Faith glance forth most radiant
and fair ;
And gazing on the coming years, which unknown griefs
may bring,
We hail the lamp which o'er them all shall heavenly lus-
ter fling.

Thank God ! there is at eventide a gleam of ruby light,
A star of love amid the gloom of sorrow's lingering night,
An ivy-wreath upon the tomb, a haven in the blast,
A staff for weary, trembling ones, when youth and health
are past.

But shall we seek the diamonds in the lone and dusky
mine,
When 'mid the sunny sands of *youth* they wait to flash
and shine ?
Neglect the fountains of Christ's joy till woe-streams
darkly flow,
Nor seek a Father's smile until the world's cold frown we
know ?

Nay ! be our faith the rosy crown on morn's unwrinkled
brow,
The sparkling dewdrop on the grass, the blossoms on the
bough ;
The gleam of pearly light within the snowy-bosomed
shell ;
An added power of loveliness in beauty's every spell.

Oh, let it be the sunlight of the pleasant summer hours,
That calls to pure and radiant birth unnumbered fragrant
flowers ;
That bathes in golden joyance every anthem-murmuring
tree,
And spreads a robe of glory o'er the silver-crested sea.

Oh, let it be the key-note of the symphony of gladness,
Which wots not of the broken lyre, the requiem of sad-
ness :
For they who melodies of heaven in hours of brightness
know,
Will modulate sweet harmony from earth's discordant
woe.

OUR FATHER.

“O H, that I loved the Father
 With depth of conscious love,
As steadfast, bright, and burning
 As seraphim above !
But how can I be deeming
 Myself a loving child,
When here, and there, and everywhere,
 My thoughts are wandering wild ?

“It is my chief desire
 To know Him more and more,
To follow Him more fully
 Than I have done before ;
My eyes are dim with longing
 To see the Lord above ;
But oh ! I fear from year to year,
 I do not truly love.

“For when I try to follow
 The mazes of my soul,
I find no settled fire of love
 Illumining the whole :
’Tis all uncertain twilight,
 No clear and vivid glow :
Would I could bring to God my King
 The perfect love I owe !”

The gift is great and holy,
 ’Twill not be sought in vain ;

But look up for a moment
From present doubt and pain,
And calmly tell me *how* you love
The dearest ones below ?
“This love,” say you, “is deep and true !”
But tell me *how* you know ?

How do you love your father ?
“Oh, in a thousand ways !
I think there’s no one like him,
So worthy of my praise.
I tell him all my troubles,
And ask him what to do ;
I know that he will give to me
His counsel kind and true.

“Then every little service
Of hand, or pen, or voice
Becomes, if he has asked it,
The service of my choice;
And from my own desires
’Tis not so hard to part,
If once I know I follow so
His wiser will and heart.

“I know the flush of pleasure
That o’er my spirit came,
When far from home with strangers,
They caught my father’s name ;

And for his sake the greeting
Was mutual and sweet,
For if they knew my father too,
How glad we were to meet !

“ And when I heard them praising
His music and his skill,
His words of holy teaching,
Life-preaching, holier still,
How eagerly I listened
To every word that fell !
’Twas joy to hear that name so dear
Both known and loved so well.

“ Once I was ill and suffering
Upon a foreign shore,
And longed to see my father,
As I never longed before.
He came : his arm around me ;
I leant upon his breast ;
I did not long to feel more strong,
So sweet that childlike rest.

“ The thought of home is pleasant,
Yet I should hardly care
To leave my present fair abode,
Unless I knew him there.
All other love and pleasure
Can never crown the place,
A home to me it cannot be
Without my father’s face.”

This is no fancy drawing,
But every line is true,
And you have traced as strong a love,
As ever daughter knew.
But though its fond expression
Is rather lived than told,
You do not say from day to day,
“I fear my love is cold !”

You do not think about it ;
’Tis never in your thought—
“I wonder if I love him
As deeply as I ought ?
I know his approbation
Outweighs all other need,
That his employ is always joy,
But do I love indeed ?”

Now let your own words teach you
The higher, holier claim
Of Him, who condescends to bear
A Father’s gracious name.
No mystic inspiration.
No throbbings forced and wild
He asks, but just the loving trust
Of a glad and grateful child.

The rare and precious moments
Of realizing thrill
Are but love’s blissful blossom,
To brighten, not to fill

The storehouse and the garner
With ripe and pleasant fruit ;
And not alone by these is shown
The true and holy root.

What if your own dear father
Were summoned to his rest !
One lives, by whom that bitterest grief
Could well be soothed and blessed.
Like balm upon your sharpest woe
His still, small voice would fall ;
His touch would heal, you could not feel
That you had lost your all.

But what if He, the Lord of life,
Could ever pass away !
What if *His* name were blotted out,
And you could know to-day
There was *no* heavenly Father,
No Saviour dear and true,
No throne of grace, no resting-place,
No living God for you !

We need not dwell in horror
On what can never be,
Such endless desolation,
Such undreamt misery.
Our reason could not bear it,
And all the love of earth,
In fullest bliss, compared with this,
Were nothing, *nothing* worth.

Then bring your poor affection,
And try it by this test ;
The hidden depth is fathomed,
You see you love Him *best !*
'Tis but a feeble echo
Of His great love to you,
Yet in His ear each note is dear,
Its harmony is true.

It is an uncut jewel,
All earth-incrusted now,
But He will make it glorious,
And set it on His brow :
'Tis but a tiny glimmer,
Lit from the light above,
But it shall blaze through endless days,
A star of perfect love.



*“ I DID THIS FOR THEE ! WHAT HAST
THOU DONE FOR ME ? ”*

(Motto placed under a Picture of our Saviour.)

I GAVE My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee ;
What hast thou given for Me ?

I spent long years for thee
 In weariness and woe,
 That an eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee ;
 Hast thou spent *one* for Me ?

My Father's home of light,
 My rainbow-circled throne,
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left it all for thee ;
 Hast thou left aught for Me ?

I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue may tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I suffered much for thee ;
 What canst thou bear for Me ?

And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee ;
 What hast thou brought to Me ?

Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,

World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent ;
I gave Myself for thee ;
Give thou *thyself* to Me !

ISAIAH XXXIII. 17.

THINE eyes shall see ! Yes, thine, who, blind ere-
while,

Now trembling toward the new-found light dost flee ;
Leave doubting, and look up with trustful smile—

Thine eyes shall see !

Thine *eyes* shall see ! Not in some dream Elysian,
Not in thy fancy, glowing though it be,
Not even in faith, but in unveilèd vision,

Thine *eyes* shall see !

Thine eyes *shall* see ! Not on thyself depend
God's promises, the faithful, firm, and free ;
Ere they shall fail, earth, heaven itself, must end :

Thine eyes *shall* see !

Thine eyes shall *see* ! Not in a swift glance cast,
Gleaning one ray to brighten memory,
But, while a glad eternity shall last.

Thine eyes shall *see* !

Thine eyes shall see *the* King ! The very same
 Whose love shone forth upon the curseful tree,
 Who bore thy guilt, who calleth thee by name ;
 Thine eyes shall see !

Thine eyes shall see the *King!* the mighty One,
 The many-crowned, the Light-enrobed ; and He
 Shall bid thee share the kingdom He hath won ;
 Thine eyes shall see !

And *in His beauty!* Stay thee, mortal song,
 The “altogether lovely” One must be
 Unspeakable in glory,—yet ere long
 Thine eyes shall see !

Yes ! though the land be “very far” away,
 A step, a moment, ends the toil for thee ;
 Then changing grief for gladness, night for day,
 Thine eyes shall see !



SILENT IN LOVE.

“HE WILL REST* IN HIS LOVE.”

LOVE culminates in bliss when it doth reach
 A white, unflickering, fear-consuming glow ;
 And, knowing it is known as it doth know,
 Needs no assuring word or soothing speech.

* Marginal reading—“*be silent.*”

It craves but silent nearness, so to rest,
No sound, no movement, love not heard but felt,
Longer and longer still, till time should melt,
A snow-flake on the eternal ocean's breast.
Have moments of this silence starred thy past,
Made memory a glory-haunted place,
Taught all the joy that mortal ken can trace ?
By greater light 'tis but a shadow cast ;—
So shall the Lord thy God rejoice o'er thee,
And in His love will rest, and silent be.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

LIGHT ! emblem of all good and joy !
Shade ! emblem of all ill !
And yet in this strange mingled life,
We need the shadow still.
A lamp with softly shaded light,
To soothe and spare the tender sight,
Will only throw
A brighter glow
Upon our books and work below.

We could not bear unchanging day,
However fair its light ;
Ere long the wearied eye would hail
As boon untold the evening pale,
The solace of the night.
And who would prize our summer glow
If winter gloom we did not know ?

Or rightly praise
The glad spring rays,
Who never saw our rainy days ?
How grateful in Arabian plain
Of white and sparkling sand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Across the weary land !
And where the tropic glories rise,
Responsive to the fiery skies,
We could not dare
To meet the glare,
Or blindness were our bitter share.

Where is the soul so meek and pure,
Who through his earthly days,
Life's fullest sunshine could endure
In clear and cloudless blaze ?
The sympathetic eye would dim,
And others pine unmarked by him,
Were no chill shade
Around him laid,
And light of joy could never fade.

He, who the light-commanding word
Erst spake, and formed the eye,
Knows what that wondrous eye can bear,
And tempers with providing care,
By cloud and night, all hurtful glare,
By shadows ever nigh.
So in all wise and loving ways
He blends the shadows of our days,

To win our sight
From scenes of night,
To seek the "True and Only Light."
We need some shadow o'er our bliss
Lest we forget the Giver ;
So often in our deepest joy
There comes a solemn quiver ;
We could not tell from whence it came,
The subtle cause we cannot name ;
Its twilight fall
May well recall
Calm thought of Him who gave us all.
There are who all undazzled tread
Awhile the sunniest plain ;
But they have sought the blessed shade
By one great Rock of Ages made,
A sure, safe rest to gain.
Unshaded light of earth soon blinds
To light of heaven sincerest minds ;
O envy not
A clondless lot !
We ask indeed we know not what.
So is it here, so is it now !
Not always will it be !
There is a land that needs no shade,
A morn will rise which cannot fade,
And we, like flame-robed angels made,
That glory soon may see.
No cloud upon its radiant joy,
No shadow o'er its bright employ,

No sleep, no night,
But perfect sight,
The Lord our everlasting Light.

NO THORN WITHOUT A ROSE.

“THERE is no rose without a thorn !”
Who has not found this true,
And known that griefs of gladness born
Our footsteps still pursue ?

That in the grandest harmony
The strangest discords rise ;
The brightest bow we only trace
Upon the darkest skies !

No thornless rose ! So, more and more,
Our pleasant hopes are laid
Where waves this sable legend o’er
A still, sepulchral shade.

But Faith and Love, with angel-might,
Break up life’s dismal tomb,
Transmuting into golden light
The words of leaden gloom.

Reversing all this funeral pall,
White raiment they disclose ;
Their happy song floats full and long,
“ No thorn without a rose !

“ No shadow, but its sister light
Not far away must burn !
No weary night, but morning bright
Shall follow in its turn.

“ No chilly snow, but safe below
A million buds are sleeping ;
No wintry days, but fair spring rays
Are swiftly onward sweeping.

“ With fiercest glare of summer air
Comes fullest leafy shade ;
And ruddy fruit bends every shoot,
Because the blossoms fade.

“ No note of sorrow but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed ;
No labor all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

“ No sigh but from the harps above
Soft echoing tones shall win ;
No heart-wound but the Lord of Love
Shall pour His comfort in.

“ No withered hope, while loving best
Thy Father's chosen way ;
No anxious care, for He will bear
Thy burdens every day.

“Thy claim to rest on Jesu’s breast
All weariness shall be,
And pain thy portal to His heart
Of boundless sympathy.

“No conflict but the King’s own hand
Shall end the glorious strife;
No death, but leads thee to the land
Of everlasting life.”

Sweet seraph voices, Faith and Love!
Sing on within our hearts
This strain of music from above,
Till we have learnt our parts:

Until we see your alchemy
On all that years disclose,
And, taught by you, still find it true,
“No thorn without a rose!”

GOD THE PROVIDER.

“My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

WHO shall tell our untold need,
Deeply felt, though scarcely known?
Who the hungering soul can feed,
Guard, and guide, but God alone?

Blessèd promise ! while we see
Earthly friends must powerless be,
Earthly fountains quickly dry :
“*God*” shall all your need supply.

He hath said it ! so we know
Nothing less can we receive.
Oh, that thankful love may glow
While we restfully believe,—
Ask not *how*, but trust Him still ;
Ask not *when*, but wait His will :
Simply on His word rely,
God “*shall*” all your need supply.

Through the whole of life's long way,
Outward, inward need we trace ;
Need, arising day by day,
Patience, wisdom, strength, and grace.
Needing Jesus most of all,
Full of need, on Him we call ;
Then how gracious His reply,
God shall “*all*” your need supply !

Great our need, but greater far
Is our Father's loving power ;
He upholds each mighty star,
He unfolds each tiny flower.
He who numbers every hair,
Earnest of His faithful care,
Gave His Son for us to die ;
God shall all “*your*” need supply.

Yet we often vainly plead
For a fancied good denied,
What we deemed a pressing need
Still remaining unsupplied.
Yet from dangers all concealed,
Thus our wisest Friend doth shield ;
No *good* thing will He deny,
God shall all your "*need*" supply.

Can we count redemption's treasure,
Scan the glory of God's love ?
Such shall be the boundless measure
Of His blessings from above.
All we ask and think, and more,
He will give in bounteous store,
He can fill and satisfy,
God shall all your need "*supply*." *

One the channel, deep and broad,
From the Fountain of the Throne,
Christ the Saviour, Son of God,
Blessings flow through Him alone.
He, the Faithful and the True,
Brings us mercies ever new :
Till we reach His home on high,
"*God shall all your wants supply.*"

* The Greek word is much stronger than the English,—πληροσσει—"will supply to the full," "fill up," "satisfy."

CHRIST'S RECALL.

RETURN,
O wanderer from my side!

Soon droops each blossom of the darkening wild,
Soon melts each meteor which thy steps beguiled,
Soon is the cistern dry which thou hast hewn,
And thou wilt weep in bitterness full soon.
Return! ere gathering night shall shroud the way
Thy footsteps yet may tread, in this accepted day.

Return,
O erring, yet beloved!
I wait to bind thy bleeding feet, for keen
And rankling are the thorns where thou hast been;
I wait to give thee pardon, love, and rest.
Is not My joy to see thee safe and blest?
Return! I wait to hear once more thy voice
To welcome thee anew, and bid thy heart rejoice.

Return,
O fallen, yet not lost!
Canst thou forget the life for thee laid down,
The taunts, the scourging, and the thorny crown?
When o'er thee first My spotless robe I spread,
And poured the oil of joy upon thy head,
How did thy weakening heart within thee burn!
Canst thou remember all, and wilt thou not return?

Return,
O chosen of my love!
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew

That very treacherously thou wouldst deal :
Now I have seen thy ways, yet I will heal.
Return ! Wilt thou yet linger far from Me ?
My wrath is turned away, I have redeemed thee.

FAITH'S QUESTION.

TO whom, O Saviour, shall we go
For life, and joy, and light ?
No help, no comfort from below,
No lasting gladness we may know,
No hope may bless our sight.
Our souls are weary and athirst,
But earth is iron-bound and cursed,
And nothing she may yield can stay
The restless yearnings day by day ;
Yet, without *Thee*, Redeemer blest,
We *would* not, if we *could*, find rest.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
We gaze around in vain.
Though pleasure's fairy lute be strung,
And mirth's enchaining lay be sung,
We dare not trust the strain.
The touch of sorrow or of sin
Hath saddened all, without, within :

What here we fondly love and prize,
However beauteous be its guise,
Has passed, is passing, or may pass,
Like frost-fringe on the autumn grass.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
Our spirits dimly wait
In the dungeon of our mortal frame ;
And only one of direful name
Can force its sin-barred gate.
Our loved ones can but greet us through
The prison grate, from which we view
All outward things. They enter not :
Thou, Thou alone, canst cheer our lot.
O Christ, we long for Thee to dwell
Within our solitary cell !

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
Unless Thy voice we hear,
All tuneless falls the sweetest song,
And lonely seems the busiest throng
Unless we feel Thee near.
We dare not think what earth would be,
Thou Heaven-Creator, but for Thee ;
A howling chaos, wild and dark—
One flood of horror, while no ark,
Upborne above the gloom-piled wave,
From one great death-abyss might save.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go ?
The Tempter's power is great ;

E'en in our hearts is evil bound,
And, lurking stealthily around,
Still for our souls doth wait.
Thou tempted One, whose suffering heart
In all our sorrows bore a part,
Whose life-blood only could atone,
Too weak are we to stand alone;
And nothing but Thy shield of light
Can guard us in the dreaded fight.

To whom, O Saviour, shall we go?
The night of death draws near;
Its shadow must be passed alone,
No friend can with our souls go down
The untried way to cheer.
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Thou givest victory in the strife;
Thou only art the changeless Friend,
On whom for aye we may depend:
In life, in death, alike we flee,
O Saviour of the world! to THEE.

MORE MUSIC.

O H, for a burst of song,
Exultant, deep, and strong,
One gush of music's billowy might,
To bear my soul away
Into the realms of day,
From these dim glacier-caves of Life's cold night!

Oh, for a sunset strain
Wafted o'er slumberous main,
To enter, spirit-like, my prisoned heart,
And there, with viewless hand,
Unloose each mortal band,
That in the songs of heaven I too might learn a part !

The sweetest music here
Calls forth the quiet tear,
For grief and gladness flow in blended stream ;
Oh for the joyous day
(Can it be far away ?)
When one great Alleluia song shall chase Life's tuneless
dream !

THE RIGHT WAY.

LORD, is it still the right way, though I cannot see
Thy face,
Though I do not feel Thy presence and Thine all-
sustaining grace ?
Can even this be leading through the bleak and sunless
wild
To the City of Thy holy rest, the mansions undefiled ?

Lord, is it still the right way ? A while ago I passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder than the
last ;

Where bitterest disappointment and inly aching sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with every
morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross I knew was laid
on Thee ;
So I could still press on, secure of Thy deep sympathy.
Our upward path may well be steep, else how were
patience tried ?
I knew it was the right way, for it led me to Thy side.

But now I wait alone amid dim shadows dank and chill ;
All moves and changes round me, but I seem standing
still ;
Or every feeble footstep I urge toward the light
Seems but to lead me farther into the silent night.

I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord ! dost Thou still hear my
cry ?
I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever nigh ;
I know that Thou art faithful ; I trust, but cannot see
That it is still the right way by which Thou leadest me.

I think I could go forward with brave and joyful heart.
Though every step should pierce me with unknown fiery
smart,
If I might only see Thee, if I might gaze above
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of Thy love.

Is it really leading onwards? When the shadows flee
away,

Shall I find this path has brought me more near to per-
fect day?

Or am I left to wander thus that I may stretch my hand
To some still wearier traveler in this same shadow-land?

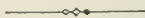
Is this thy chosen training for some future task un-
known?

Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word alone?
Whate'er it be, oh! leave me not, fulfill Thou every hour
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of faith
with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee, and, trusting in Thy word,
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that Thou hast
heard.

To that blest City lead me, Lord (still choosing all my
way)

Where faith melts into vision as the starlight into day.



THY WILL BE DONE.

‘ Understanding *what* the will of the Lord is.’—EPI. v. 17.

WITH quivering heart and trembling will,
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse.

“Thy will be done !” Thy God hath heard,
And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled : but how ?
His thoughts are not as thine ;
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, “ Arise and shine ! ”
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above :
The glory of His name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love,
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one,
In whispering forth, “ Thy will be done.”

His will—each soul to sanctify
Redeeming might hath won ;
His will—that thou shouldst never die,
Believing on His Son ;
His will—that thou, through earthly strife,
Shouldst rise to everlasting life.

That one unchanging song of praise
Should from our hearts arise ;
That we should know His wondrous ways,
Though hidden from the wise ;
That we, so sinful and so base,
Should know the glory of His grace.

His will—to grant the yearning prayer
For dear ones far away,
That they His grace and love may share,
And tread His pleasant way ;
That in the Father and the Son
All perfect we may be in one.

His will—the little flock to bring
Into His royal fold,
To reign forever with their King,
His beauty to behold.
Sin's fell dominion crushed for aye,
Sorrow and sighing fled away.

This thou hast asked ! And shall the prayer
Float upward on a sigh ?
No song were sweet enough to bear
Such glad desires on high !
But God thy Father shall fulfill,
In thee and for thee, all His will.



WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM.

GOD doth not bid thee wait,
To disappoint at last;
A golden promise, fair and great,
In precept-mold is cast.
Soon shall the morning gild
The dark horizon-rim,
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled.
“ *Wait* patiently for Him.”

The weary waiting times
 Are but the muffled peals,
 Low preluding celestial chimes,
 That hail His chariot-wheels.
 Trust Him to tune thy voice
 To blend with seraphim ;
 His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice !"
 "Wait *patiently* for Him."

He doth not bid thee wait,
 Like drift-wood on the wave,
 For fickle chance or fixed fate
 To ruin or to save.
 Thine eyes shall surely see—
 No distant hope or dim—
 The Lord thy God arise for thee :
 "Wait *patiently for Him.*"



THIS SAME JESUS.

ACTS i. 11.

"THIS same Jesus !" Oh ! how sweetly
 Fall those words upon the ear,
 Like a swell of far-off music,
 In a nightwatch still and drear !

He who healed the hopeless leper,
 He who dried the widow's tear,
 He who changed to health and gladness
 Helpless suffering, trembling fear ;

He who wandered, poor and homeless,
By the stormy Galilee ;
He who on the night-robed mountain
Bent in prayer the wearied knee ;

He who spake as none had spoken,
Angel-wisdom far above,
All-forgiving, ne'er upbraiding,
Full of tenderness and love ;

He who gently called the weary,
"Come and I will give you rest !"
He who loved the little children,
Took them in His arms and blest ;

He, the lonely Man of Sorrows,
'Neath our sin-curse bending low ;
By His faithless friends forsaken
In the darkest hours of woe ;—

"This *same* Jesus !" When the vision
Of that last and awful day
Bursts upon the prostrate spirit,
Like a midnight lightning ray ;

When, else dimly apprehended,
All its terrors seem revealed ;
Trumpet-kneel and fiery heavens,
And the books of doom unsealed ;

Then, we lift our hearts, adoring
“This same Jesus,” loved and known,
Him, our own most gracious Saviour,
Seated on the great white Throne ;

He Himself, and “not another,”
He for whom our heart-love yearned
Through long years of twilight waiting,
To His ransomed ones returned !

For this word, O Lord, we bless Thee,
Bless our Master’s changeless name ;
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Jesus Christ is still the Same.

HER BIRTHDAY.

SHE is at rest.
In God’s own presence blest,
Whom, while with us, this day we loved to greet ;
Her birthdays o’er,
She counts the years no more ;
Time’s footfall is not heard along the golden street.

When we would raise
A hymn of birthday praise,
The music of our hearts is faint and low ;
Fear, doubt, and sin
Make dissonance within :
And pure soul-melody no child of earth may know.

That strange "new song,"
Amid a white-robed throng,
Is gushing from her harp in living tone :
Her seraph voice,
Tuned only to rejoice,
Floats upwards to the emerald-archèd throne.

No passing cloud
Her loveliness may shroud ;
The beauty of her youth may never fade ;
No line of care
Her sealèd brow may wear ;
The joy-gleam of her eye no dimness e'er may shade.

No stain is there
Upon the robes they wear
Within the gates of pearl which she hath passed ;
Like woven light,
All beautiful and bright,
Eternity upon those robes no shade may cast.

No sin-born thought
May in that home be wrought
To trouble the clear fountain of her heart ;
No tear, no sigh,
No pain, no death, be nigh
Where she hath entered in, no more to "know in part."

Her faith is sight,
Her hope is full delight,
The shadowy veil of time is rent in twain :

Her untold bliss—
What thought can follow this !
To her to live was Christ, to die indeed is gain.

Her eyes have seen
The King, no veil between,
In blood-dipped vesture gloriously arrayed :
No earth-breathed haze
Can dim that rapturous gaze ;
She sees Him face to face on whom her guilt was laid.

A little while,
And they whose loving smile
Had melted 'neath the touch of lonely woe,
Shall reach her home
Beyond the star-built dome ;
Her anthem they shall swell, her joy they too shall
know.



DAILY STRENGTH.

“ **A**S thy day thy strength shall be ! ”
This should be enough for thee ;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light ;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love ;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

"MASTER, SAY ON!"

MASTER, speak ! Thy servant heareth,
Waiting for Thy gracious word,
Longing for Thy voice that cheereth ;
Master ! let it now be heard.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
What hast Thou to say to me ?

Master, speak in love and power :
Crown the mercies of the day,
In this quiet evening hour
Of the moonrise o'er the bay,
With the music of Thy voice ;
Speak ! and bid Thy child rejoice.

Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than Thine,
Many an unwilling echo stealing
From the walls of this Thy shrine :

Let Thy longed-for accents fall ;
Master, speak, and silence all !

Master, speak ! I do not doubt Thee,
Though so tearfully I plead ;
Saviour, Shepherd ! Oh, without Thee
Life would be a blank indeed !
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love, and clearer sight.

Resting on the “faithful saying,”
Trusting what Thy gospel saith,
On Thy written promise staying
All my hope in life and death,
Yet I long for something more
From Thy love’s exhaustless store.

Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me *know* it is to me ;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

Master, speak ! I kneel before Thee,
Listening, longing, waiting still ;
Oh, how long shall I implore Thee
This petition to fulfill ?
Hast thou not one word for me ?
Must my prayer unanswered be ?

Master, speak ! Though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart ;
Master, speak ! for oh, Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart,
Knowest all its truest need ;
Speak ! and make me blest indeed.

Master, speak ! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
I am listening, Lord, for Thee ;
Master, speak, oh, speak to me !



REMOTE RESULTS.

WHERE are the countless crystals,
So perfect and so bright,
That robed in softest ermine
The winter day and night ?
Not lost ! for, life to many a root,
They rise again in flower and fruit.

Where are the mighty forests,
And giant ferns of old,
That in primeval silence
Strange leaf and frond unrolled ?
Not lost ! for now they shine and blaze,
The light and warmth of Christmas days.

Where are our early lessons,
 The teachings of our youth,
 The countless words forgotten
 Of knowledge and of truth ?
 Not lost ! for they are living still,
 As power to think, and do, and will.

Where is the seed we scatter,
 With weak and trembling hand,
 Beside the gloomy waters,
 Or on the arid land ?
 Not lost ! for after many days
 Our prayer and toil shall turn to praise.

Where are the days of sorrow,
 And lonely hours of pain,
 When work is interrupted,
 Or planned and willed in vain ?
 Not lost ! it is the thorniest shoot
 That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Where, where are all God's lessons,
 His teachings dark or bright ?
 Not lost ! but only hidden,
 Till, in eternal light,
 We see, while at His feet we fall,
 The reasons and results of all.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

"Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, *therefore* with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." "No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me draw him."

"GOD'S everlasting love ! What wouldst thou more ?"
O true and tender friend, well hast thou spoken.
My heart was restless, weary, sad, and sore,
And longed and listened for some heaven-sent token :
And, like a child that knows not why it cried,
'Mid God's full promises it moaned, "Unsatisfied !"

Yet there it stands. O love surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious ;
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,
Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious !
And this great love for us in boundless store :
God's everlasting love ! What would we more ?

Yes, one thing more ! To know it ours indeed,
'To add the conscious joy of full possession.
O tender grace that stoops to every need !
This everlasting love hath found expression
In loving-kindness, which hath gently drawn
The heart that else astray too willingly had gone.

From no less fountain such a stream could flow,
No other root could yield so fair a flower :
Had He not loved, He had not drawn us so ;
Had He not drawn, we had nor will nor power
To rise, to come ;—the Saviour had passed by
Where we in blindness sat without one care or cry.

We thirst for *God*, our treasure *is* above ;
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,
And that desire is pledge of His own love.
Sweet question ; with no answer ! oh *how* sweet !
My heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er
Sings on :—" God's everlasting love ! What wouldst
thou more ? "

GOD'S MESSAGE.

TO HIM THAT IS FAR OFF.

PEACE, peace !
To him that is far away.
Turn, O wanderer ! why wilt thou die,
When the peace is made that shall bring thee nigh ?
Listen, O rebel ! the heralds proclaim
The King's own peace through a Saviour's name ;
Then yield thee to-day.

Peace, peace !
The word of the Lord to thee.
Peace for thy passion and restless pride,
For thy endless cravings all unsupplied,
Peace for thy weary and sin-worn breast ;
He knows the need who has promised rest,
And the gift is free.

Peace, peace !
Through Him who for all hath died !

Wider the terms than thy deepest guilt,
Or in vain were the blood of our Surety spilt :
Even *because* thou art far away
To thee is the message of peace to-day,
Peace through the Crucified.

AND TO HIM THAT IS NEAR.

PEACE, peace !

Yea, peace to him that is near.
The crown is set on the Victor's brow,
For thy warfare is accomplished now ;
And for thee eternal peace is made
By the Lord on whom thy sins were laid :
Then why shouldst thou fear ?

Peace, peace !

Wrought by the Spirit of Might.
In thy deepest sorrow and sorest strife,
In the changes and chances of mortal life,
It is thine, beloved ! Christ's own bequest,
Which vainly the Tempter shall strive to wrest ;
It is now thy right.

Peace, peace !

Look for its bright increase ;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear ;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work shall never fail,
And " He is our Peace."

CANDLEMAS DAY.

YES, take the greenery away
That smiled to welcome Christmas Day ;
Untwine the drooping ivy spray.

The holly leaves are dusty all,
Whose glossy darkness robed the wall,
And one by one the berries fall.

Take down the yew, for with a touch
The leaflets drop, as wearied much
With light and song, unused to such.

Poor evergreens ! Why proudly claim
The glory of your lovely name,
So soon meet only for the flame ?

Another Christmas Day will show
Another green and scarlet glow,
A fresh array of mistletoe.

And this new beauty, arch or crown,
Will stiffen, gather dust, grow brown,
And in its turn be taken down.

To-night the walls will seem so bare !
Ah, well, look out, look up, for there
The Christmas stars are always fair.

They will be shining just as clear
Another and another year,
O'er all our darkened hemisphere.

So Christmas mirth has fled fast ;
The songs of time can never last,
And all is buried with the past.

But Christmas love and joy and peace
Shall never fade and never cease,
Of God's goodwill the rich increase.



HOW SHOULD THEY KNOW ME ?

THERE are those who deem they know me well,
And smile as I tell them "no !"
Who think they may clearly and carelessly tell
Each living drop in my heart's deep well,
And lightly enter its inmost cell ;
But little (how little !) they know !

How should they know me ? My soul is a maze
Where I wander alone, alone ;
Never a footfall there was heard,
Never a mortal hand hath stirred
The silence-curtain that hangs between
Outer and inner, nor eye hath seen
What is only and ever my own.

They have entered indeed the vestibule,
For its gate is opened wide,
High as the roof, and I welcome all
Who will visit my warm reception-hall,
And utter a long and loving call
To some who are yet outside.

I would lead each guest to a place of rest ;
All should be calm and bright ;
Then a lulling flow of melody,
And a crystal draught of sympathy,
And odorous blossoms of kindly thought,
With golden fruit of deed be brought
From the chambers out of sight.

Some I would take with a cordial hand,
And lead them round the walls ;
Showing them many a storied screen,
Many a portrait, many a scene,
Deep-cut carving, and outlined scroll ;
Passing quickly where shadows roll,
Slowly where sunshine falls.

They do not know and they cannot see
That strong-hinged, low-arched door,
Though I am passing in and out,
From gloom within to light without,
Or from gloom without to light within ;
None can ever an entrance win,
None ! for evermore.

It is a weird and wondrous realm,
Where I often hold my breath
At the unseen things which there I see,
At the mighty shapes which beckon to me,
At the visions of woe and ecstasy,
At the greetings of life and death.

They rise, they pass, they melt away,
In an ever-changing train ;
I cannot hold them or tell their stay,
Or measure the time of their fleeting sway ;
As grim as night, and as fair as day,
They vanish and come again.

I wander on through the strange domain,
Marveling ever and aye ;
Marveling how around my feet
All the opposites seem to meet,
The dark, the light, the chill, the glow,
The storm, the calm, the fire, the snow,
How can it be ? I do not know.
Then how, oh how, can they ?

What am I, and how ? If reply there be,
In unsearchable chaos 'tis cast.
Though the soaring spirit of restless man
Might the boundary line of the universe scan,
And measure and map its measureless plan,
The gift of self-knowledge were last !

MAKING POETRY.

LITTLE one, what are you doing,
Sitting on the window-seat ?
Laughing to yourself and writing,
Some right merry thought inditing,
Balancing with swinging feet.

“ ‘T is some poetry I ’m making,
Though I never tried before :
Four whole lines ! I ’ll read them to you.
Do you think them funny, do you ?
Shall I try to make some more ?

“ I should like to be a poet,
Writing verses every day ;
Then to you I ’d always bring them,
You should make a tune and sing them ;
’T would be pleasanter than play.”

Think you, darling, nought is needed
But the paper and the ink,
And a pen to trace so lightly,
While the eye is beaming brightly,
All the pretty things we think ?

There ’s a secret—can you trust me ?
Do not ask me what it is !
Perhaps some day you too will know it,
If you live to be a poet,
All its agony and bliss.

Poetry is not a trifle,
 Lightly thought and lightly made ;
Not a fair and scentless flower,
Gayly cultured for an hour,
 Then as gayly left to fade.

'T is not stringing rhymes together
 In a pleasant true accord ;
Not the music of the metre,
Not the happy fancies, sweeter
 Than a flower bell, honey-stored.

'T is the essence of existence,
 Rarely rising to the light ;
And the songs that echo longest,
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
 With your life-blood you will write.

With your life-blood. None will know it,
 You will never tell them how.
Smile ! and they will never guess it :
Laugh ! and you will not confess it
 By your paler cheek and brow.

There must be the tightest tension
 Ere the tone be full and true ;
Shallow lakelets of emotion
Are not like the spirit-ocean,
 Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,
If the charge indeed be yours,
First is gained by earnest learning,
Carved in letters deep and burning
On a heart that long endures.

Day by day that wondrous tablet
Your life-poem shall receive,
By the hand of Joy or Sorrow ;
But the pen can never borrow
Half the records that they leave.

You will only give a transcript
Of a life-line here and there,
Only just a spray-wreath springing
From the hidden depths, and flinging
Broken rainbows on the air.

Still, if you but copy truly,
'T will be poetry indeed,
Echoing many a heart's vibration,
Rather love than admiration
Earning as your priceless meed.

Will you seek it ? Will you brave it ?
'T is a strange and solemn thing,
Learning long before your teaching,
Listening long before your preaching,
Suffering before you sing.

FAITH AND REASON.

REASON unstrings the harp to see
Wherein the music dwells;
Faith pours a Hallelujah song,
And heavenly rapture swells.
While Reason strives to count the drops
That lave our narrow strand,
Faith launches o'er the mighty deep,
To seek a better land.

One is the foot that slowly treads
Where darkling mists enshroud;
The other is the wing that cleaves
Each heaven-obscuring cloud.
Reason, the eye which sees but that
On which its glance is cast;
Faith is the thought that blends in one
The Future and the Past.

In hours of darkness, Reason waits,
Like those in days of yore,
Who rose not from their night-bound place,
On dark Egyptian shore.
But Faith more firmly clasps the hand
Which led her all the day,
And when the wished-for morning dawns,
Is farther on her way.

By Reason's alchymy in vain
Is golden treasure planned;
Faith meekly takes a priceless crown,
Won by no mortal hand.

While Reason is the laboring oar
That smites the wrathful seas,
Faith is the snowy sail set out
To catch the freshening breeze.

Reason, the telescope that scans
A universe of light ;
But Faith, the angel who may dwell
Among those regions bright.
Reason, a lonely towering elm,
May fall before the blast ;
Faith, like the ivy on the rock,
Is safe in clinging fast.

While Reason, like a Levite, waits
Where priest and people meet,
Faith, by a "new and living way,"
Hath gained the mercy-seat.
While Reason but returns to tell
That this is not our rest,
Faith, like a weary dove, hath sought
A gracious Saviour's breast.

Yet both are surely precious gifts
From Him who leads us home ;
Though in the wilds Himself hath trod
A little while we roam.
And, linked within the soul that knows
A living, loving Lord,
Faith strikes the key-note, Reason then
Fills up the full-toned chord.

Faith is the upward-pointing spire
O'er life's great temple springing,
From which the chimes of love float forth
Celestially ringing ;
While Reason stands below upon
The consecrated ground,
And, like a mighty buttress, clasps
The wide foundation round.

Faith is the bride that stands enrobed
In white and pure array ;
Reason, the handmaid who may share
The gladness of the day.
Faith leads the way, and Reason learns
To follow in her train ;
Till, step by step, the goal is reached,
And death is glorious gain.



A LULL IN LIFE.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while : for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat."—MARK vi. 31.

OH, for "a desert place" with only the Master's smile !

Oh, for the "coming apart" with only His "rest a while !"

Many are "coming and going" with busy and restless feet,

And the soul is hungering now, with "no leisure so much as to eat."

Dear is my wealth of love from many and valued friends,
Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends ;
Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of
 thought ;
Welcome the twilight hour, with musical brightness
 fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way,
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,—
Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for
 the near,
Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friends,
Not that I turn aside from the work the Master sends,
Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of
 time ;
Longed for silence to fall, instead of its merriest chime ;

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought
Round each melodious strain that the harp of life hath
 caught,
And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,
Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless
 string ;

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray,
And to leave its wavering mirror true to the Star above,
Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of
 “perfect love :”

Longed for a sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth,
For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy
truth,
And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and
sweet,
While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades
of night ;
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of tropical
light ;
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be
cooled and stilled :
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a
hurrying tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside ;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless, clear, and cool.

Well ! I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind
and heart ;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's
voice.

ADORATION.

O MASTER, at Thy feet
I bow in rapture sweet !
Before me, as in darkening glass,
Some glorious outlines pass,
Of love, and truth, and holiness, and power ;
I own them Thine, O Christ, and bless Thee for this
hour.

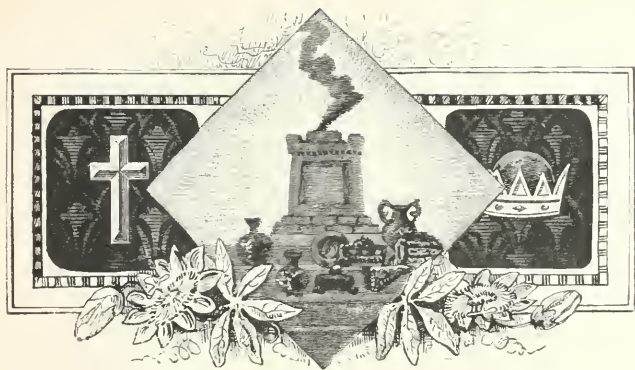
O full of truth and grace,
Smile of Jehovah's face.
O tenderest heart of love untold !
Who may Thy praise unfold ?
Thee, Saviour, Lord of lords and King of kings,
Well may adoring seraphs hymn with veiling wings.

I have no words to bring
Worthy of Thee, my King,
And yet one anthem in Thy praise
I long, I long to raise ;
The heart is full, the eye entranced above,
But words all melt away in silent awe and love.

How can the lip be dumb,
The hand all still and numb,
When Thee the heart doth see and own
Her Lord and God alone ?
Tune for Thyself the music of my days,
And open Thou my lips, that I may show Thy praise.

Yea, let my whole life be
One anthem unto Thee,
And let the praise of lip and life
Outring all sin and strife.
O Jesus, Master ! be Thy name supreme
For heaven and earth the one, the grand, the eternal
theme.





LOYAL RESPONSES.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

“ Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.”

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days ;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and “ beautiful ” for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever. *only*, ALL for Thee.

SET APART.

“ Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.”—Ps. iv. 3.

SET apart for Jesus !
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough ?

Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure !
Could we choose a nobler joy ?—and would we if we
might ?

Set apart to serve Him,
Ministers of light,
Standing in His presence,
Ready day or night !
Chosen for His service blest,
He would have us always willing
Like the angel-hosts, fulfilling
Swiftly and rejoicingly each recognized behest.

Set apart to praise Him,
Set apart for this !
Have the blessed angels
Any truer bliss ?
Soft the prelude, though so clear ;
Isolated tones are trembling ;
But the chosen choir, assembling,
Soon shall sing together, while the universe shall hear

Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know !
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure,
Into His beloved hand ! thrice blessed “ set apart ! ”

Set apart forever
 For Himself alone !
 Now we see our calling
 Gloriously shown.
 Owing, with no secret dread,
 This our holy separation,
 Now the crown of consecration
 Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head !

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.”—Ps. xxv. 14.

JUST to let thy Father do
 What He will ;
 Just to know that He is true,
 And be still.
 Just to follow hour by hour
 As He leadeth ;
 Just to draw the moment's power
 As it needeth.
 Just to trust Him, this is all !
 Then the day will surely be
 Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
 Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
 Through His Word,
 Watching, that His voice may be
 Clearly heard.

Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all ! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blessèd day ! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true ;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding ;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.

Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away;
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day ?

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still ;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it ;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.

He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim ;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all ! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best :
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of His promised rest.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

“He faileth not.”—ZEPH. iii. 5.

HE who hath led will lead
All through the wilderness ;
He who hath fed will feed ;
He who hath blessed will bless ;
He who hath heard thy cry
Will never close His ear ;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, forever !

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day ;
He who hath spoken to thy soul
Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
Yet more will make thee know ;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, forever !

He who hath made thee nigh
Will draw thee nearer still ;
He who hath given the first supply
Will satisfy and fill.

He who hath given thee grace
Yet more and more will send ;
He who hath set thee in the race
Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, forever !

He who hath won thy heart
Will keep it true and free ;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
Will show Himself to thee.
He who hath bid thee live,
And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
And keep it His alone.
He loveth always, faileth never ;
So rest on Him to-day, forever !

Then trust Him for to-day
As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
In His belovèd hand ;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him to-day, forever !

ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—I. CHRON. xii. 18.

WHO is on the Lord's side ?
Who will serve the King ?

Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring ?

Who will leave the world's side ?

Who will face the foe ?

Who is on the Lord's side ?

Who for Him will go ?

Response.—By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Not for weight of glory,

Not for crown and palm,

Enter we the army,

Raise the warrior-psalm ;

But for Love that claimeth

Lives for whom He died :

He whom Jesus nameth

Must be on His side.

Response.—By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,

Not with gold or gem,

But with Thine own life-blood,

For Thy diadem.

With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

Response.—By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.

Response.—Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side ;
Saviour, we are Thine.

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land ;
“ Chosen, called, and faithful,”
For our Captain's band ;
In the service royal
Let us not grow cold ;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.

Response.—Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine.

TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be !
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee !

True-hearted, whole-hearted ! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King ;
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

True-hearted ! Saviour, Thou knowest our story ;
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous ! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

Whole-hearted ! Saviour, beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

Half-hearted, false-hearted ! Heed we the warning !

Only the whole can be perfectly true ;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

Half-hearted ! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,
Giving Thee part who hast given us all ?
Blessings outpouring, and promises golden
Pledging with never reserve or recall.

Half-hearted ! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine
own ?

Nay ; we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,—
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding,—
“ True-hearted, whole-hearted ! ” ringing again ?

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.
Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and love !

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free !
“ True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and forever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be ! ”

“BY THY CROSS AND PASSION.”

“He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.”—JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, O mighty Friend,
 Who lovest to the end !
 Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
 Thy love unknown, untold,
 Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
 That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
 A crown of glory fair ;
 “Exceeding sorrowful,” that I might be
 Exceeding glad in Thee ;
 “Rejected and despised,” that I might stand
 Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
 That I might “sin no more ;”
 Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee ;
 Bound, that I might be free ;
 Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
 Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
 That mine might be the peace ;
 The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
 That healing might be mine ;
 Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
 Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

For Thee revilings and a mocking throng,
 For me the angel-song ;
 For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
 For me His smile of grace ;
 Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
 And heaven and everlasting life for me.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death,
 While I have mortal breath,
 Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
 The life of all my days ;
 Till all this mystery of love supreme
 Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme !



THE OPENED FOUNTAIN.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. . . . Wounded in the house of my friends."—ZECII. xiii. 1, 6.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!—
 Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me
 fast !

Oh, to recall the word ! That cannot be !

Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath
 passed !

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss ;

I could not wish that any joy should be ;

There is no room for any thought but this :

That I have sinned — have sinned — have wounded
 Thee !

How *could* I grieve Thee so ! Thou couldst have kept ;
My fall was not the failure of Thy word.
Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire “except,”
To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin !
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light
Of Thy sufficient grace without, within,
Enough for every need, in never-conquered might !

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,
Quick, “waiting not,” I flee to Thee again ;
Close to the wound, beloved Lord, I press,
That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

O *precious* blood ! Lord, let it rest on me !
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.

Oh, cleanse me now ! My Lord, I cannot stay
For evening shadows and a silent hour :
Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,
I claim Thy promise and its total power.

O Saviour bid me “go and sin no more,”
And keep me always ‘neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain ; I implore
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary ;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

Precious blood that hath redeemed us !
All the price is paid ;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole ;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth,
From all sin.

Precious blood ! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
 Ever flowing free !
 O believe it, O receive it,
 'T is for thee !

Precious blood, whose full atonement
 Makes us nigh to God !
 Precious blood, our song of glory,
 Praise and laud !



I REMEMBER THEE.

“Thus saith the LORD, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.”—JER. ii. 2.

MY Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,
 Just *me*, the least and last ?
 With all the names of Thy redeemed,
 And all Thy angels, has it seemed
 As though my name might be perhaps o'erpassed ;
 Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,
 True for this moment, perfect for my case,—
 “Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee !”

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,
 The kindness of *my* youth ?—
 The tremulous gleams of early days,
 The first faint thrills of love and praise,

Vibrating fitfully ? Not much, in truth,
Can I bring back at memory's wondering call ;
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest all,—
“ Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee ! ”

My Lord, dost thou remember this of me,
 My love, so poor, so cold !
 Oh, if I had but loved Thee more !
 Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's best gold
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame
That Thou shouldst tell me, calling me by name,—
“ Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee ! ”

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
 The day of Thine own power ?
 The love of *mine* espousals sweet,
 The laying wholly at Thy feet
Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour ?
That love was Thine—I gave Thee but Thine own,
And yet the Voice falls from the emerald throne,—
“ Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee ! ”

My Lord, dost thou remember *this* of me ?
 Forgetting every fall,
 Forgetting all the treacherous days,
 Forgetting all the wandering ways,
With fullness of forgiveness covering all ;
Casting these memories, a hideous store,
Into the crimson sea, for evermore,
And only saying, “ I remember thee ! ”

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering me ?

Then let me not forget !

Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,

Thy everlasting love to-day,

In sweet perpetual remembrance set

Before my view, to fill my marveling gaze,

And stir my love, and lift my soul to praise,

Because Thou sayest, “ I remember thee ! ”

KNOWING.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within ;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
“ The whole head sick, the whole heart faint ; ”
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my ease,
So tenderly, so truly deals ;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death ;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine ;

Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness ;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,
No longer bearing what he bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone ;
But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquaint with grief,
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth ;
But now I know the love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills ;
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—
I know, I know that Jesus loves !

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear ;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And Faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

TRUSTING JESUS.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee ;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

I am trusting Thee for pardon ;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood :
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

I am trusting Thee to guide me ;
Thou alone shalt lead !
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

I am trusting Thee for power ;
Thine can never fail !
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus :
Never let me fall !
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

LOOKING unto Jesus !
Battle shout of faith,
Shield o'er all the armor,
Free from scar or scathe !
Standard of salvation,
In our hearts unfurled,
Let its elevation
Overcome the world !

Look away to Jesus !
Look away from all ;
Then we need not stumble,
Then we shall not fall.
From each snare that lureth,
Foe or phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth :
Look away to Him.

Looking into Jesus !
Wonderingly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
Depths of love and grace.
Vistas far unfolding
Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding
Ever more and more.

Looking up to Jesus,
On the emerald throne !
Faith shall pierce the heavens,
Where our Lord is gone.

Lord, on Thee depending,
 Now, continually,
 Heart and mind ascending,
 Let us dwell with Thee.

SHINING.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one ?
 You have given your heart to Him ;
 But is the light strong within it,
 Or is it but pale and dim ?
 Can *everybody* see it,—
 That Jesus is all to you ?
 That your love to Him is burning
 With radiance warm and true ?
 Is the seal upon your forehead,
 So that it *must* be known
 That you are “all for Jesus,”—
 That your heart is all His own ?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?
 You remember the first sweet ray,
 When the sun arose upon you
 And brought the gladsome day ;
 When you heard the gospel message,
 And Jesus Himself drew near,
 And helped you to trust Him simply,
 And took away your fear ;

When the darkness and the shadows
Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise Him,
And everything seemed bright.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
And make them glad and bright ?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus ?
And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him.
What a Saviour *you* have found ?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
That has guided your own glad feet ?
Have you echoed the loving message,
That seemed to you so sweet ?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
Along the varied way ?
Always,—when those beside you
Are walking in the dark ?
Always,—when no one is helping,
Or heeding your tiny spark ?
Not idly letting it flicker
In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
Of trouble or of ease ?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
Not only just here or there ?
Shining in happy gatherings,
Where all are loved and known ?
Shining where all are strangers ?
Shining when quite alone ?
Shining at home, and making
True sunshine all around ?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
Perhaps among faithless—found ?

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
Not for yourself at all ?
Not because dear ones, watching,
Would grieve if your lamp should fall ?
Shining because you are walking
In the Sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
The light on which you gaze ?
Shining because it shineth
So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
And you *must* show forth the love ?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one ?
Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love has lighted
Does not burn clear and high ?

Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
And sent no rays afar ?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
His banner bright and royal ?

Oh, come again to Jesus !
Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
And tell Him all the worst ;
And take His sweet forgiveness
As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
“Peace ! go, and sin no more !”
Then ask for grace and courage
His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
Your dimness may deny.

Then rise, and, “watching daily,”
Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
That it may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus !
Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
Who gave Himself for you.

Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
Unto the perfect day !

GROWING.

U NTO him that hath, Thou givest
Ever "more abundantly."
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me ;
Therefore speed me in the race ;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things ;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me ;
Make me really hour by hour
More and more conformed to Thee,

That Thy loving eye may trace,
Day by day my growth in grace.

Let me then be always growing,
Never, never standing still ;
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessed will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
Daily let me grow in grace.



RESTING.

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest : and this is the refreshing."—ISA. xxviii. 12.

RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ our
Lord ;

Resting on the fulness of His own sure word ;
Resting on His power, on His love untold ;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked
days ;

Resting 'neath His shadow from the noon-tide
rays ;

Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh ;
Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high ;
Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race ;
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock ;
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock ;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet ;
Resting in His very arms !—O rest complete !

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness ;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King !



FILLING.

“Filled with all the fulness of God.”—EPH. iii. 19.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

Promise and command combining,
Doubts to chase and faith to lift ;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.

Take us Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul and heart and will ;
Empty us and cleanse us thoroughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
What this wondrous gift may be ;
But fulfill to overflowing,—
Thy great meaning let us see.

Make us in thy royal palace
Vessels worthy for the king ;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,
From Thy never-failing spring.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
Dwell Thyself in us, we pray ;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
Fill us with Thyself to-day !



INCREASE OUR FAITH.

“ Lord, increase our faith.”—LUKE xvii. 5.

INCREASE our faith beloved Lord !
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

Increase our faith ! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

Increase our faith ! for there is yet
Much land to be possessed ;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

Increase our faith ! On this broad shield
“*All*” fiery darts be caught ;
We must be victors in the field
Where Thou for us hast fought.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
Each starry promise sure,
And *always* triumph in Thy name,
And to the end endure.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but *all* obey
With free and loyal heart.

Increase our faith—increase it still—
From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously “fulfill
The work of faith with power.”

Increase our faith, that never dim
Or trembling it may be,
Crowned with the “perfect peace” of him
“Whose mind is stayed on Thee.”

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail ;
Our steadfast anchorage is made
With Thee, within the veil.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound ;
That it may "grow exceedingly,"
And to Thy praise be found.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face !



NOBODY KNOWS BUT JESUS.

"**N**OBODY knows but Jesus !"
'T is only the old refrain,
Of a quaint, pathetic, slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest ;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

“ Nobody knows but Jesus ! ”
Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
My own dear Lord, should know ?

When the sorrow is a secret,
Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
Of His quick sympathy.

Whether it be so heavy,
That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
They could not come and share ;

Whether it be so tiny,
That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
And seem so real to me ;

Either, and both, I lay them
Down at my Master's feet,
And find them, alone with Jesus,
Mysteriously sweet.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
To the dearest, truest Friend ;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
As 'neath the cross I bend ;

Sweet, for they are the channels
Through which His teachings flow ;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
His heart of love I know.

“Nobody knows but Jesus !”
It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
It will chime along the way.

“Nobody knows but Jesus !”
My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
That no one knows but Thou.



HE IS THY LIFE.

JESUS, Thy life is mine !
Dwell evermore in me ;
And let me see
That nothing can untwine
My life from Thine.

Thy life in me be shown !
Lord, I would henceforth seek
 To think and speak
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone;
 No more my own.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
 Unto my heart ;
Fresh springs, that never cease
 But still increase.

The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
 Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
 Lord, give to me !

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy feet I claim,
 Through Thy dear name !
And touch the rapturous chord
 Of praise forth poured.

Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
 Hidden in Thee !
For nothing can untwine
 Thy life from mine.

ENOUGH.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee !
But oh ! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh ! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh ! the strength of Thy right hand !
That strength is enough for me !

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know
All fulness dwells in Thee ;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need ; and so
Thy grace is enough for me !

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone :
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining :
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me !

The human heart asks love ; but now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human ; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow !
Thy love is enough for me !

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and
 broad,
 Unfathomed as the sea ;
 An infinite craving for some infinite stilling ;
 But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling !
 Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
 Thou, Thou art enough for me.

ALL.

GOD'S reiterated "ALL!"
 O wondrous word of peace and power !
 Touching with its tuneful fall
 The rising of each hidden hour,
 All the day.

Only *all* His word believe,
 All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive :
 This is thy Father's word and will,
 For to-day.

"*All* I have is thine," saith He.
 "*All* things are yours," He saith again ;
All the promises for thee
 Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
 For to-day.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound ;
Always all sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
For to-day.

All His work He shall fulfill,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* thy ways,
And with thee always, "*all* the days,"
And to-day !

ONLY.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength ;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use ;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small :
 How could I dare divide ?
 Surely my Lord shall have it all,
 He shall not be denied !

All ! for far more I owe
 Than all I have to bring ;
 All ! for my Saviour loves me so !
 All ! for I love my King !

All ! for it is His own,
 He gave the tiny store ;
 All ! for it must be His alone ;
 All ! for I have no more.

All ! for the last and least
 He stoopeth to uplift :
 The altar of my great High Priest
 Shall sanctify my gift.

MY MASTER.

"I love my Master ; . . . I will not go out free. And he shall serve him forever."—Ex. xxi. 5, 6.

I LOVE, I love my Master,
 I will not go out free,
 For He is my Redeemer,
 He paid the price for me.

I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest ;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

I would not halve my service,
His only it must be,—
His *only*, who so loved me
And gave Himself for me.

My Master shed His life-blood
My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
Of tyrant self and sin.

He chose me for His service,
And gave me power to choose
That blessed “perfect freedom”
Which I shall never lose :

For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve forever
Himself, Himself alone.

“Shall serve Him” hour by hour,
For He will show me how ;
My Master is fulfilling
His promise even now !

“Shall serve Him,” and “forever ;”
O hope most sure, most fair !
The perfect love outpouring
In perfect service there !

Rejoicing and adoring,
Henceforth my song shall be :
I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free !

PERFECT PEACE.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
Fuller every day ;
Perfect—yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessed hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.

Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do ;
They who trust Him wholly,
Find Him wholly true.

Chorus.—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are truly blest ;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.



I AM WITH THEE.

“**I** AM with thee !” He hath said it
In His truth and tender grace ;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token,
Of His love and faithfulness.

He is with thee !—In thy dwelling,
Shielding thee from fear of ill ;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

He is with thee !—In thy service
He is with thee “ certainly, ”
Filling with the Spirit’s power,
Giving in the needing hour
His own messages by thee.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,
With thy lips, or with thy pen ;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
Nevermore alone again !

He is with thee !—With thee always,
All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
Tuning all thy life to praise.

He is with thee !—Thine own Master,
Leading, loving to the end ;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

He is with thee !—Yes, forever,
Now, and through eternity ;
Then with Him forever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joys excelling,
Thou with Christ, and Christ with thee !

TRUST AND DISTRUST.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His grace ;
It is enough for thee !
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength ;
In Him thou shalt be strong :
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph-song.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love ;
Rest in its changeless glow :
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
In Him, for all—forever !
And joyously thy heart shall own
That Jesus faileth never.

WITHOUT CAREFULNESS.

"I would have you without carefulness."--1 Cor. vii. 32.

MASTER ! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee ?

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities
With fears and shadows rife.

Oh, I have trod that weary path
With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou wouldst lead
And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
And bear my burdens too.

Master, dear Master ! Thou didst speak,
And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
From brightening year to year.

Just now and then some steeper slope
Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* east my load on Thee ;
And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
Like sweetest Christmas chime.

A step or two on wingèd feet,
And then I turned to share
The burden Thou hadst taken up
Of ever-pressing care ;
So what I would not leave with Thee
Of course I had to bear.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
On opened heart and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
Like harp and clarion clear ;

“No anxious thought upon thy brow
The watching world should see ;
No carefulness ! O child of God,
For *nothing* careful be !
But east thou *all* thy care on Him
Who always cares for thee.”

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
In gentle, gracious shower,

To work Thy pleasure in my soul
In that bright, blessèd hour,
And to the word of strong command
Add faith and will and power ?

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
That was enough for me !
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
For all is cast on Thee ;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
The grace that set me free.

And now I find Thy promise true,
Of perfect peace and rest ;
I cannot sigh, I can but sing
While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
Whose ways are always best.

I never thought it could be thus,—
Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
One ripple in its flow ;
Without one quiver in the trust,
One flicker in its glow.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
Than I had asked or thought !
I stand and marvel to behold
What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
I shall be daily taught.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
At Thy belovèd feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
To still each anxious beat?

I want to praise, with life renewed,
As I never praised before ;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
Rejoicingly outpour.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
This is no care to me :
If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
Then I will sing to Thee ;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
Then silent I will be.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
All, all their care on Thee !

THY REIGN.

“Righteousness, and peace, and joy, in the Holy Ghost.”—Rom. xiv. 17.

THY reign is righteousness ;
Not mine, but Thine !—

A covering no less
Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great sea,
That roll triumphantly
From line to pole, and pole to line ;
A reign where every rebel thought
In sweet captivity
To Thine obedience is brought.

Thy reign is perfect peace ;
Not mine, but Thine !—
A stream that cannot cease,
For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth unknown !
Thou givest of Thine own,
Pouring from Thine and filling mine.
The “noise of war” hath passed away ;
God’s peace is on the throne,
Ruling with undisputed sway.

Thy reign is joy divine ;
Not mine, but Thine,
Or else not any joy to me !
For a joy that flowed not from Thine own,
Since Thou hast reigned alone,
Were vacancy or misery.
O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright
This radiance from Thy throne,
Unspeakable in calmest light !

Thy reign shall still increase !
 I claim Thy word,—
 Let righteousness and peace
 And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,
 And more and more abound
 In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord ;
 Take unto Thee Thy power, who art
 My Sovereign, many-crowned !
 Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.



TRIED, PRECIOUS, SURE.

JESUS CHRIST.—“The Same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.”—HEB. xiii. 8.
 “A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.”—ISA. xxviii. 16.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
 Jesus, Thou hast been The Same ;
 Through our own life’s checkered pages
 Still the one dear changeless name.
 Well may we in Thee confide,
 Faithful Saviour, proved and “TRIED !”

Joyfully we stand and witness
 Thou art still to-day The Same ;
 In Thy perfect, glorious fitness
 Meeting every need and claim.
 Chiefest of ten thousand Thou !
 Saviour, O most “PRECIOUS,” now !

Gazing down the far forever,
Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Steadfast radiance, paling never,
Jesus, Jesus ! still The Same.
Evermore “Thou shalt endure,”
Our own Saviour, strong and “SURE !”

JUST WHEN THOU WILT.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call,
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,—
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home !
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say
“Rise up, my love, and come away !”
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love
Shining unchangingly above.

Just when Thou wilt !—no choice for me !
Life is a gift to use for Thee ;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ !

AN INTERLUDE.

THAT part is finished ! I lay down my pen,
And wonder if the thoughts will flow as fast
Through the more difficult defile. For the last
Was easy, and the channel deeper then.
My Master, I will trust Thee for the rest ;
Give me just what Thou wilt, and that will be my best ;

How can *I* tell the varied, hidden need
Of Thy dear children, all unknown to me,
Who at some future time may come and read
What I have written ? All are known to Thee.
As Thou hast helped me, help me to the end ;
Give me Thy own sweet messages of love to send.

So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,
And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
To understand the “ wherefore ” of each line ;
Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task :
Just to look up to Thee for every word,
Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am heard.

September 11, 1877.



“UNDER HIS SHADOW.”

THE THOUGHTS OF GOD.

THY thoughts, O God ! O theme Divine !
Except Thy Spirit in my darkness shine,
And make it light,
And overshadow me
With stilling might,
And touch my lips that I may speak of Thee,—
How shall I soar
To thoughts of Thy thoughts ? and how dare to write
Of Thine ?

Thou understandest mine
Far off and long before.

Thou searchest, knowest, compassest ! Thy hand is laid
Upon me. Whither shall I flee
From Omnipresence and Omniscience ? If I fly
To heaven, Thou art there also ! If I take
The wings of morning, and my dwelling make
In the uttermost parts of the great sea,
Even there Thy hand shall lead me, Thy right hand
Shall hold me. If I say
Surely the night
Shall cover me, it shall be light
About me. Yea, the shade
Of darkness hideth not from Thee,
Night shineth as the day :
The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.
Thee I will praise : for I am fearfully
And wonderfully made.

My substance was not hid from Thee
When I was made in secret, curiously wrought
And yet imperfect. Then
Thine eyes did see me. In Thy book
Were all my members written, when
Not one of them was into being brought.
Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
Too excellent, too high. Yet 'tis but one
Keen ray of Thy great sun
Touching an atom in a dusty nook !

One ray ! while others traverse depths profound
Of possible chaos ; and illume
The boundless bound

Of space ; and vivify worlds all unguessed,
 To whom
 Our farthest eastern spark,
Caught by the mightiest telescope that ever pierced the
 dark,
 Is farthest west.

One ray ! while others overflow
The countless hosts of angels with celestial blaze ;
 With still diviner glow,
Flooding each heart with adoration sweet ;
And yet too glorious for the gaze
Of seraphim, who cover face and feet
 With burning wings,
While through the universe their “ Holy,
 Holy,” rings.

Only one ray ! Yet doth it come
So close to us, so very near,
 Our inmost selves enfolding,
Discerning, penetrating,—we, beholding
 Its terrible brightness, well might fear,
 But for the glow
Of known and trusted Love that pulseth warm below.
 And so
The psalm ariseth, strong and clear.
“ How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God !
 How great their sum ! ”
Uncounted, marvellous, and very deep and broad,
 Unsearchable and high !

Infinity
Of holiest, mightiest mystery,
That never sight
Or tongue of mortal seer
Could see or tell,
That never flight
Of flame-like spirits that in strength exeel
Hath reached ! The very faith that brings us near
Reveals new distances, new depths of light
Unfathomed,—seas of suns that never eye
Created hath beheld, or ever can behold !

What know we of God's thoughts ? One word of
gold

A volume doth enfold.

They are—“not ours !”

Ours ? what are they ? their value and their powers ?
So evanescent, that while thousands fleet

Across the busy brain,

Only a few remain

To set their seal on memory's strange consistence.

Of these, some worthless, some a life-regret,

That we would fain forget ;

And very few are rich and great and sweet ;

And fewer still are lasting gain,

And these most often born of pain,

Or sprung from strong concussion into strong existence.

What else ? Even in their proudest strength so weak,

So isolated and so rootless,

So flowerless and so fruitless ;—

We think, and dare not do,—we think, and cannot speak !

A thought alone is less than breath,
Only the shudder of a living death.

A thing of scorn,

A formless embryo in chaos born.

It must be seized with resolute grasp of will,

With swiftmess and with skill,

And molded on life's anvil, ere it glow

With any fire or force ;

And wrought with many a blow,

And welded in the heat by toiling strength

With many another, ere it go at length

The humblest mission to fulfill.

And then its tiny might

Is not inherent, but alone dependent

Upon the primal source

And spring of power, First, Sole, Supreme, Transcendent !

What else ? So circumscribed in flight !

Like bats in sunshine, striking helpless wings

Against the shining things,

That to their dazzled sight

Appear not ; hindered everywhere

By unseen obstacles with puzzling pain.

Or like the traveler, toiling long to gain

An Alpine summit, white and fair,

With far-extending view ; but still withheld,

And to the downward track with fainting step compelled

By an intangible barrier ; for the air

Is all too rare,

Too keenly pure
For valley-dweller to endure.
For thus our thoughts rebound
From the Invisible-Infinite, on every side
Hemmed ever round
By the Impassable, that never mortal pinion
Hath over-soared, that mocks at human pride,
Imprisoned in its own supposed dominion.

What else ? So mingled, so impure ;
So interwoven with the threads of sin,
Visible or invisible as the sight
Is purged to see them in God's light ;
So subtle in their changeful forms, now dark, now
bright ;
Such mystery of iniquity within,
That we must loathe our very thoughts, but for the cure
He hath devised,—the blessed Tree
The Lord hath shown us, that, east in, can heal
The fountain whence the bitter waters flow.
Divinest remedy
Whose power we feel,
Whose grace we comprehend not, but we know.

What else ? So fallible, so full of errors,—
No certainty ! In aught unproved and new,
Treading volcanic soil o'er smothered terrors ;
Spectral misgivings rising to the view,
As each step crushes through
Some older crust of truth assumed. And this is all
That human thoughts can do,
Leaning on human strength and reason solely ;

Now wrong, now right, now false, now true,
As may befall!
And even the truest never reaching wholly
Truth Absolute!
That still our touch eludes,
And vanishes in deeper depths when man intrudes
Within her awful solitudes.
Where many a string is mute
And many a-wanting, all the rest
Imperfectly attuned at best,—
We can but wait for truth of tone,
For truth of modulation and expression,
With lowliest confession
Of utter powerlessness, content
To trust His thoughts and not our own,—
Until the Maker of the instrument
Shall tune it in another sphere,
By His own perfect hand and ear.

Now turn we from the darkness to the light,
From dissonance to pure and full accord !
“ My thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the
Lord,
Nor are your ways as My ways. As the height
Of heaven above the earth, so are My ways,
My thoughts, to yours ;—out of your sight,
Above your praise.”
O oracle most grand !
Thus teaching by sublimest negative
What by a positive we could not understand,
Or, understanding, live !

And now, search fearlessly
The imperfections and obscurity,
The weakness and impurity,
Of all our thoughts. On each discovery
Write, "NOT as ours!" Then, in every line
Behold God's glory shine
In humbling yet sweet contrast, as we view
His thoughts, Eternal, Strong, and Holy, Infinite, and
True.

And now, what have we of these thoughts of God,
So high, so deep, so broad?
What hath He given, and what are we receiving?
A revelation
Dim, pale, and cold
Beside their hidden fire, yet gorgeously enscrolled
Upon His wide Creation.
He would not all withhold,
His children in the silent darkness leaving;
Nor would He overwhelm our heart
And strike it dumb;
And so He hath enfolded some
In fair expressions for the eye and ear;
Though faint yet clear;
Such as our powers may apprehend in part.
Thus hath He wrought
The dazzling swiftness of the thought
That veiled itself from mortal ken in light.
And thus the myriad-handed might
Of that from which the million-teeming ocean fell,

No greater toil to Him,
From silent depth to surfy rim,
Than the small crystal drop which fills a rosy shell.
And thus the Infinite Ideal
Of perfect Beauty (only real
In Him and through Him, pure conception
Too exquisite for our perception)
He hath translated ; giving us such lines
As we can trace
In mountain grandeur and in lily grace,
In sunset, cloudland, or soul-molded face ;
Such alphabets and signs
As we, His little ones, may slowly, softly read,
Supplying thus a deep, true-spirit need.

What know we more ? One thought He hath expressed
In that great scheme
Of which we, straining, catch a glimpse or gleam
In light or shadow,—scheme embracing all,
Star-system cycles and the sparrow's fall,—
Scheme all-combining, wisest, grandest, best.
We call it Providence. And each may deem
Himself a tiny centre of that thought ;
For how mysteriously enwrought
Are all our moments in its folds of might,
Our own horizon ever bounding
And yet not limiting, but still surrounding
Our lives, while reaching far beyond our quickest sight.
A thought of consummated harmony !
Each life is one note in that symphony,
Without which were its cadence incomplete :

Yet each note complex, formed of many a reed ;
And each reed quivering with vibrations passing count,
 And each vibration blending
 In mystic trinities ascending
 Through weird harmonies that recede
Into the unknown silences, or meet
In clashing thrills unanalyzed, and mount
In tangled music, yet all plain and clear
 Unto the Master's ear.
O thought of consummated melody
And perfect rhythm ! though its mighty beat
 Transcend angelic faculty,
 And though its mighty bars
May be the fall of worlds, the birth of stars,
 Its measure—all eternity—
 One echo, calm and sweet,
Our clue to this great music of God's plan,
 Sounds on in ever-varying repeat—
Glory to God on high, peace and goodwill to man !

What have we more ? Scan we the blinding blaze
 Of the refulgent rays
Outpoured from the Very Fount of Light ?
One thought of God in undiluted splendor,
 Flashed on our feeble gaze,
Were never borne by mortal sight.
 He knew it, and He gave,
 In mercy tender,
All that the soul unwittingly doth crave,
 All that it can receive. He robed

In finite words the sparkles of His thought,
The starry fire englobed
In tiny spheres of language, shielding, softening thus
The living, burning glory. And He brought
Even to us
This strange celestial treasure that no prayer
Had asked of Him, no ear had heard,
Nor heart of man conceived. He laid it there,
Even at our feet, and said it was His Word.
O mystery of tender grace !

We find

God's thoughts in human words enshrined,
God's very life and love with ours entwined.
All wonderingly from page to page we pass,
Owning the darkening yet revealing glass ;
In every line we trace,
In fair display,
Prismatic atoms of the glorious bow
Projected on the darkest cloud that e'er
O'ergloomed the world that God had made so fair,
The rainbow of His covenant ; each one
Reflecting perfectly a sevenfold ray,
Shot from the sun
Of His exceeding love,
Strong and serene above,
Upon a tremulous drop of tearful life below.

One thought, His thought of thoughts, awakes our song
Of endless thanks and marvelling adoration
More than aught else. For Providence, Creation,
All He hath made and all He doth prepare,

Thoughts grand and wise and strong,
Thoughts tender and most fair,
Are pale beside the glory of Salvation,
Redemption's gracious plan and glorious revelation :—
The focus where all rays unite ;
Each attribute arrayed in sevenfold light,
Each adding splendor to the rest.
The meeting blest,
Of His great love and foreseen human woe
Struck forth a mighty fire, that sent a glow
Throughout the universe,—an overflow
To the dim confines that none know
Save He who traced them,—lit up gloriously
The farthest vistas of Eternity ;
And, flooding heaven itself with radiance new,
Revealed the heart of God, all-merciful, all-true.

Thus are the thoughts of God made known to men.
Yet is all revelation bounded
First by its vehicle, and then
By its reception. Unseen things
Remain unfathomed and unsounded,
And hidden as the springs
Of an immeasurable sea,
Because His thought, sublime and great,
No language finds commensurate
With its infinity ;
And, when compressed in any finite mold,
'Tis but a fraction that the mind of man
Receiveth. For we hold

But what we span,
We only see
What feeble lenses and weak sight may sean.
And thus a double lessening, double veiling
Of the unimagined glory of a thought of Him
Who dwells between the cherubim !
First, suffering and paling
By its necessitate transition
From Infinite to Finite, for that all expression
Is by its nature finite ; then the vision
Which angels might receive straightway,
Unshorn of any ray,
And hold in full possession,
Must enter by the portal
Of faculties sin-paralyzed and mortal ;
And in the human breast's low-vaulted gloom
It finds no room
For any high display.

This is no guess-work. It is even so
With our poor thoughts. For they are always more
Than any form or language can convey.

We know
Things that we cannot say ;
We soar,
Where we could never map our flight.
We see
Flashes and colorings too quick and bright
For any hand to paint. We meet
Depths that no line can sound. We hear
Strange far-off mental music, all too sweet,

Too great for any earthly instrument,—
Gone, if we strive to bring it near.
For who that knows
The sudden surging and the startling throes
Of subterranean soul-fires with no vent,
That seek an Etna all in vain ;—
Or the slow forming of some grand, fair thought,
With exquisite lingering outwrought,
Only to melt before the touch of effort or of pain
(Like quivering rose-fire 'neath a filmy veil
In mountain dawn,
That grows all still and pale
When the transparent silver is withdrawn) :—
Oh ! who that knows but owns the meagre dower
Of poor weak language married to thought's royal power—
Oh ! who that knows but needs must own
If it be thus
Even with us,
Groping and tottering alone
Around the footstool of His throne,
With limited ideas and babe-like powers,
What must it be with Him, whose thoughts are not as
ours !

And now
We only bow,
And gaze above
In raptured awe and silent love ;
For mortal speech
Can never reach
A word of meetly-molded praise
For one glimpse of the blessèd rays,

Ineffable and purely bright,
Outflowing ever from the Unapproachèd Light.

They say there is a hollow, safe and still,
A point of coolness and repose
Within the centre of a flame, where life might dwell
Unharmed and unconsumed, as in a luminous shell ;
Which the bright walls of fire inclose
In breachless splendor, barrier that no foes
Could pass at will.

There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret source ;—
A little child might slumber undistressed,
Without the ruffle of one fairy curl,
In that strange central calm amid the mighty whirl.

So, in the centre of these thoughts of God,
Cyclones of power, consuming glory-fire, —

As we fall overawed
Upon our faces, and are lifted higher
By His great gentleness, and carried nigher
Than unredeemèd angels, till we stand

Even in the hollow of His hand—
Nay, more ! we lean upon His breast—
There, there we find a point of perfect rest
And glorious safety. There we see
His thoughts to usward, thoughts of peace

That stoop in tenderest love ; that still increase
With increase of our need ; that never change ;
That never fail, or falter, or forget.

O pity infinite !

O royal mercy free !

O gentle climax of the depth and height
Of God's most precious thoughts, most wonderful, most
strange !

"For I am poor and needy, yet
The Lord Himself, Jehovah, *thinketh upon me !*"

ZENITH.

I.

WE watched the gradual rising of a star,
Whose delicate, clear light outshone the crowd,
Gleaming between the rifts of parting clond,
Brighter above each dusky veiling bar ;
The fairy child, the glimpse of girlish face,
Rising to woman's dower of fairest, fullest grace.

And still she rose, and still she calmly shone,
Walking in brightness ever brightening still,
Gladdening, attracting at her queenly will,
With starlike influence. The years wore on,
And Isabel, the star, the pearl, the flower,
Could not but know her gift, the secret of her power.

“Never so lovely as to-night,” they said,
Again and yet again ! There came a night
When many owned afresh the royal might
Of beauty, as she came with snowfall tread,
And summer smile, and simple maiden dress,
Crowned only with the light and her own loveliness.

And the next day she was a little tired,
And the next night the rose had somewhat paled ;
The fair pearl glistened, yet it somewhat failed
Of the past gleam, the radiance all-admired.
From the soft emerald of the wind-waved grass,
How soon the diamond sparkle of the dew must pass !

And the next week the sunbeams vainly sought
An entrance where their merry rival lay
Fevered and weary ; while, from day to day,
The quick pulse wasted what short slumber brought
Of slow renewing. So the dark mist fell,
And hid the starry fire that all had loved so well.

Again she shone, when from that dark mist freed,
But with that singular radiance never more ;
The brightening upward path so quickly o’er,
The solemn westward curve begun indeed !
The unconscious zenith of her lovely light
Forever left behind on that gay triumph-night !

II.

Ho ! for the Alps ! The weary plains of France,
And the night shadows, leaving far behind,
For pearl horizons with pure summits lined,—
On through the Jura-gorge, in swift advance

Speeds Arthur, with keen hope and buoyant glee,—
On to the mountain land, home of the strong and free !

On ! to the morning flush of gold and rose ;
On ! to the torrent and the hoary pine ;
On ! to the stillness of life's utmost line ;
On ! to the crimson fire of sunset snows.
Short starlit rest, then with the dawn's first streak,
On ! to the silent crown of some lone icy peak !

'Twas no nerve-straining effort, then, for him
To emulate the chamois-hunter's leap
Across the wide rock-chasm, or the deep
And darkly blue crevasse with treacherous rim ;
Or climb the sharp arête, or slope of snow,
With Titan towers above, and cloud-filled gulfs below.

It was no weariness or toil to count
Hour after hour in that weird white realm,
With guide of Alp-renown to touch the helm
Of practiced instinct, rocky spires to mount,
Or track the steepest glacier's fissured length,
In the abounding joy of his unconquered strength.

But it was gladness none can realize
Who have not felt the wild Excelsior thrill,
The strange exhilarate energies, that fill
The bounding pulses, as the intenser skies
Embrace the infinite whiteness, clear and fair,
Inhaling vigorous life with that quick crystal air.

That Alpine witchery still onward lures
Upward, still upward, till the fatal list
Grows longer of the early mourned and missed ;
Leading where surest foot no more insures
The life that is not ours to throw away
For the exciting joys of one brief summer day.

For there are sudden dangers none foreknow ;
The scarlet-threaded rope can never mock
The sound-loosed avalanche, frost-cloven rock,
Or whirling storm of paralyzing snow.
But Arthur's foot was kept ; no deathward slips
Darkened the zenith of his strength with dire eclipse.

So year by year, as his rich manhood filled,
He reveled in health-giving mountain feats ;
Spurning the trodden tracks and curious streets,
As fit for old men, and for boys unskilled
In Alpine arts, not strong nor bold enough
To battle with the blast and scale the granite bluff.

One glowing August sun went forth in might,
And smote with rosy sword each snowy brow,—
Bright accolade of grandeur ! Now, oh now,
Amid that dazzling wealth of purest light,
His long ambition should be crowned at last,
And every former goal rejoicingly o'erpast !

For ere the white fields softened in the glow,
He stood upon a long-wooded virgin peak,
One of the few fair prizes left to seek ;
Each rival pinnacle left far below !

He stood in triumph on the conquered height,
And yet a shadow fell upon his first delight !

For well he knew that he had surely done
His utmost ; and that never summer day
Could bring a moment on its radiant way,
Like the first freshness of that conquest won,
Where all had lost before. A sudden tear
Veiled all the glorious view, so grand, so calm, so clear !

III.

An hour of song ! of musical delight
To those whose quick, instructed ear could trace,
Through complex harmonies, the artistic grace,
The finest shades of meaning, and the might
Of order and of law. Nor less to those
Who loved it as we love the fragrance of the rose.

And Cecil stood, with all the added ease
Of ripe experience and of sure success ;
With all her glad instinctive consciousness
Of natural gift that could not fail to please ;
With all her rich maturity of tone,
Like sun-glow of the South on purple clusters thrown.

She sang, rejoicing in her song,—each bar
A separate pulse of pleasure. Were there none
To listen and applaud, or only one,
As freely she had poured it. For a star
Shines not because we watch it ! Only blaze
Of artificial light reserves its measured rays.

Yet who, that ever tasted, does not know
The witchery of any phase of power,
Ascendency unsought, magnetic dower
Of influence ? And Cecil found it so,
And though but vaguely conscious of her might,
Lived in her own strong spell, a glamour of delight.

Nor only joy of power and joy of song
To fill the singer's chalice were combined ;
But sympathetic influences of mind,
Acting, re-acting, as the charmed throng
Followed the wave of her swift magic wand,
Yet lured her ever on to fair heights still beyond.

And so the song passed to its dying fall,
As the electric interchanges crossed.
What marvel that the closing chord was lost
In rush of quick applause and fond recall !
And Cecil rose once more, and poured again,
From fuller gushing fount, the doubly welcomed strain.

Higher and higher rose the glorious song ;
Deeper and deeper grew the silence round ;
All unrestrained the free, full notes resound,
In splendid carol-gladness ; holding long
Unwearied listeners in chains unseen,
As willing captives led by their victorious queen.

Tribute of wondering smile was freely paid ;
And then, as subtle modulation wrought
Soft shadows in the sunny strain, some brought
The deeper homage of a tear, and, swayed

Beyond confession, strove in vain to hide
The unconquerable rush of sweet emotion's tide.

Then once again the clear tones rose and swelled,
While flashed the singer's eyes with inward fire ;
And still the spirit of the song soared higher,
Until the closing cadence, as she held
All hearts entranced, till like a sunset lay
The last, long, sweet note thrilled, and softly died away.

And all was over ! Ah, she had not guessed
That she had touched the zenith of her song,
That gradual declining, slow and long,
Must mark the path now trending to the west !
No boundary line is seen, and yet we cross
In one veiled hour, from gain, to sure though lingering
loss.

She often sang again. But oftener fell
Apologies of unaffected truth.
There was more effort, yet less power, in sooth !
The ringing tones less like a golden bell.
"Not quite in voice of late. I'll do my best ;
Do not expect too much ;—I think my voice needs rest."

So, one by one, the songs no more were seen
That called for grandest tone and clearest trill.
And when she sang, though old friends loved it still,
The stranger wondered what the spell had been.
And then they spoke of how she *used* to sing !
Passing or passed away is every earthly thing.

IV.

A silent house beneath a dome of stars ;
A deeply shaded lamp, a lonely room ;
A fire whose fitful whispers through the gloom
In rhythmic cadence leapt athwart the bars ;
A broad, worn desk ; a broad, worn, bending brow ;
Yet a bright eye beneath, full of strange brightness now.

A rapid hand, that wrote swift words of flame,
Far-glowing words to kindle other fires ;
Words that might flash along Time's mystic wires.
And thrill the ages with a deathless name :
Barbed words, that fasten where they fall, and stay
Deep in the souls of men, and never pass away.

Little recked Theodore of fame that night,
And less of gold. The current was too strong
For such vain barques to launch. It swept along,
Whither he hardly knew ; the impulse bright
Passing at every turn some opening view,
Some echoing mountain height, some vista fair and new.

Lost memories trooped in amid the crowd
Of happiest images : ethereal forms
Of weirdly prescient fancy, spectral swarms,
Before him in oppressive beauty bowed,
And beckoned him, with gleaming hands, to grasp
Their fleeting loveliness in firm and joyous clasp.

And inward music rose, and wreathed around
Each thought that shaped itself to outline clear ;
The royal chimes rang on, more sweet, more near,
With every gust. He caught the silver sound,
And cast its fairy mantle o'er the flow
Of his melodious lines, in all their fiery glow.

Such times are but the crystallizing hours
That make the rainbow-bearing prism. They change
Long-seething soul-solutions into strange
And startling forms ;—new properties and powers
And beauties hardly dreamt, yet latent there,
The poet-touch evokes, strong, marvellous, and fair.

For there are long, slow overtures before .
Such bursts of song ; much tension unconfessed,
Much training and much tuning,—years compressed,
Concentrated in ever-filling store :
Till thoughts that surged in secret deep below,
Rise from volcanic fount in sudden overflow.

Much living to short writing ! such the law
Of living poems that have force to reach
Depths that are sounded by no surface speech,
And thence the sympathetic waters draw,
With golden chain of many a fire-forged link,
Gently, yet mightily, up to the pearly brink.

Was it the stillness of the lonely night
That set his spirit free, with wizard hand,
Opening the gates of more than fairy-land ?
Oft had he known the pulse of poet-might,

But never quite the free, exultant power,
In which he reveled now through that enchanted hour.

Was it not rather that the harvest-time,
After the sowing and the watering long,
Was fully come ; the golden sheaves of song
Falling in fullness, and that royal chime
Pealing the harvest-home of wealth unseen,
Where the remaining years might only come and glean ?

At length the last page lay beneath the light,
From wavering erasure free, and wrought
Too perfectly for any after-thought.
He rose, threw up the sash, and on the night,—
The brilliant, solemn night,—looked forth and sighed,
And felt the immediate ebb of that unwonted tide.

For it was over ! and the work was done
For which his life was lived ! unconscious yet !
The blossom fell because the fruit was set ;
The standard furled because the field was won.
And, with the energy, the gladness passed,
And left him wearied out and sorrowful at last.

For only work that is for God alone
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,
A guerdon unaffected by the sight
Of great success, nor by its loss o'erthrown.
All else is vanity beneath the sun ;
There may be joy in *doing*, but it palls when *done*.

V.

Once more. A battle-field of mental might,
A broad arena for the utmost skill
Of world-famed gladiators, echoing still
With praise or cruel blame, beyond the sight
Of each day's keen spectators, to the verge
Of widest continents and ocean's farthest surge.

A great arena, whence the issues flow
Not only through an empire, but a world,
Molding the centuries ; wherein are hurled
Thunders whose ultimate havoc none can know,
Striking not names but nations :—such the scene
Of conflict and renown, long entered by Eugene.

Many a time his weighty sword he threw
Into the scale of victory, and swayed
The critical turns, the great events that made
The era's history. For well he knew
Each subtle art of eloquence, combined
With rarest gifts of speech, and native powers of mind.

His patriotism earned a noble meed
Of trust and honor, more than any fame,
And sweeter. Yet some thought his hard-won
claim
Not meetly recognized. Perchance indeed
The shadow crossed his own thought, as he found
Less kingly orators with heavier laurels crowned.

At length a contest of long doubtful end
Drew to a climax : and his soul was stirred,
And every generous faculty was spurred
To utmost energy. For he could spend
His very self upon the cause that seemed
Clear justice and clear right ! or rather, so he deemed !

For there are few who care to analyze
The mingled motives, in their complex force,
Of some apparently quite simple course.
One disentangled skein might well surprise.
Perhaps a "single heart" is *never* known,
Save in the yielded life that lives for God alone,—

And that is *therefore* doubted, as a dream,
By those who know not the tremendous power
Of all-constraining love ! So in that hour
Of fierce excitement, 'mid the flashing gleam
Of measured glaive, I will not dare to say
That Eugene's purest zeal no party claim might sway.

Still, all combined to bid the eagle soar
Beyond the common clouds, the shifting mists
Of every-day debate, the very lists
Of strong opponents strengthening him the more.
As the strong pinion finds the opposing breeze
The very means of rising over land and seas.*

So Eugene rose in his full manly strength,
Reining at first the fiery courser in,
That with calm concentration he might win
The captious ear ;—reserve of power at length,

* See Duke of Argyle's "Reign of Law."

At the right moment from the wise curb freed,
Triumphantly burst forth with grand impetuous speed.

And as the great speech mounted to a pause
Some foes were silenced, some were wholly gained,
And all were spellbound, stilled, and marvel-chained,
And, more than all the clatter of applause,
The cause was won ! "Eugene was at his best
To-night !" So much they knew ! They did not know
the rest !

For they who watched with envy or delight
The moment of his zenith, little knew
It was the moment of his setting too ;
For fell paralysis drew near that night.
Never again Eugene might proudly stand,
And sway the men who swayed the sceptre of his land.

VI.

A simple Christmas-Day at home ! And yet
It was the very zenith of two stars
That rose together through the cloudy bars,
In bright perpetual conjunction met,
A day whose memory should never cease,—
A Coronation-day of Love and Joy and Peace.

The culmination of two lives that passed
Through many a chance and change of checkered
years,
Each shining for the other, hopes and fears
Centred within their home ! And now at last
They gazed upon a clear, calm sky around,
And rested in their love, that day serenely crowned.

Bernard and Constance had no wish beyond
Each other's gladness, and the fuller good
Of those beloved ones who blithely stood
Around the Christmas fire,—the fair and fond,
The strong and merry, sons and daughters grown
In closest unity,—rich treasures all their own.

Bright arrows of full quiver ! still unshot
By ruthless bow of Time and scattered wide,
Still in the sweet home-bundle tightly tied,
Though feathered for the flight from that safe spot.
Flight when ? and whither ? Ah me ! who might say
What should befall before another Christmas-Day !

Closer they clustered in the twilight-fall,
And talked of pleasant memories of the year,
And then of pleasant prospects far and near ;
Each name responding at each gleeful call.
The merry mention of a dear name there
Had never yet been hushed by any empty chair.

But most of all the gladness and the pride
Circled around the eldest brother's name ;
His first success, his rising college fame,
Made merriest music at that warm fireside ;
And in the parent-hearts deep echoes thrilled,
As the repeated chord proclaimed fond hopes fulfilled.

No dim presentiment of sorrow fell
Upon that zenith hour of happiness,
Perhaps the brightest that could ever bless
A merely earthly lot ; the purest well

Of natural joy, unselfish, undefiled,
Up-springing to the day, while heaven above it smiled.

And so the evening hours sped swiftly by,
And Christmas carols closed the happy time,
And Christmas-bells, in sweet wind-wafted chime,
Stole softly through the shutters. Not a sigh
With music of the gay good-night was blent,
No discord in that full, harmonious content.

What then ? Bernard and Constance wakeful lay
A long, long while, unwilling each to tell
That, as the midnight tolled, it seemed the knell
Of the great gladness of that Christmas Day.
"Oh, what if it should prove too bright to last,
Clear shining that precedes the wild and rainy blast !"

And they were right. It *could* not come again !
Sickness, and scattering, and varied woe,
Yet nothing but the lot of most below,
Soon marred the music of that perfect strain,
And though the westering path had many a gleam,
That zenith joy was but an oft-remembered dream.

VII.

A soft spring twilight. Cherry blossoms white
Whispered about the summer they were told
Was coming, when the beech trees would unfold
Their horny buds, and chestnuts would be dight
In great green leaves. "What will become of us ?"
They wondered. And they shivered as they questioned
thus.

For the east wind came by, with curfew bell
Upon his wings, and touched them stealthily,
Shriveling the tender leaves. And silently
In their sweet white array the blossoms fell.
Ah for the zenith of the cherry tree !
Yet *is* it past, although the snowy glories be ?

Wait for the shining of the summer day ;
Wait for the crimson glow amid the green ;
Wait for the wealth of ruby ripeness, seen
After the fitful spring has passed away.
Wait till the Master comes, with His own hand
To find His pleasant fruit in clusters rich and grand.

Yes, soft spring twilight ! And a bowing head ;
A kneeling form amid the shadows gray ;
A heart from which the hopes had passed away,
That made life exquisite as the blossoms shed
Around that open window ;—and a throb
Of dull gray pain, that rose, and forced one low deep
sob.

Only the zenith of his youth had passed,
And scarcely that. Yet perhaps the saddest time
Is while the echo of the matin chime
Has hardly died away in silence vast :
Sadder to realize the noonday height,
Than the slow-gathering shades of long impending night.

It did not seem that there could ever be
Another zenith, different, and bright
With grander hopes, and far more glorious light
Than all the spells of siren minstrelsy,

And all the love and gladness that entwined
The merry paths of youth forever left behind.

For Godfrey had no special powers to spur
To emulation in the great world-race,
No special gifts or aims ;—the open space
A possible joy had filled—the dream of her
Who might have been and yet was not to be
Queen of his life ! and now—the dark-draped throne was
free !

Free ! Yet another claimed that empty throne,
And in the twilight He was drawing near,
'Mid all those shadows of dim grief, and fear,
And sense of vanity. The King unknown,
Unrecognized as yet, was come to reign,
And yet to crown the life that owned its life was vain.

And while the spring airs trembled through the trees,
The gracious Wind that bloweth where it lists
Dispersed the fallacies, the world-breathed mists
That hid unseen realities. That breeze
Unveiled the mysteries of hidden sin,
And let the all-searching Light flash startlingly within.

Then the vague weariness was roused indeed
And passed away forever, as he saw
The nearer lightnings of the holy law
Through suddenly deepening darkness ; then the need,
More of a Saviour than mere safety, dawned
In lurid daybreak, as he glimpsed the gulf that yawned

Close at his feet—those careless feet that trod
So merrily a harmless-seeming course
Of merely useless pleasure, by the force
Of custom, and yet never came to God,
Never yet stepped upon the Living Way,
That only leads to life and everlasting day.

Again that holy Breeze swept by in might,
And fanned each faint desire to stronger flame ;
He said, “ Oh, bid me come to Thee ! ” He came,
Just as he was, that memorable night ;
And lo ! the King, who waited at the door,
Entered to save, to reign, and to go out no more.

And then he saw those awful lightnings fall
Through the cleft heavens upon a lonely Tree
That stood upon a mount called Calvary.
And knew that stroke had spent the fiery ball :
And then the earthquake closed the gulf below,
While he stood all unscathed, safe from the overthrow.

“ Stood,” said I ? Nay ! in wonder and in love
As on that more than vision Godfrey gazed,
He fell at his Deliverer’s feet, and praised
With a new sweetness, sweet as harps above,
The Glorious One, whose royal grace had saved
The aimless wanderer, who never grace had craved.

Far in the night this wondrous watch he kept
With the unslumbering Shepherd, while a joy,
The first he ever knew without alloy,
Filled all his soul with light. At last he slept,

Wrapped in this strange new peace, whose steady beam
Made all his past life seem a sinful, troubled dream.

What then ? It was no zenith, though the star
Of life shone out at radiant height, that dimmed
Each previous gleam to gloom that barely rimmed
The shifting clouds, with something, that, from far,
Might have been fancied light, yet only made
The darkness more discerned, the spirit more afraid.

Rather it was the rising ! the first hour
Of the true shining, that should rise and rise
From glory unto glory, through God's skies,
In strengthening brightness and increasing power.
A rising with no setting, for its height
Could only culminate in God's eternal light.

The feeble glimmer of the former days,
The hope, the love, the very glee that paled
Just at their seeming zenith, and then failed
Of fuller sparkling,—all the scattered rays
Were caught up and transfigured in the blaze
Of the new life of love, and energy, and praise.

The joy of loyal service to the King
Shone through them all, and lit up other lives
With the new fire of faith, that ever strives,
Like a swift-kindling beacon, far to fling
The tidings of His victory, and elaim
New subjects for His realm, new honor for His Name.

And so the years flowed on, and only cast
Light, and more light upon the shining way,
That more and more shone to the perfect day ;
Always intenser, clearer than the past ;
Because they only bore him, on glad wing,
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of the King.

Who recks the short recession of a wave
In the strong flowing of a tide ? And so
Without a pang could Godfrey leave below
Successive earthly zeniths, while he gave
A glad glance upward to the rainbow Throne,
And joyously pressed on to nobler heights alone.

Or if awhile a looming sorrow-cloud
He entered, still he found the Glory there,
Shechinah-brightness resting still and fair
Within the holy curtains, as he bowed
Before the Presenee on the Mercy-seat ;
Then forth he came with sound of golden bells most
sweet.

And then the music floated on the wind,
A constant carol of glad tidings told.
Of how the lives the One Life doth enfold
Are ever with that Life so closely twined,
That nought can separate, below. above,
And life itself is one long miracle of love.

At last the gentle tone was heard, that falls
In all-mysterious sweetness on the ear
That long has listened, longing, without fear,
Because so well it knows the Voice that calls ;

Though only once that solemn call is heard,
While angel-songs take up the echoes of the word.

“Friend, go up higher !” So he took that night
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendor, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.
The zenith of the earthly life was come :
What marvel that the lips were for the moment dumb !

What then ? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard !
Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,
And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life !
Then shalt thou know the glory of the word,
Then as the stars forever—ever shine,
Beneath the King’s own smile,—perpetual Zenith thine.
September 11th, 1877.

THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION.

THERE is no holy service
But hath its secret bliss ;
Yet, of all blessèd ministries,
Is one so dear as this ?
The ministry that cannot be
A wandering seraph’s dower,
Enduing mortal weakness
With more than angel-power ;

The ministry of purest love
Uncrossed by any fear,
That bids us meet at the Master's feet,
And keeps us very near.

God's ministers are many
For this His gracious will,
Remembrancers that day and night
This holy office fill.
While some are hushed in slumber,
Some to fresh service wake,
And thus the saintly number
No change or chance can break.
And thus the sacred courses
Are evermore fulfilled ;
The tide of grace by time or place
Is never stayed or stilled.

Oh, if our ears were opened
To hear as angels do
The Intercession-chorus
Arising full and true,
We should hear it soft up-welling
In morning's pearly light ;
Through evening's shadows swelling
In grandly gathering might ;
The sultry silence filling
Of noontide's thunderous glow ;
And the solemn starlight thrilling
With ever-deepening flow.

We should hear it through the rushing
Of the city's restless roar,
And trace its gentle gushing
O'er ocean's crystal floor :
We should hear it far up-floating
Beneath the Orient moon,
And catch the golden noting
From the busy Western noon ;
And pine-robed heights would echo
As the mystic chant up-floats,
And the sunny plain resound again
With the myriad-mingling notes.

Who are the blessèd ministers
Of this world-gathering band ?
All who have learnt one language,
Through each far-parted land ;
All who have learnt the story
Of Jesu's love and grace,
And are longing for His glory
To shine in every face.
All who have known the Father
In Jesus Christ our Lord,
And know the might and love the light
Of the Spirit in the Word.

Yet there are some who see not
Their calling high and grand,
Who seldom pass the portals,
And never boldly stand

Before the golden altar
On the crimson-stainèd floor,
Who wait afar and falter,
And dare not hope for more.
Will ye not join the blessèd ranks
In their beautiful array ?
Let intercession blend with thanks
As ye minister to-day !

There are little ones among them,
Child-ministers of prayer ;
White robes of intercession
Those tiny servants wear.
First for the near and dear ones
Is that fair ministry,
Then for the poor black children,
So far beyond the sea.
The busy hands are folded,
As the little heart uplifts
In simple love to God above,
Its prayer for all good gifts.

There are hands too often weary
With the business of the day,
With God-intrusted duties,
Who are toiling while they pray.
They bear the golden vials,
And the golden harps of praise,
Through all the daily trials,
Through all the dusty ways.

These hands, so tired, so faithful,
With odors sweet are filled,
And in the ministry of prayer
Are wonderfully skilled.

There are ministers unlettered,
Not of Earth's great and wise,
Yet mighty and unfettered
Their eagle-prayers arise.
Free of the heavenly storehouse !
For they hold the master-key
That opens all the fullness
Of God's great treasury.
They bring the needs of others,
And all things are their own,
For their one grand claim is Jesu's name
Before their Father's throne.

There are noble Christian workers,
The men of faith and power,
The overcoming wrestlers
Of many a midnight hour ;
Prevailing princes with their God,
Who will not be denied,
Who bring down showers of blessing
To swell the rising tide.
The Prince of Darkness quaileth
At their triumphant way,
Their fervent prayer availeth
To sap his subtle sway.

But in this temple service
Are sealed and set apart
Arch-priests of intercession,
Of undivided heart.
The fullness of anointing
On these is doubly shed ;
The consecration of their God
Is on each low-bowed head.
They bear the golden vials
With white and trembling hand ;
In quiet room or wakeful gloom
These ministers must stand,—

To the Intercession-Priesthood
Mysteriously ordained,
When the strange dark gift of suffering
This added gift hath gained.
For the holy hands uplifted
In suffering's longest hour
Are truly Spirit-gifted
With intercession-power.
The Lord of Blessing fills them
With His uncounted gold :
An unseen store still more and more
Those trembling hands shall hold.

Not always with rejoicing
This ministry is wrought,
For many a sigh is mingled
With the sweet odors brought.

Yet every tear bedewing
The faith-fed altar fire
May be its bright renewing
To purer flame, and higher.
But when the oil of gladness
God graciously outpours,
The heavenward blaze with blended praise
More mightily upsoars.

So the incense-cloud ascendeth
As through calm, crystal air,
A pillar reaching unto heaven
Of wreathèd faith and prayer.
For evermore the Angel
Of Intercession stands
In His Divine High Priesthood,
With fragrance-fillèd hands,
To wave the golden censer
Before His Father's throne,
With Spirit-fire intenser,
And incense all His own.

And evermore the Father
Sends radiantly down
All-marvellous responses,
His ministers to crown ;
The incense cloud returning
As golden blessing-showers,
We in each drop discerning
Some feeble prayer of ours.

Transmuted into wealth unpriced,
By Him who giveth thus
The glory all to Jesus Christ,
The gladness all to us !

September, 1877.

ONLY FOR JESUS.

ONLY for Jesus ! Lord, keep it forever
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life !
Pulse of all gladness and nerve of endeavor,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.

"FREE TO SERVE."

SHE chose His service. For the Lord of Love
Had chosen her, and paid the awful price
For her redemption ; and had sought her out,
And set her free, and clothed her gloriously,
And put His royal ring upon her hand,
And crowns of loving-kindness on her head.
She chose it. Yet it seemed she could not yield
The fuller measure other lives could bring ;
For He had given her a precious gift,
A treasure and a charge to prize and keep,
A tiny hand, a darling hand, that traced
On her heart's tablet words of golden love.

And there was not much room for other lines,
For time and thought were spent (and rightly spent,
For He had given the charge), and hours and days
Were concentrated on the one dear task.

But He had need of her. Not one new gem
But many for His crown ; not one fair sheaf,
But many, she should bring. And she should have
A richer, happier harvest-home at last,
Because more fruit, more glory, and more praise
Her life should yield to Him. And so He came,
The Master came Himself, and gently took
The little hand in His, and gave it room
Among the angel-harpers. Jesus came
And laid His own hand on the quivering heart,
And made it very still, that He might write
Invisible words of power—"Free to serve!"
Then through the darkness and the chill He sent
A heat-ray of His love, developing
The mystic writing, till it glowed and shone
And lit up all her life with radiance new,—
The happy service of a yielded heart.
With comfort that He never ceased to give
(Because her need could never cease) she filled
The empty chalices of other lives,
And time and thought were thenceforth spent for Him
Who loved her with His everlasting love.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His own.

Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
 Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
 Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
 But to inscribe a sweeter,—but to grave
 One that shall shine forever to His praise,
 And thus fulfill our deepest heart-desire.
 The tearful eye at first may read the line
 “Bondage to grief!” but He shall wipe away
 The tears, and clear the vision, till it read
 In ever-brightening letters “Free to serve!”
 For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

Nor only by reclaiming His good gifts,
 But by withholding, doth the Master write
 These words upon the heart. Not always needs
 Erasure of some blessed line of love
 For this more blest inscription. Where He finds
 A tablet empty for the “lines left out,”
 That “might have been” engraved with human love
 And sweetest human cares, yet never bore
 That poetry of life, His own dear hand
 Writes “Free to serve!” And these clear characters
 Fill with fair colors all the unclaimed space,
 Else gray and colorless. Then let it be
 The motto of our lives until we stand
 In the great freedom of Eternity,
 Where we “*shall* serve Him” while we see His face,
 Forever and forever “Free to serve.”

THE VOICE OF MANY WATERS.

FAR away I heard it,
Stealing through the pines,
Like a whisper saintly,
Falling dimly, faintly,
Through the terraced vines.

Freshening breezes bore it
Down the mountain slope ;
So I turned and listened,
While the sunlight glistened
On the snowy cope.

Far away and dreamy
Was the voice I heard ;
Yet it pierced and found me,
Through the voices round me—
Song without a word.

All the life and turmoil,
All the busy cheer,
Melted in the flowing
Of that murmur, growing,
Claiming all my ear.

What the mountain message
I could never tell ;
Such Æolian fluting
Hath no language suiting
What we write and spell.

Rather did it enter
Where no words can win,
Touching and unsealing
Springs of hidden feeling
Slumbering deep within.

Voice of many waters
Only heard afar!
Hushing, luring slowly,
With an influence holy,
Like the Orient star.

Following where it leadeth,
Till we stand below,
While the noble thunder
Wins the hush of wonder,
Silent in its glow.

Light and sound triumphant
Fill the eye and ear,
Every pulse is beating
Quick, unconscious greeting
To the vision near.

Rainbow flames are wreathing
In the dazzling foam,
Fancy far transcending,
Power and beauty blending
In their radiant home.

All the dreamy longing
Passes out of sight,
In a swift surrender
To the joyous splendor
Of this song of might.

Self is lost and hidden
As it peals along ;
Fevered introspection,
Paler-browed reflection,
Vanish in the song.

For the spirit, lifted
From the dulling mists,
Takes a stronger molding,
As the sound, enfolding,
Bears it where it lists.

Voice of many waters !
Must we turn away
From the crystal chorus
Now resounding o'er us
Through the flashing spray ?

Far away we hear it,
Floating from the sky ;
Mystic echo, falling
Through the stars, and calling
From the thrones on high.

There are voices round us,
 Busy, quick, and loud ;
All day long we hear them,
We are still so near them,
 Still among the crowd ;

Yet amid the clamor
 Falls it faint and sweet,
Like the softest harp-tone
Passing every sharp tone
 Down the noisy street.

To the soul-recesses
 Cleaving then its way,
Waking hidden yearning,
Unwilled impulse turning
 To the Far-away.

Far away and viewless,
 Yet not all unknown—
In the murmur tracing
Soft notes interlacing
 With familiar tone.

So we start and listen
 While the murmur low
Falleth ever clearer,
Swellleth ever nearer
 In melodious flow.

Voice of many waters
From the heights above !
Hushing, luring slowly
With its influence holy,
With its song of love.

Following where it leadeth,
Pilgrim feet shall stand,
Where the holy millions
Throng the fair pavilions
In the Glorious Land.

Where the sevenfold “Worthy”
Hails the King of kings,
Blent with golden clashing
Of the crowns, and flashing
Of cherubic wings ;

Rolls the Amen chorus,
Old, yet ever new ;
Seal of blest allegiance,
Pledge of bright obedience,
Seal that God is true.

Through the solemn glory
Alleluias rise,
Mightiest exultation,
Holiest adoration,
Infinite surprise.

There immortal powers
 Meet immortal song :
 Heavenly image bearing,
 Angel-essence sharing,
 Excellent and strong.

Strong to bear the glory
 And the veil-less sight,
 Strong to swell the thunders
 And to know the wonders
 Of the home of light.

Voice of many waters !
 Everlasting laud !
 Hark ! it rushes nearer,
 Every moment clearer,
 From the Throne of God.

January 18th, 1878.

“AFTERWARDS.”

TO K. T.

“THERE is no ‘afterward’ on earth for me !”
 Belovèd, ’tis not so !
 That God’s own “afterwards” are pledged to thee,
 . Thy life shall show.

No “afterward” indeed of great things wrought
 By willing hands and feet ;
 No sheaf is thine, from wider harvests brought,
 With singing sweet.

Fair flowing years of ease and laughing strength,
With cloudless morning skies,
Sweet life renewed, and active work at length,
His love denies.

But living fruit of righteousness to Him
His chastening shall yield,
And constant "afterward," no longer dim,
Shall be revealed.

Is it no "afterward" that in thy heart
His *love* is shed abroad?
And that His Spirit breathes, while called apart,
The *peace* of God?

That *joy* in tribulation shall spring forth
To greet His visits blessed,
Whose wisdom wakes the south wind or the north,
As He sees best!

Shall not *long-suffering* in thee be wrought,
To mirror back His own?
His *gentleness* shall mellow every thought
And look and tone.

And *goodness*! In thyself dwells no good thing,
Yet from thy glorious Root
An "afterward" of holiness shall spring—
Most precious fruit!

The trial of thy *faith* from hour to hour
Shall yield a grand increase;
He shall fulfill the work of faith with power
That cannot cease.

And all around shall praise Him as they see
The meekness of thy Lord ;
Thus, even here and now, how blest shall be
Thy sure reward !

This pleasant fruit it shall be thine to lay
At thy Belovèd's feet,
The ripening clusters growing day by day
More full and sweet.

If at His gate He keeps thee waiting now
Through many a suffering year,
Watch for His daily "afterwards," and thou
Shalt find them here :

Till, as refined gold, in thee shall shine
His image no more dim ;
Then shall the endless "afterward" be thine
Of rest with Him.



SUNDAY NIGHT.

REST him, O Father ! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love ;
But Thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as Thou hast cared for us
In sending him ; and cause him to lie down
In Thy fresh pastures, by Thy streams of peace.

Let Thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And Thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the Everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care ;
And so give Thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master ! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy, and we have been refreshed.
Now fill *his* chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with Thine own hand ; be Thou
His ministrant to-night ; draw very near
In all Thy tenderness and all Thy power.
Oh, speak to him ! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to Thy weary ones,
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him—
Let Thy disciple lean upon Thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to “rise and shine.”

Rest him, O loving Spirit ! Let Thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night. O holy Dove,
Spread Thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadow ; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of Thy dear name—
“Our Comforter !” As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay Thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each over-straining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then, in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let Thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.

COMING TO THE KING.

2 CHRON. ix. 1-12.

I CAME from very far away to see
The King of Salem, for I had been told
Of glory and of wisdom manifold,
And condescension infinite and free.
How could I rest, when I had heard His fame,
In that dark lonely land of death from whence I came ?

I came (but not like Sheba's queen), alone !
No stately train, no costly gifts to bring ;
No friend at court save One, that One the King !
I had requests to spread before His throne,
And I had questions none could solve for me,
Of import deep, and full of awful mystery.

I came and communed with that mighty King,
And told Him all my heart ; I cannot say
In mortal ear what communings were they.
But wouldst thou know, go, too, and meekly bring
All that is in thy heart, and thou shalt hear
His voice of love and power, his answers sweet and clear.

O happy end of every weary quest !
He told me all I needed, graciously ;
Enough for guidance and for victory
O'er doubts and fears, enough for quiet rest ;
And when some veiled response I could not read,
It was not hid from Him,—this was enough indeed.

His wisdom and His glories passed before
My wondering eyes in gradual revelation ;
The House that He had built, its strong foundation,
Its living stones ; and, brightening more and more,
Fair glimpses of that palace far away,
Where all His loyal ones shall dwell with Him for aye.

True the report that reached my far-off land
Of all His wisdom and transcendent fame ;
Yet I believèd not until I came,—
Bowed to the dust till raised by royal hand.
The half was never told by mortal word ;
My King exceeded all the fame that I had heard !

Oh, happy are His servants ! happy they
Who stand continually before His face,
Ready to do His will of wisest grace !
My King ! is mine such blessedness to-day ?
For I too hear thy wisdom, line by line,
Thy ever-brightening words in holy radiance shine.

Oh, blessèd be the Lord thy God, who set
Our King upon His throne ! Divine delight
In the Belovèd crowning Thee with might,
Honor, and majesty supreme ; and yet
The strange and God-like secret opening thus,—
The kingship of His Christ ordained through love to us !

What shall I render to my glorious King ?
I have but that which I receive from Thee ;
And what I give, Thou givest back to me,
Transmuted by Thy touch ; each worthless thing

Changed to the preciousness of gem or gold,
And by Thy blessing multiplied a thousand-fold.

All my desire Thou grantest, whatsoe'er
I ask ! Was ever mythic tale or dream
So bold as this reality, this stream
Of boundless blessings flowing full and free ?
Yet more than I have thought or asked of Thee,
Out of Thy royal bounty still Thou givest me.

Now I will turn to mine own land, and tell
What I myself have seen and heard of Thee,
And give Thine own sweet message, "Come and
see !"

And yet in heart and mind forever dwell
With Thee, my King of Peace, in loyal rest,
Within the fair pavilion of Thy presence blest.*

REALITY.

"FATHER, WE KNOW THE REALITY OF JESUS CHRIST."—*Words used by a workman in prayer, October 14th, 1875.*

REALITY, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !
From the spectral mists and driving clouds ;
From the shifting shadows and phantom crowds ;

* "Surely in what place my Lord the King shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."—2 *Sam.* xv. 21.

"Where I am, there shall also my servant be,"—*John* xii. 26.

From unreal words and unreal lives,
Where truth with falsehood feebly strives ;
From the passings away, the chance and change,
Flickerings, vanishings, swift and strange,
I turn to my glorious rest on Thee,
Who art the grand Reality.

Reality in greatest need,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art indeed !
Is the pilot real, who alone can guide
The drifting ship through the midnight tide ?
Is the lifeboat real as it nears the wreck,
And the saved ones leap from the parting deck ?
Is the haven real where the bark may flee
From the autumn gales of the wild North Sea ?
Reality indeed art Thou,
My Pilot, Lifeboat. Haven now.

Reality, reality,
In brightest days art Thou to me !
Thou art the sunshine of my mirth,
Thou art the heaven above my earth,
The spring of the love of all my heart,
And the Fountain of my song Thou art ;
For dearer than the dearest now,
And better than the best, art Thou,
Belovèd Lord, in whom I see
Joy-giving, glad Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus, Thou hast been to me.
When I thought the dream of life was past,
And "the Master's home-call" come at last ;

When I thought I only had to wait
A little while at the Golden Gate,—
Only another day or two,
Till Thou Thyself shouldst bear me through,—
How real Thy presence was to me !
How precious Thy Reality !

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !
Thy name is sweeter than songs of old,
Thy words are better than “most fine gold.”
Thy deeds are greater than hero-glory,
Thy life is grander than poet-story ;
But Thou, Thyself, for aye the same,
Art more than words and life and name !
Thyself Thou hast revealed to me
In glorious Reality.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, is crowned in Thee.
In Thee is every type fulfilled,
In Thee is every yearning stilled
For perfect beauty, truth, and love ;
For Thou art always far above
The grandest glimpse of our ideal ;
Yet more and more we know Thee real,
And marvel more and more to see
Thine infinite Reality.

Reality, reality
Of grace and glory dwells in Thee.
How real Thy mercy and Thy might !
How real Thy love, how real Thy light !

How real Thy truth and faithfulness !
How real Thy blessing when 'Thou dost bless !
How real Thy coming to dwell within !
How real the triumphs Thou dost win !
Does not the loving and glowing heart
Leap up to own how real Thou art ?

Reality, reality !
Such let our adoration be !
Father, we bless Thee with heart and voice,
For the wondrous grace of Thy sovereign choice,
That patiently, gently, sought us out
In the far-off land of death and doubt,
That drew us to Christ by the Spirit's might,
That opened our eyes to see the light
That arose in strange reality,
From the darkness falling on Calvary.

Reality, reality,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me !
My glorious King, my Lord, my God,
Life is too short for half the laud,
For half the debt of praise I owe
For this blest knowledge, that "I know
The reality of Jesus Christ,"—
Unmeasured blessing, gift unpriced !
Will I not praise Thee when I see
In the long noon of eternity,
Unveiled, Thy "bright Reality" ?

FAR MORE EXCEEDING.

2 Cor. iv. 17.

“FROM glory unto glory !” Thank God, that even
here

The starry words are shining out, our heavenward way
to cheer !

That e'en among the shadows the conquering brightness
glows,

As ever from the nearing Light intenser radiance flows.

“From glory unto glory !” Shall the grand progression
fail

When the darkling glass is shattered as we pass within
the veil ?

Shall the joyous song of “Onward !” at once forever
cease,

And the swelling music culminate in monotone of peace ?

Shall the fuller life be sundered, at the portal of its bliss,
From the principle of growth entwined with every nerve
of this ?

Shall the holy law of progress be hopelessly repealed,
And the moment of releasing see our sum of glory sealed ?

The tender touch of moonlight, with an orbit quickly
run,

The luster of the planet, circling slowly round the sun,

The mighty revolutions of its million-heated blaze,

“From glory unto glory” lead our far-expanding gaze.

Then onward, ever onward, through the unexplored
abyss
(Dark barrier between the suns of other worlds and this),
Until the measure-unit mocks the grasp of human
thought,
And space and time commingle while the clue is feebly
sought.

Till, in that wider ocean, deep calleth unto deep,
Star gleries with attendant worlds, forth-flashing as they
sweep
Around their unseen center, that point of mystic power,
In unimagined cycles, where an age is but an hour.

Then onward ! and yet onward ! for the dim revealings
show
That systems unto systems in grand succession grow,
That what we deemed a volume but one golden verse
may be,
One rhythmic cadence in the flow of God's great poetry.

That what we deemed a symphony was one all-thrilling
bar,
Through aisles of His great temple resounding full and
far ;
That what we deemed an ocean was a shallow by the
shore !
Then onward yet, in eagle flight, through the Infinite
we soar

“From glory unto glory,” till the Spirit fails ; and then
Illimitable vistas still opening to our ken,
Mysterious immensities of order and of light
Stretch far beyond our farthest thought, as thought be-
yond our sight.

But the starting-point in heaven shall be no “glory of
the moon,”
No planet gleam, no stellar fire, no blaze of tropic noon ;
From “glory that excelleth” all that human heart hath
known,
Our “onward, upward,” shall begin in the presence of
the Throne.

“From glory unto glory” of loveliness and light,
Of music and of rapture, of power and of sight,
“From glory unto glory” of knowledge and of love,
Shall be the joy of progress awaiting us above.

“From glory unto glory” that ever lies before,
Still wondering, adoring, rejoicing more and more,
Still following where He leadeth, from shining field to
field,
Himself the goal of glory, Revealer and Revealed !

“From glory unto glory” with no limit and no veil.
With wings that cannot weary and hearts that cannot
fail ;
Within, without, no hindrance, no barrier as we soar ;
And never interruption to the endless “more and more.”

For infinite outpourings of Jehovah's love and grace,
And infinite unveilings of the brightness of His face,
And infinite unfoldings of the splendor of His will,
Meet the mightiest expansions of the finite spirit still.

O Saviour, hast Thou ransomed us from death's unknown
abyss,
And purchased with Thy precious blood such everlasting
bliss ?
Art Thou indeed preparing us, with love exceeding great,
And preparing all this glory in such "far exceeding
weight" ?

Then let our hearts be surely fixed where truest joys are
found,
And let our burning, loving praise yet more and more
abound ;
And, gazing on the "things not seen," eternal in the
skies,
"From glory unto glory," O Saviour, let us rise !



"THE SPLENDOR OF GOD'S WILL."

IN the freshness of the springtime,
In the beauty of the May,
When the swift-winged breezes caroled,
And the lambs were all at play,
And the birds were blithe and busy,
Upon her couch she lay,

Like a lily bruised and drooping,
 Before its early flower
 Had fully opened to the sun,
 Or reached a noontide hour ;
 Broken and yet more fragrant
 For the heavy-beating shower.

It was not the first springtime
 Passed without one glad sight
 Of a starry primrose growing,
 Or a brooklet swift and bright,
 And without one bounding footstep
 On a field with daisies white.

It was not the first springtime ;
 And it might not be the last
 In weariness and suffering
 Thus to be slowly passed ;
 For when the young feet cannot move,
 Months do not travel fast.

And yet she saw what others
 Have never sought or seen,
 A splendor more than spring-light
 On fair trees waving green,
 And more than summer sunshine
 On Ocean’s silver sheen.

Her pencil, tracing feebly
 Words that shall echo still,

Perchance some unknown mission
May joyously fulfill :—
“I think I just begin to see
The *splendor* of God’s will !”

O words of golden music
Caught from the harps on high,
Which find a glorious anthem
Where we have found a sigh,
And peal their grandest praises
Just where ours faint and die !

O words of holy radiance
Shining on every tear,
Till it becomes a rainbow,
Reflecting, bright and clear,
Our Father’s love and glory
So wonderful, so dear !

O words of sparkling power,
Of insight full and deep !
Shall they not enter other hearts
In a grand and gladsome sweep,
And lift the lives to songs of joy
That only droop and weep ?

For her, God’s will was suffering,
Just waiting, lying still ;
Days passing on in weariness,
In shadows deep and chill ;
And yet she had begun to see
The *splendor* of God’s will !

And oh, it is a splendor,
 A glow of majesty,
 A mystery of beauty,
 If we will only see ;
 A very cloud of glory
 Enfolding you and me.

A splendor that is lighted
 At one transcendent flame,
 The wondrous Love, the perfect Love,
 Our Father’s sweetest name ;
 For His very Name, and Essence,
 And His will, are all the same.

A splendor that is shining
 Upon His children’s way,
 That guides the willing footsteps
 That do not want to stray,
 And leads them ever onward
 Unto the perfect day.

A splendor that illumines
 The abysses of the Past,
 And marvels of the Future,
 Sublime and bright and vast ;
 While o’er our tiny Present
 A flood of light is cast.

No twilight falls upon it,
 No shadow dims its ray,
 No darkness overcomes it,
 No night can end its day ;

It hath unending triumph
And everlasting sway.

Blest will of God ! most glorious,
The very fount of grace,
Whence all the goodness floweth
That heart can ever trace—
Temple whose pinnacles are love,
And faithfulness its base.

Blest will of God ! whose splendor
Is dawning on the world,
On hearts in which Christ's banner
Is manfully unfurled,
On hearts of childlike meekness,
With dew of youth impearled.

O Spirit of Jehovah,
Reveal this glory still !
That many an empty chalice
Sweet thanks and praise may fill,
When, like this "little one," they see
"The splendor of God's will ;"

That faith may win the vision
That hers hath early won,
And gaze upon the splendor,
And own the cloudless sun,
And join the seraph song of love,
And sing "Thy will be done."

THE TWO PATHS.

VIA DOLOROSA AND VIA GIOIOSA.

[Suggested by a Picture.]

MY Master, they have wronged Thee and Thy love !
They only told me I should find the path
A Via Dolorosa all the way !
Even Thy sweetest singers only sang
Of pressing onward through the same sharp thorns,
With bleeding footsteps, through the chill dark mist,
Following and struggling till they reach the light,
The rest, the sunshine of the far beyond.
The anthems of the pilgrimage were set
In most pathetic minors, exquisite,
Yet breathing sadness more than any praise ;
Thy minstrels let the fitful breezes make
Æolian moans on their entrusted harps,
Until the listeners thought that this was all
The music Thou hadst given. And so the steps
That halted where the two ways met and crossed,
The broad and narrow, turned aside in fear,
Thinking the radiance of their youth must pass
In sombre shadows if they followed Thee ;
Hearing afar such echoes of one strain,
The cross, the tribulation, and the toil,
The conflict and the clinging in the dark.
What wonder that the dancing feet are stayed
From entering the only path of peace !
Master, forgive them ! Tune their harps anew,

And put a new song in their mouths for Thee,
And make Thy chosen people joyful in Thy love.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast trodden once for all
The Via Dolorosa,—and for us !
No artist power or minstrel gift may tell
The cost to Thee of each unfaltering step,
When love that passeth knowledge led Thee on,
Faithful and true to God, and true to us.

And now, beloved Lord, Thou callest us
To follow Thee, and we will take Thy word
About the path which Thou hast marked for us,
Narrow indeed it is ! Who does not choose
The narrow track upon the mountain side,
With ever-widening view, and freshening air,
And honeyed heather, rather than the road,
With smoothest breadth of dust and loss of view,
Soiled blossoms not worth gathering, and the noise
Of wheels instead of silence of the hills,
Or music of the waterfalls ? Oh, why
Should they misrepresent Thy words and make
"Narrow" synonymous with "very hard" ?

For Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said
Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace ; and that the path of him
Who wears thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light that shineth more and more

Unto the perfect day. And Thou hast given
An olden promise rarely quoted now,*
Because it is too bright for our weak faith :
“ If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend
Days in prosperity, and they shall spend
Their years in pleasures.” All because thy days
Were full of sorrow, and Thy lonely years
Were passed in grief’s acquaintance—all for us !

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed !
And I would send a ringing challenge forth
To all who know Thy name to tell it out,
Thy faithfulness to every written word,
Thy loving-kindness crowning all the days :
To say and sing with me : “ The Lord is good,
His mercy is forever, and His truth
Is written on each page of all my life ! ”
Yes ! there *is* tribulation, but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing. There *are* thorns,
But they have kept us in the narrow way,
The King’s highway of holiness and peace.
And there *is* chastening, but the Father’s love
Flows through it ; and would any trusting heart
Forego the chastening and forego the love ?
And every step leads on to “ more and more ; ”
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here ! 1878.

* Job xxvi. 11.

PRECIOUS THINGS.

I.

O WHAT shining revelation of His treasures God hath given !
Precious things of grace and glory, precious things of earth and heaven.
Holy Spirit, now unlock them with Thy mighty golden key,
Royal jewels of the kingdom let us now adoring see !

II.

"Unto you therefore which believe, He is precious."—1 *Pet.* ii. 7.

Christ is precious, oh, most precious, gift by God the Father sealed ;
Pearl of greatest price and treasure, hidden, yet to us revealed ;
His own people's crown of glory, and resplendent diadem ;
More than thousand worlds, and dearer than all life and love to them.

III.

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner stone, elect, precious."—1 *Pet.* ii. 6.

Marvellous and very precious is the Corner Stone Elect :
Though rejected by the builders, chosen by the Architect.
All-supporting, all-uniting, and all-crowning, tried and sure ;
True Foundation, yet true Headstone of His temple bright and pure.

IV.

“Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”—1 *Pet.* i. 18, 19.

Now, in reverent awe and wonder, touch the theme of
deepest laud,
Precious blood of Christ that bought us and hath made
us nigh to God !
His own blood, O love unfathomed ! shed for those who
loved Him not :
Mighty fountain always open, cleansing us from every
spot.

V.

“How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God ! how great is the sum of them !”—*Psa.* cxxxix. 17.

Oh, how wonderful and precious are Thy thoughts to us,
O God !
Outlined in creation, blazoned on redemption's banner
broad ;
Infinite and deep and dazzling as the noontide heavens
above ;
Yet more wonderful to usward are Thy thoughts of peace
and love.

VI.

“Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature.”—2 *Pet.* i. 4.

Then, exceeding great and precious are Thy promises
Divine ;
Given by Christ, and by the Spirit sealed with sweetest
“All are thine !”

Precious in their peace and power, in their sure and
changeless might ;
Strengthening, comforting, transforming ; suns by day
and stars by night.

VII.

“To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.”—2 *Pet.* i. 1.

Precious faith our God hath given ; rich in faith is rich
indeed !
Fire-tried gold from His own treasury, fully meeting
every need :
Channel of His grace abounding ; bringing peace and joy
and light ;
Purifying, overcoming ; linking weakness with His
might.

VIII.

“The precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments.”—*Ps.* cxxxiii. 2.

Precious ointment, very costly, of chief odors pure and
sweet,
Holy gift for royal priesthood, thus for temple-service
meet ;
Such the Spirit’s precious unction, oil of gladness freely
shed,
Sanctifying and abiding on the consecrated head.

IX.

"How excellent (*marg.* precious) is Thy loving-kindness, O God ! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."—*Psa.* xxxvi. 7 ; *Isa.* liv. 8, 10.

Who shall paint the flash of splendor from the open
casket bright,
When His precious loving-kindness beams upon the
quicken'd sight !
Priceless jewels ever gleaming with imperishable ray,
God will never take it from us, though the mountains
pass away.

X.

"It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls : for the price of wisdom is above rubies."—*Job* xxviii. 16, 18.

Far more precious than the ruby, or the crystal's rainbow
light,
Valued not with precious onyx or with pearl and sap-
phire bright,
Freely given to all who ask it, is the wisdom from above,
Pure and peaceable and gentle, full of fruits of life and
love.

XI.

"Blessed of the Lord be his land for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath, and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth."—*Deut.* xxxiii. 13, 16.

Nor withhold we glad thanksgiving for His mercies ever
new,
Precious things of earth and heaven, sun and rain and
quicken'g dew,

Precious fruits and varied crowning of the year His goodness fills,
Chief things of the ancient mountains, precious things of lasting hills.

XII.

“If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth.”—*Jer.* xv. 19.

Such His gifts : but mark we duly our responsibility
Unto Him whose name is Holy, infinite in purity ;
Sin and self no longer serving, take the precious from the vile,
So His power shall rest upon thee, thou shalt dwell beneath His smile.

XIII.

“The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold.”—*Lam.* iv. 2.

Sons of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly Father's sight,
Ye are His peculiar treasure, ye His jewels of delight ;
Sought and chosen, cleansed and polished, purchased with transcendent cost,
Kept in His own royal casket, never, never to be lost.

XIV.

“That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”—1 *Pet.* i. 7.

Precious, more than gold that wasteth, is the trial of your faith,
Fires of anguish or temptation cannot dim it, cannot scathe !

Your Refiner sitteth watching till His image shineth
clear,
For His glory, praise and honor, when the Saviour shall
appear.

XV.

“Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.”—*Ps.* cxvi. 15.

Precious, precious to Jehovah is His children’s holy
sleep ;
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold
and deep :
Everlasting love enfolds them softly, sweetly to His
breast,
Everlasting love receives them to His glory and His rest.

XVI.

“He showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of
heaven from God, having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone
most precious ; even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.”—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11.

Pause not here,—the Holy City, glorious in God’s light,
behold !
Like unto a stone most precious, clear as crystal, pure as
gold :
Strong foundations fair with sapphires, sardius, and chry-
solite,
Blent with amethyst and jacinth, emerald and topaz
bright.

XVII.

“A city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.”—*Heb.*
xi. 10.

Glorious dwelling of the holy, where no grief or gloom
of sin

Through the pure and pearly portals evermore shall enter
in :

Christ its light and God its temple, Christ its song of
endless laud !

Oh, what precious consummation of the precious things
of God !





MISCELLANEOUS.

TINY TOKENS.

THE murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray,
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dipping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows,
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall :—

Too subtle are these harmonies
For pen and rule ;
Such music is not understood
By any school :
But when the brain is overwrought,
It hath a spell,
Beyond all human skill and power,
To make it well.

The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly,
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer,
The hush that means " I cannot speak.
But I have heard ! "
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own word :—
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry ;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy ;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well !

THE TURNED LESSON.

“**I** THOUGHT I knew it !” she said,
“I thought I had learnt it quite !”
But the gentle Teacher shook her head,
With a grave yet loving light
In the eyes that fell on the upturned face,
As she gave the book
With the mark still set in the self-same place.
“I thought I knew it !” she said ;
And a heavy tear fell down,
As she turned away with bending head,
Yet not for reproof or frown,
Not for the lesson to learn again,
Or the play hour lost ;—
It was something else that gave the pain.
She could not have put it in words,
But her Teacher understood,
As God understands the chirp of the birds
In the depth of an autumn wood.
And a quiet touch on the reddening cheek
Was quite enough ;
No need to question, no need to speak.
Then the gentle voice was heard,
“Now I will try you again !”
And the lesson was mastered,—every word !
Was it not worth the pain ?
Was it not kinder the task to turn,
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart"?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again,
With the mark still set in the self-same place.

Only, stay by His side
Till the page is really known ;
It may be we failed because we tried
To learn it all alone.
And now that He would not let us lose
One lesson of love
(For He knows the loss),—can we refuse ?

But oh ! how could we dream
That we knew it all so well !
Reading so fluently, as we deem,
What we could not even spell !
And oh ! how could we grieve once more
That Patient One
Who has turned so many a task before !

That waiting One, who now
Is letting us try again ;
Watching us with the patient brow
That bore the wreath of pain ;
Thoroughly teaching what He would teach,
Line upon line.
Thoroughly doing His work in each.

Then let our hearts "be still,"
Though our task is turned to-day ;
Oh, let Him teach us what He will,
In His own gracious way.
Till, sitting only at Jesu's feet,
As we learn each line,
The hardest is found all clear and sweet !
March 28th, 1876.

APRIL.

O THE wealth of pearly blossom, O the woodland's
emerald gleam !
O the welcome, welcome sunshine on the diamond-spark-
ling stream !
O the carol from the hawthorn and the trill from daz-
zling blue !
O the glory of the springtime, making all things bright
and new !
O the rosy eve's surrender
To the Easter moonlight tender !
O the early morning splendor,
Fresh and fragrant, cool and clear,
In the rising of the year !
O the gladness of the children after all the dismal days,
In the freedom and the beauty and the heart-rejoicing
rays !
Do we chill the gleeful spirit, check the pulses bounding
fast,
By the mournful doubt suggested : "Ah, but, darling,
will it last ?"

Though we know there may be tempests, and we know
there will be showers,
Yet we know they only hasten summer's richer crown of
flowers.

Blossom leads to golden fruitage, bursting bud to foliage
soon ;

April's pleasant gleam shall strengthen to the glorious
glow of June.

April leads to joyous May-time,
With its ever-lengthening daytime ;

This again to joyous haytime,
When the harvest-home is near

In the zenith of the year.

So we only tell the children of the summer days in store,
Of the treasures and the beauties that shall open more
and more.

So the silver carol rises, for the winter time is past !

When the summer days are coming, need we ask if spring
shall last ?

O the gladness of the spirit, when the true and only Light
Pours in radiant resplendence, making all things new
and bright !

When the love of Jesus shineth in its overcoming power,
When the secret sweet communion hallows every passing
hour.

O the calm and happy resting,
Free from every fear molesting !

O the Christ-victorious breasting
Of the tempter's varied art,
In the springtime of the heart !

O the freedom and the fervor after all the faithless days !
O the ever-new thanksgiving and the ever-flowing praise !
Shall we tempt the gaze from Jesus, and a doubting
shadow cast,
Satan's own dark word suggesting by the whisper "*if* it
last " ?

Though we know there must be trials and there will be
tears below,
Yet we know His glorious purpose, and His promises we
know !
Only ask—"What saith the Master ?" and believe His
word alone,
That "from glory unto glory" He shall lead, shall
change His own.
Ever more and more bestowing
Love and joy in riper glowing,
Faith increasing, graces growing—
Such His promises to you !
He is faithful, He is true !
Each Amen becomes an anthem, for we know He will
fulfill
All the purpose of His goodness, all the splendor of His
will.
Only trust the living Saviour, only trust Him all the way.
And your springtide path shall brighten to the perfect
summer day !

February 9th, 1877.

OUR RED LETTER DAYS.

MY Alpine staff recalls each shining height,
Each pass of grandeur with rejoicing gained,
Carved with a lengthening record, self-explained,
Of mountain-memories sublime and bright.
No valley-life but hath some mountain days,
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-worn passes to glad prospects new,
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.
Grave on thy heart each past "red letter day!"
Forget not all the sunshine of the way
By which the Lord hath led thee; answered prayers,
And joys unasked; strange blessings, lifted cares,
Grand promise-echoes. Thus thy life shall be
One record of His love and faithfulness to thee.

MISCHIEF MAKING.

ONLY a tiny dropping
From a tiny hidden leak;
But the flow is never stopping,
And the flaw is far to seek.

Only some trickling water,
Nothing at all at first;
But it grows to a valley-slaughter,
For the reservoir has burst!

The wild flood once in motion,
Who shall arrest its course ?
As well restrain the ocean
As that ungoverned force !

Mourn for the desolations,
And help the ruined men !
Till next spring's fair creations
Make the valley smile again.

Help with a free, pure pity,
For your hands in this are clean ;
You dwelt in the far-off city,
With many a mile between.

You did not watch the flowing
Of the treacherous, trickling rill ;
You did not aid the growing
Of the tiny rifts in the hill.

What if you had ? I leave it ;
It is too dark a thought.
How could the heart conceive it ?
How came it all unsought ?

A look of great affliction,
As you tell what one told you,
With a feeble contradiction,
Or a "hope it is not true !"

A story quite too meager
For naming any more,
Only your friend seems eager
To know a little more.

No doubt of explanation,
If all was known, you see ;
One might get information
From Mrs. A or B.

Only some simple queries
Passed on from tongue to tongue,
Though the ever-growing series
Has out of nothing sprung.

Only a faint suggestion,
Only a doubtful hint,
Only a leading question
With a special tone or tint.

Only a low "I wonder !"
Nothing unfair at all ;
But the whisper grows to thunder,
And a seathing bolt may fall ;

And a good ship is dismasted,
And hearts are like to break.
And a Christian life is blasted,
For a scarcely-guessed mistake !

LEANING OVER THE WATERFALL.

[A young lady fell over the rocks at the Swallow Waterfall in the summer of 1873, and was lost to sight in a moment.]

LEANING over the waterfall !
Lured by the fairy sight,
Heeding not the warning call,
Watching the foam and the flow,
Smooth and dark, or swift and bright,
Here in the shade and there in the light !
Oh, who could know
The coming sorrow, the nearing woe ?

Leaning over the waterfall !
Only a day before
She had spoken of Jesu's wondrous call,
As He trod the waves of Galilee.
They asked, as she gazed from the sunset shore,
"If He walked that water, what would you do ?"
Then fell the answer glad and true,
"If He beckoned me,
I would go to Him on the pathless sea."

Leaning over the waterfall
Only a moment before !
And then the slip, the helpless call,
The plunge unheard in the pauseless roar
By the startled watchers on the shore ;
And the feet that stood by the waterfall
So fair and free,
Are standing with Christ by the crystal sea.

Leaning over the waterfall !

Have you not often leant
(What should hinder or what appal ?)
Freely, fearlessly, over the brink,
Merrily glancing adown the stream,
Or gazing rapt in a musical dream
At the lovely waters ? But pause and think—
Who kept your feet,
And suffered you not such death to meet ?

Leaning over the waterfall !

What if your feet had slipped ?
Never a moment of power to call,
Never a hand in time to save
From the terrible rush of the ruthless wave !
Hearken ! would it be ill or well
If thus *you* fell ?
Hearken ! would it be heaven or hell ?

Leaning over the waterfall !

Listen, and learn and lean !
Listen to Him whose loving call
Soundeth deep in your heart to-day !
Learn of Jesus, the only way,
How to be holy, how to be blest !
Lean on His breast,
And yours shall be safety and joy and rest.



THE AWAKENING.

SO it has come to you, dear,
Come so soon !

Come in the sunshine early,
Come in the morning pearly,
Not in the blaze of noon.

Yes, it has come to you, dear,
Strange and sweet ;
Come ere the merry May-time
Melts to the glowing hay-time,
Hushed in the sultry heat.

Come—with mysterious shadow,
Weird and new—
Come with a magic luster
Hung on the shining cluster
Ripening fast for you.

Come ! and the exquisite minor,
Rich and deep,
Swells with Æolian blending
Chords of the spirit, ending
Boyhood's enchanted sleep.

Sleep that is past forever !
Is it gain ?
What does the waking seem like ?
Love that is only dream-like
Sings not a truthful strain.

Hearts that have roused and listened
Never more
(Though they may miss the crossed tones,
Though they may mourn the lost tones)
Sleep as they slept before.

Come ! and the great transition
Now is past !
Never again the boy-life,
Only the pain—and joy-life,—
More of the first than last.

Come ! and they do not guess it,
Why such a change !
Why should the mirth and riot
Tone into manly quiet !
Is it not passing strange ?

Come ! 'Tis a night of wonder
At this call.
Characters cabalistic,
Writings all dim and mystic
Tremble upon the wall.

Come ! am I glad or sorry ?
Wait and see !
Wait for God's silent molding,
Wait for His full unfolding,
Wait for the days to be.



*“VESSELS OF MERCY, PREPARED UNTO
GLORY.”*

ROM. ix. 23.

VESSELS of mercy, prepared unto glory !
This is your calling and this is your joy !
This, for the new year unfolding before ye,
Tells out the terms of your blessèd employ.

Vessels, it may be, all empty and broken,
Marred in the Hand of inscrutable skill
(Love can accept the mysterious token) ;
Marred but to make them more beautiful still.

Vessels, it may be, not costly or golden ;
Vessels, it may be, of quantity small,
Yet by the Nail in the Sure Place upholden,
Never to shiver and never to fall.

Vessels to honor, made sacred and holy,
Meet for the use of the Master we love,
Ready for service all simple and lowly,
Ready, one day, for the temple above.

Yes, though the vessels be fragile and earthen,
God hath commanded His glory to shine ;
Treasure resplendent henceforth is our burthen,
Excellent power, not ours but Divine.

Chosen in Christ ere the dawn of Creation,
Chosen for Him to be filled with His grace,
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation
Into each thirsty and desolate place.

Take all Thy vessels, O glorious Finer,
Purge all the dross, that each chalice may be
Pure in Thy pattern, completer, diviner,
Filled with Thy glory and shining for Thee.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITHOUT HIM?

I COULD not do without Him !
Jesus is more to me
Than all the richest, fairest gifts
Of earth could ever be.
But the more I find Him precious,
And the more I find Him true,
The more I long for you to find
What He can be to you.

You need not do without Him,
For He is passing by,
He is waiting to be gracious,
Only waiting for your cry :
He is waiting to receive you—
To make you all His own !
Why will you do without Him,
And wander on alone ?

Why will you do without Him ?
Is He not kind indeed ?
Did He not die to save you ?
Is He not all you need ?
Do you not want a Saviour ?
Do you not want a Friend ?
One who will love you faithfully,
And love you to the end ?

Why will you do without Him ?
The Word of God is true !
The world is passing to its doom—
And you are passing too.

It may be no to-morrow
Shall dawn on you or me ;
Why will you run the awful risk
Of all eternity ?

What will you do without Him,
In the long and dreary day
Of trouble and perplexity,
When you do not know the way,
And no one else can help you,
And no one guides you right,
And hope comes not with morning,
And rest comes not with night ?

You could not do without Him,
If once He made you see
The fetters that enchain you,
Till He hath set you free.
If once you saw the fearful load
Of sin upon your soul ;
The hidden plague that ends in death,
Unless He makes you whole !

What will you do without Him,
When death is drawing near,
Without His love—the only love
That casts out every fear ;
When the shadow-valley opens,
Unlighted and unknown,
And the terrors of its darkness
Must all be passed alone ?

What will you do without Him,
When the great white throne is set,
And the Judge who never can mistake,
And never can forget,—
The Judge whom you have never here
As Friend and Saviour sought,—
Shall summon you to give account
Of deed and word and thought?

What will you do without Him,
When He hath shut the door,
And you are left outside, because
You would not come before?
When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait;
For the word of doom tolls through your heart,
That terrible “Too late!”

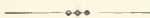
You cannot do without Him!
There is no other name
By which you ever *can* be saved,
No way, no hope, no claim!
Without Him—everlasting loss
Of love, and life, and light!
Without Him—everlasting woe,
And everlasting night.

But with Him—oh! *with Jesus!*
Are any words so blest?
With Jesus, everlasting joy
And everlasting rest!

With Jesus—all the empty heart
Filled with His perfect love ;
With Jesus—perfect peace below,
And perfect bliss above.

Why should you do without Him ?
It is not yet too late ;
He has not closed the day of grace,
He has not shut the gate.
He calls you ! Hush ! He calls you !
He would not have you go
Another step without Him,
Because He loves you so.

Why will you do without Him ?
He calls and calls again—
“Come unto Me ! Come unto Me !”
Oh, shall He call in vain ?
He wants to have you with Him ;
Do you not want Him too ?
You cannot do without Him,
And He wants—even you.



A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

[Written in severe pain, Sunday afternoon, October 8th, 1876, at the Pension Wengen, Alps.]

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest,
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thou art watching closely
My truest need ;

That Thou, my Good Physician,
Art watching still ;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfill.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
What Thou dost choose
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.

It is not for the first time
I trust to-day ;
For Thee my heart has never
A trustless "Nay !"

I take this pain, Lord Jesus ;
But what beside ?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.

In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift ;
And true though tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow,
Thou art so near !

'Tis thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore.
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.

And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me !

CHURCH MISSIONARY JUBILEE HYMN.

“He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied.” – *Isa.* liii, 11.

REJOICE with Jesus Christ to-day,
All ye who love His holy sway !
The travail of His soul is past,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Rejoice with Him, rejoice indeed !
For He shall see His chosen seed.
But ours the trust, the grand employ,
To work out this divinest joy.

Of all His own He loseth none,
They shall be gathered one by one ;
He gathereth the smallest grain.
His travail shall not be in vain.

Arise and work ! arise and pray
That He would haste the dawning day ;
And let the silver trumpet sound
Wherever Satan's slaves are found.

The vanquished foe shall soon be stilled,
The conquering Saviour's joy fulfilled,
Fulfilled in us, fulfilled in them,
His crown, His royal diadem.

Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see
The Saviour's mighty Jubilee !
His harvest joy is filling fast,
He shall be satisfied at last.

Good Friday, 1877.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

NEW mercies, new blessings, new light on thy way ;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for
each day ;

New notes of thanksgiving. new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night ;
New wine in thy chalice, new altars to raise ;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise ;

New gifts from His treasures, new smiles from His face ;
New streams from the Fountain of infinite grace ;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love ;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above ;
New light of His countenance full and unpriced ;
All this be the joy of thy new life in Christ !

THE MESSAGE OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

“GOOD-BYE, my mother !”

The brown-haired boy, with merry reverence,
Turned from the window where she leant, to meet
His holiday companions, blithely bound
With bat and ball for healthy English sport.
She watched his lithesome form, so slight yet strong,
Till, passing from the gate, he waved his cap
And vanished. Then she sighed.

Beside her sat
A friend of years. A different portrait each
Who knew her would have drawn, for different traits
Shone out in turns as sympathetic gleams
Fell on them or flashed out. And few could tell
The color of her eyes, or gray or brown,
Because the hue was lost in light or shade ;
Nor if her mouth were large or small, because
The play of thought made visible was there,
Like shifting rainbows on white foam. Her hair
Was dark, and she was rather tall : and this
Was all in which most people would agree.

Not always sigh for sigh or smile for smile
She gave ; for now and then fine tact of heart
Suggests an opposite as best response,
Completing by contrasting. like a scarlet flower
With soft green leaves. So with her rippling voice,
Like waters that now murmur low, now leap
In spray-like laughter, Beatrice replied
To Eleanor's low sigh :

“ When he comes home,
How full of cricket stories he will be !
'Tis most amusing when he gives accounts,
Sparkling with boyish wit, yet earnestly,
As if an empire hung upon the match :
Only one needs a glossary of terms !
How well he knows the interest with which
You hear ! I mark, he intersperses all
With rough pet names, shy veils of tenderness
For his dear mother. Eleanor, I think
Your Hubert has not merely head and hand,
As all his comrades know, but true heart too,
As you alone know fully. Well for him
That he has such a heart to meet his own,
And well for you ; for 'tis a blessèd gift,
Not shared by all alike—the power to love :
And not less blessèd for proportioned pain,
Its fiery seal, its royal crown of thorns.”

“ So seems it, Beatrice, to you who find
No lurking danger in its concentration,
Because you have so many near and dear.
Not so to me. I tremble when I think
How much I love him ; but I turn away

From thinking of it, just to love him more ;—
Indeed, I fear too much.”

“Dear Eleanor,
Do you love him as much as Christ loves us ?
Let your lips answer me.”

“Why ask me, dear ?
Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.”

“Then, till you reach the standard of that love,
Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice
Distress you with ‘too much.’ For HE hath said—
How much — and who shall dare to change His
measure ?—

‘*That ye should love AS I have lovèd you.*’
Oh, sweet command, that goes so far beyond
The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart !
A bare permission had been much : but He
Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,
Chose graciously to *bid* us do the thing
That makes our earthly happiness, and set
A limit that we need not fear to pass,
Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth, and length,
And depth, and height of love that passeth knowledge !
Yet Jesus said ‘AS I have lovèd you.’”

“O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine
That this should bring ; but there are other words
Which fall in chill eclipse. ‘Tis written, ‘Keep
Yourselves from idols.’ How shall I obey ?”

“Dear, not by loving less, but loving more.
It is not that we love our precious ones
Too much, but God too little. As the lamp
A miner bears upon his shadowed brow,

Is only dazzling in the grimy dark,
And has no glare against the summer sky,
So, set the tiny torch of our best love
In the great sunshine of the Love of God,
And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade
And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light."

She watched, in hope to see the pale lips curve
More peacefully in answer to her words.
But Eleanor's quick spirit bridged too soon
The gap between one ridge of anxious thought
And that beyond, to see the glen between,
Where pastures green and waters still were spread.
So, answering not her friend's thought but her own,
She said, "'Tis but half true that love is power ;
'Tis sometimes weakness."

"Nay ! You have not found
It thus at all. See how the bold bright boy,
Willful and wayward else, will follow prompt
The magnet of your wish, with sudden swerve
From his own bent or fancy."

"That is true,
And oh, so sweet to me ! But by the power
I gauge the weakness. Beatrice, your heart
Has ached with longing for some stranger soul
That it might flee from danger to the one,
The Only Refuge ; you have felt keen pain
In calling those who will not come to Him
Who waits to give them life ; but I, *I* strive
For one far more than all the world to me,—
My boy, my only one, and fatherless,
Just entering the labyrinth of life

Without its only clue, with nothing but
My feeble hand to shield from powers of ill.
“ His mind is opening fast, and I have tried
To show the excellency of the knowledge
Of Jesus Christ our Lord ! he listens well,
To please his mother, whom he would not grieve ;
But never pulse of interest I feel,
And echoless the name of Jesus falls,
While classic heroes stir him with delight.
My boy, my only one ! I taught him words,
When years ago his tiny feet peeped out
From the white nightgown in the nursery hush ;
And folding firm the busy little hands,
He lisped ‘ Our Father.’ But *words* are not *prayer*.
I put the lamp of life in his small hand,
Filling his memory with shining truths
And starry promises. He learnt them all
For love of me, just as he would have learnt
Some uncount string of barbarous names,
Had I so wished : no more. They are no light
To him, no strength, no joy. O Beatrice,
’Tis this that presses on my weary heart,
And makes it more than widowed. For I know
That he who is not lost, but gone before,
Is only waiting till I come ; for death
Has only parted us a little while,
And has not severed e’en the finest strand
In the eternal cable of our love :
The very strain has twined it closer still,
And added strength. The music of his life
Is nowise stilled, but blended so with songs

Around the throne of God, that our poor ears
No longer hear it. Hubert's life is mute
As yet ; and what if all my tuning fail ! ”

And Eleanor looked up among the clouds
With weary, wistful eyes, while Beatrice
Sent a far-passing glance beyond them all,
Beyond the sunshine too.

A sudden smile
Rose from within and overflowed her lips
And made them beautiful. Poor Eleanor
Deemed it the herald of some happy thought,
Some message, it might be, from God to her,
Wrapped in the simple words of friend to friend.
We do not always know it when we have
The privilege to be God's messengers,
Nor who shall be His messengers to us.
Unconsciously a pale responsive smile
Gleamed out to welcome it, and hardly waned
As unexpected change of subject came.

“ I did not tell you, did I, of my gift,
My beautiful Æolian harp ? ”

“ Oh, no !

I was too full of mine, my boy, and you
Too full of ready sympathy with me.”

“ Nay, do not say ‘ too full,’ that could not be,
Yours is so great a gift, so great a care !
I shall not tire of thinking with you thus,
Until I do not love you, which means never.
But, as we turn from gazing on the sea
To lift admiringly a tiny shell,
So you shall turn from your great interest

To hear of my Æolian treasure now.
Say, have you ever seen one ?”

“Never, dear ;

But visible, and almost audible,
Your words shall make it.”

“There’s not much to see :

Two plain smooth boards, one thick, one very thin,
With seven tensioned strings upon the under,
Just covered by the upper, and a space
That you might lay a finger in between.
Yet one can almost reverence the thing
For very marvel at its spirit tones
And mysteries of music that we love
But cannot understand.”

“But tell me more,

Dear Beatrice : what is its music like ?
Whence comes it ? and what does it say to you ?”

“’Tis easier to answer what and whence
Than your third question, for not twice
I hear the same soul-message from its strings.
But I will tell you of the first it brought ;
Your heart will follow mine, and trace the under-
thought.

I.

“A friend, a kind, dear friend,
Gave me this harp, that should be all my own,
That it might speak to me in twilight lone

When other sounds were fled ; that it might send
Sweet messages of calming, cheering might,
Sweet sudden thrills of strange and exquisite delight.

II.

“Upon the strings I laid my hand,
And all were tuned in unison ; one tone
Was yielded by the seven, one alone,
In quick obedience to my touch-command.
It could not be that this was all he meant
Of promised music, when my little harp was sent.

III.

“To win the tones I found the way
In his own letter, mine before the gift ;
‘ You cannot wake its music till you lift
The closed sash. Take up and gently lay
Your harp where it may meet the freshening air,
Then wait and listen.’ This I did, and left it there.

IV.

“I waited till the sun had set,
And twilight fell upon the autumn sea ;
I watched and saw the north wind touch a tree,
Dark outlined on the paling gold, and yet
My harp was mute. I cried, ‘ Awake, O north !
Come to my harp, and call its answering music forth.’

V.

“Like stars that tremble into light
Out of the purple dark, a low, sweet note
Just trembled out of silence, antidote
To any doubt ; for never finger might
Produce that note, so different, so new :
Melodious pledge that all he promised should come true.

VI.

“It seemed to die ; but who could say
Whether or when it passed the border-line
’Twixt sound and silence ? for no ear so fine
That it can trace the subtle shades away ;
Like prism-rays prolonged beyond our ken,
Like memories that fade, we know not how or when.

VII.

“Then strange vibrations rose and fell,
Like far sea-murmurs blending in a dream
With madrigals, whose fairy singers seem
Now near, now distant ; and a curfew bell,
Whose proper tone in one air-filling crowd
Of strong harmonics hides, as in a dazzling cloud.

VIII.

“Then delicately twining falls
Of silvery chords that quiver with sweet pain,
And melt in tremulous minors, mount again.
Brightening to fullest concords, calm recalls,
And measured pulsings, soft, and sweet, and slow,
Which emphasizing touch love’s quiet underglow.

IX.

“A silence. Then a solemn wail,
Swelling far up among the harmonies,
And shattering the crystal melodies
To fleeting fragments glisteningly pale,
Yet only to combine them all anew
By resolutions strange, yet always sweet and true.

X.

“Anon a thrill of all the strings ;
And then a flash of music, swift and bright,
Like the first throb of weird Auroral light.
Then crimson coruscations from the wings
Of the Pole-Spirit ; then ecstatic beat,
As if an angel-host went forth on shining feet.

XI.

“Soon passed the sounding starlit march,
And then one swelling note grew full and long,
While, like a far-off old cathedral song,
Through dreamy length of echoing aisle and arch,
Float softest harmonies around, above,
Like flowing chordal robes of blessing and of love.

XII.

“Thus, while the holy stars did shine
And listen, these Æolian marvels breathed ;
While love and peace and gratitude enwreathed
With rich delight in one fair crown were mine.
The wind that bloweth where it listeth brought
This glory of harp-music,—not my skill or thought.”

She ceased. Then Eleanor looked up,
And said. “O Beatrice, I too have tried
My finger-skill in vain. But opening now
My window, like wise Daniel, I will set
My little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the Spirit of our God.”

BABY'S TURN.

TINY feet so busy in a tiny patter out of sight,
Little hands escaping from protecting doily white,
One in lifted eagerness, and one that grasps the baby
chair,—
All impatience! Baby darling, must not sister have a
share?

Only just a moment, deary, coming, coming! don't be
vexed!
Only just a moment, darling, then we'll see whose turn is
next!
Ah, she knows as well as we do! Baby's turn is come at
last;
Now the little mouth may open; gently, gently, not too
fast!

Baby's turn! To-day 'tis only for the fruit so nice and
sweet,
But a far-away to-morrow hastens on with silent feet;
When the yesterdays of life are clearest in our dimming
gaze,
Baby's vision will be filled with brightly realized to-days.

Baby's turn for fair unfolding in the sunny girlhood time,
For the blossom and the breezes, for the carol and the
chime;
Baby's turn to wear the crown of womanhood upon her
brow,
Heavier but nobler than the fairy gold which glitters now.

Baby's turn to care for others, and to kiss away the tear,
For the joy of ministration to the suffering or the dear,
For the happiness of giving help and comfort, love and
 life,
Whether walking all alone, or as a blessed and blessing
 wife.

Baby's turn for this and more—if God should give her
 length of days,—
For the calmness of experience and the retrospect of
 praise,
For the silver trace of sorrows glistening in the sunset
 ray,
For the evening stillness falling on the turmoil of the
 day.

What though Baby's turn may come for bitter griefs and
 wearing fears !
Love shall lighten every trial,—love that prays and love
 that hears.
See ! she watches and she wonders till the reverie is o'er ;
Did she think she was forgotten ? Now 'tis baby's turn
 once more.

JULY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THERE is sultry gloom on the mountain brow
 And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free;
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
 Over the barren heath !

There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot ;
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love ;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool and the footsteps light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove.



*LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.**

“At evening time it shall be light.”—ZECH. xiv. 7.

DEAR Lord, Thy good and precious Book seems written all for me ;
Wherever I may open it, I find a word from Thee.
My eyes are dim, but this one verse is pillow for the night,
Thy promise that “At Evening Time it shall be” surely
“light.”

It was not always light with me ; for many a sinful year
I walked in darkness, far from Thee ; but Thou hast
brought me near,

* Written for an engraving :—An old man, sitting in his cottage door, at sunset, with The Book on his knee.

And washed me in Thy precious blood, and taught me by
Thy grace,
And lifted up on my poor soul the brightness of Thy face.

My Saviour died in darkness that I might live in light ;
He closed His eyes in death that mine might have the
heavenly sight ;
He gave up all His glory to bring it down to me,
And took the sinner's place that He the sinner's Friend
might be.

His Spirit shines upon His Word, and makes it sweet
indeed,
Just like a shining lamp held up beside me as I read ;
And brings it to my mind again alone upon my bed,
Till all abroad within my heart the love of God is shed.

I've nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows here
below ;
A little while—a little while, and He will come, I know,
And take me to the glory that I think is very near,
Where I shall see His face to face and His kind welcome
hear.

And now my loving Jesus is my Light at Eventide,
The welcome Guest that enters in forever to abide ;
He never leaves me in the dark, but leads me all the
way,—
So it is light at Evening Time, and soon it will be Day.

AT HOME TO-NIGHT.

THE lessons are done and the prizes won,
And the counted weeks are past ;
Oh, the holiday joys of the girls and boys
Who are "home to-night" at last !
Oh, the ringing beat of the springing feet,
As into the hall they rush !
Oh, the tender bliss of the first home kiss,
With its moment of fervent hush !
So much to tell, and to hear as well,
As they gather around the glow !
Who would not part, for the joy of heart
That only the parted can know ?
At home to-night !

But all have not met, there are travelers yet
Speeding along through the dark,
By tunnel and bridge, past river and ridge,
To the distant yet nearing mark.
But hearts are warm, for the winter storm
Has never a chill for love :
And faces are bright in the flickering light
Of the small dim lamp above.
And voices of gladness rise over the madness
Of the whirl and the rush and the roar,
For rapid and strong it bears them along
To a home and an open door—
Yes, home to-night !

Oh, home to-night, yes, home to-night,
Through the pearly gate and the open door !
Some happy feet on the golden street
Are entering now to "go out no more."
For the work is done and the rest begun,
And the training time is forever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest
Is safely, joyously reached at last.
Oh, the love and light in that home to-night !
Oh, the songs of bliss and the harps of gold !
Oh, the glory shed on the new-crowned head !
Oh, the telling of love that can ne'er be told !
Oh, the welcome that waits at the shining gates,
For those who are following far, yet near ;
When all shall meet at His glorious feet
In the light and the love of His home so dear !
Yes, "home to-night !"

"NOW!"

A NIGHT of danger on the sea,
Of sleeplessness and fear !
Wave after wave comes thundering
Against the strong stone pier ;
Each with a terrible recoil,
And a grim and gathering might,
As blast on blast comes howling past,
Each wild gust wilder than the last,
All through that awful night.

Well for the ships in the harbor now,
Which came with the morning tide ;
With unstrained cable and anchor sure,
How quietly they ride !
Well for the barque that entered at eve,
Though watched with breathless fear ;
It was sheltered first ere the tempest burst,
It is safe inside the pier !

But see a faint and fitful light
Out on the howling sea !
'Tis a vessel that seeks the harbor mouth,
As in death-agony.
Though the strong stone arms are open wide,
She has missed the only way ;
'Tis all too late, for the storm drives fast,
The mighty waves have swept her past,
And against that sheltering pier shall cast
Their wrecked and shattered prey.

Nearer and nearer the barque is borne,
As over the deck they dash,
Where sailors five are clinging fast
To the sailless stump of the broken mast,
Waiting the final crash.
Is it all too late ? is there succor yet
Those perishing men to reach ?
Life is so near on the firm-built pier,
That else must be death to each.

There are daring hearts and powerful arms,
And swift and steady feet,
And they rush as down to a yawning grave,
In the strong recoil of the mightiest wave,
Treading that awful path to save,
As they trod a homeward street.
Over the boulders and foam they rush
Into the ghastly hollow ;
They fling the rope to the heaving wreck ;
The aim was sure, and it strikes the deck,
As the shouts of quick hope follow.

Reached, but not saved ! there is more to do,
A trumpet note is heard ;
And over the rage and over the roar
Of billowy thunders on the shore,
Rings out the guiding word.
There is one chance, and only one.
All can be saved, but how ?
“ *The rope hold fast, but quit the mast*
At the trumpet-signal ‘NOW !’”

There is a moment when the sea
Has spent its furious strength ;
A shuddering pause with a sudden swirl,
Gathering force again to hurl
Billow on billow in whirl on whirl ;
That moment comes at length :
With a single shout the “ *Now* ” peals out,
And the answering leap is made.

Well for the simple hearts that just
Loosing the mast with fearless trust,
The strange command obeyed !

For the rope is good and the stout arms pull
Ere the brief storm-lull is o'er ;
It is but a swift and blinding sweep
Through the waters wild and dark and deep,
And the men are safe on shore—
Safe ! though the fiend-like blast pursue,
Safe ! though the waves dash high ;
But the ringing cheer that rises clear
Is pierced with a sudden cry :—

“There are but four drawn up to shore,
And five were on the deck !”
And the straining gaze that conquers gloom
Still traces, drifting on to doom,
One man upon the wreck.
Again they chase in sternest race
The far-recoiling wave ;
The rope is thrown to the tossing mark,
But reaches not in the windy dark
The one they strive to save.

Again they rush, and again they fail,
Again, and yet again :
The storm yells back defiance loud,
The breakers rear a rampart prond,
And roar, “ In vain, in vain !”

Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,
And bore it on its crest ;
One moment it hung quivering there
In horrible arrest.
And the lonely man on the savage sea
A lightning flash uplit,
Still clinging fast to the broken mast
That he had not dared to quit.

Then horror of great darkness fell,
While eyes flashed inward fire ;
And over all the roar and dash,
Through that great blackness came a crash,
A token sure and dire.
The wave had burst upon the pier,
The wreck was scattered wide ;
Another "*Now*" would never reach
The corpse that lay upon the beach
With the receding tide.

God's "*Now*" is sounding in your ears,
Oh, let it reach your heart !
Not only from your sinfulness
He bids you part ;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesus' precious death
Must be your plea.

Now trust the one provided rope,
 Now quit the broken mast,
 Before the hope of safety be
 Forever past.
 Fear not to trust His simple word,
 So sweet, so tried, so true,
 And you are safe for evermore,
 Yes,—even you !



“FROM GLORY TO GLORY.”

2 Cor. iii. 18.

“FROM glory unto glory !” Be this our joyous song,
 As on the King’s own highway we bravely march
 along !
 “From glory unto glory !” O word of stirring cheer !
 As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New
 Year.

Our own beloved Master “hath many things to say ;”
 Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day ;
 To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,
 To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

“From glory unto glory !” Our faith hath seen the
 King ;
 We own His matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing :
 But He hath more to show us ! O thought of untold
 bliss !
 And we press on exultingly in certain hope to this :—

To marvellous outpouring of His "treasures new and old,"

To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own gold,

To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,

To radiant unveilings of the brightness of His face.

"From glory unto glory!" What great things He hath done,

What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!

We marvel at the record of the blessings of the year!

But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His promise clear—

That "greater things," far greater, our longing eyes shall see!

We can but wait and wonder what "greater things" shall be!

But glorious fulfillments rejoicingly we claim.

While pleading in the power of the All-prevailing Name.

"From glory unto glory!" What mighty blessings crown

The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,

Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

The fullness of His blessing encompasseth our way:

The fullness of His promises crowns every brightening day;

The fullness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fullness of His love.

“From glory unto glory !” Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear ;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will
guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

“From glory unto glory !” Though tribulation fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is all in all !
Whatever lies before us, there can be naught to fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near ?

“From glory unto glory !” O marvels of the word !
“With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,”
We, even we (O wondrous grace !) “are changed into
the same,”
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to “do always what is pleasing in His
sight,”
We look to Him to keep us “all glorious within.”
Because “the blood of Jesus Christ *is cleansing* from all
sin.”

The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before.
“From glory unto glory,” that “shineth more and
more,”

Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be our
way,
(O splendor of the promise !) “ unto the perfect day.”

“ From glory unto glory ! ” Our fellow-travelers still
Are gathering on the journey ! the bright electric thrill
Of quick instinctive union, more frequent and more
sweet,
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender
beat.

And closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity ;
And wider yet, and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to
know.

Oh, ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above !
No longer tread the valley, but clinging to His hand,
Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones
more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly, that all the world must
hear !
Oh, royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the Children of the
King !

Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life
are one !

And let our consecration be real, and deep, and true ;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows re-
new !—

“ In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly and only, and evermore to be !
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own ! ”

Now onward, ever onward, from “ strength to strength ”
we go,
While “ grace for grace ” abundantly shall from His full-
ness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His Very Presence crown our happiest New Year !



THE CHILDREN'S TRIUMPH.

THE sunbeams came to my window,
And said, “ Come out and see
The sparkle on the river,
The blossom on the tree ! ”
But never a moment parleyed I
With the bright-haired Sunbeams' call !
Though their dazzling hands on the leaf they laid,
I drew it away to the curtain-shade,
Where a sunbeam could not fall.

The Robins came to my window,
And said, "Come out and sing!
Come out and join the chorus
Of the festival of the spring!"
But never a carol would I trill
In the festival of May;
But I sat alone in my shadowy room,
And worked away in its quiet gloom,
And the Robins flew away.

The Children came to my window,
And said, "Come out and play!
Come out with us in the sunshine,
'Tis such a glorious day!"
Then never another word I wrote,
And my desk was put away!
When the Children called me, what could I do?
The Robins might fail, and the Sunbeams too,
But the Children won the day.

*"THE SHINING LIGHT, THAT SHINETH
MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT
DAY."*

PROV. iv. 18.

A YEAR ago the gold light
Sweet morning made for me;
A tender and untold light,
Like music on the sea;

Light and music twining
In melodious glory,
A rare and radiant shining
On my changing story.

To-day the golden sunlight
Is full and broad and strong ;
The glory of the One Light
Must overflow in song ;
Song that floweth ever,
Sweeter every day,
Song whose echoes never,
Never die away.

How shall the light be clearer
That is so bright to-day ?
How shall the hope be dearer
That pours such joyous ray ?
I am only waiting
For the answer golden :
What faith is antedating
Shall not be withholden.



ANOTHER YEAR.

A NOTHER year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning !
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee !



WILL YOU NOT COME?

WILL you not come to Him for *Life*?
"Why will ye die," oh, why?

He gave His life for you, for you !

The gift is free, the word is true !

Will you not come ? oh, why will you die ?

Will you not come to Him for *Peace*,
Peace through His cross alone ?
He shed His precious blood for you ;
The gift is free, the word is true :
He is our Peace—oh, is He your own ?

Will you not come to Him for *Rest* ?
All that are weary, come !
The rest He gives is deep and true,
'Tis offered now, 'tis offered you !
Rest in His love, and rest in His home.

Will you not come to Him for *Joy*,
Will you not come for this ?
He laid His joys aside for you,
To give you joy, so sweet, so true :
Sorrowing heart, oh, drink of the bliss !

Will you not come to Him for *Love*,
Love that can fill the heart ?
Exceeding great, exceeding free !
He loveth you, He loveth me !
Will you not come ? Why stand you apart ?

Will you not come to Him for *ALL* ?
Will you not “ taste and see ” ?
He waits to give it all to you,
The gifts are free, the words are true !
Jesus is calling, “ Come unto Me ! ”

BONNIE WEE ERIC.

BONNIE wee Eric ! I have sat beside the evening
fire,
And listened to the leaping flame still darting keenly
higher,
And all the while a lispng voice and eyes of sunny blue
Out-whispered the flame-whisper, and outshone the
flicker too.

Bonnie wee Eric ! To his home thoughts pleasantly re-
turn,
To long fair evenings in the land of ben and brae and
burn ;
Sweet northern words, so tunefully upon our Saxon
flung,
As if a mountain breeze swept by where fairy bells are
hung.

But sweeter than all fairy bells of quaint sweet minstrel
tongue
Rang out wee Eric's gentlest tone when o'er his cot I
hung,
And told him in the sunset glow once more the old dear
story
Of Him who walked the earth that we might walk with
Him in glory.

“ He loves the little children so ;—does darling Eric love
Him ? ”

I think the angels must have smiled a rainbow-smile
above him,

Yet hardly brighter than his own, that lit the answer true,

“Jesus, the kind good Jesus ! Me do, oh, yes, me do !”

Bonnie wee Eric ! How the thought of heaven is full of joy,

And death has not a shadow for the merry, healthful boy !

To hear about the happy home he gladly turns away
From picture books, or Noah’s ark, or any game of play.

“Mamma, some day me die, and then the angels take me home

To Jesus, and me sing to Him ;—papa and you too come.”

So brightly said ! “But, Eric, would you really *like* to die ?”

She answered him ; “then, darling, tell mamma the reason why ?”

And then the sunny eyes looked up, and seemed at once to be

Filled with a happy, solemn light, like sunrise on the sea ;
He said, “Yes, me *would* like to die, *for me know where me going !*”

What saint-like, longing baby lips ! and oh, what blessed knowing !

The lesson of the “little child” is sweetly learnt from him ;

No questioning, no anxious faith all tremulous and dim,

No drowsy love that hardly knows if it be love indeed ;
Not “ think ” or “ hope,” but—“ Oh, me *do*,”—“ me
know,”—his simple creed.

Bonnie wee Eric ! Hardly launched on this world’s
troubled sea,
We know the little bark is safe whate’er its course may
be ;
And short or long, or fair or rough, our hearts are glad
in knowing
It will be onward, heavenward still, for he “ *knows*
where he’s going. ”

THE SONG OF LOVE.

I PASSED along the meadows fair,
The lark’s loud carol filled the air,
A living song up-soaring :
A wanderer passed along, and sang
A song that all the lark’s out-rang,
His very soul outpouring :
“ Still onward to my quiet home,
With yearning, glad endeavor ;
Still singing all the way I roam
A song of love forever.”

I passed along the forest green,
And heard a song ring out between

The leafy aisles o'erarching :
The music filled the silent shade,
The singer passed through glen and glade,
With steady footstep marching :
 " Still onward to my quiet home,
 With yearning, glad endeavor ;
Still singing all the way I roam
 A song of love forever."

I lingered by the river side,
And watched a tiny vessel glide,
 And saw the white waves glisten :
The helm was in the wanderer's hand,
The same clear music reached the strand,
 And bid my whole soul listen :
 " Still onward to my quiet home,
 With yearning, glad endeavor ;
Still singing all the way I roam
 A song of love forever."

I passed the quiet churchyard bound,
And stood beside a new-made mound,
 In silent sunset glory ;
The flowering grasses, fresh and fair,
Waved lightly in the summer air,
 And softly told the story :
 " He resteth in his quiet home,
 Whence nothing now can sever ;
Still singing, though no more to roam,
 His song of love forever."

SUNSET.

From the Cantata, "The Mountain Maidens."

IT is coming, it is coming,
That marvellous up-summing
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one :
The great transfiguration,
And the royal coronation
Of the Monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

Watch breathlessly and hearken,
While the forest throne-steps darken
His investiture in crimson and in fire ;
Not a herald-trumpet ringeth,
Not a pæan echo flingeth ;
There is music of a silence that is mightier far and higher.

Then, in radiant obedience,
A flush of bright allegiance
Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks
all around ;
And a thrill of mystic glory
Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned :

Crowned with ruby of resplendence,
In unspeakable transcendence,
'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
With rock-sceptres upward pointing,
While the glorious anointing
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

Then a swift and still transition
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass noiselessly away :
But the paling of the splendor
Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before
the day.

Oh, to keep it ! oh, to hold it
While the tremulous rays enfold it !
Oh, to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst
again !
Yet less lovely if less fleeting !
For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow in pain.

It is passing, it is passing !
While the softening glow is glassing
In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its
rose,
Ever faintly and more faintly,
Ever saintly and more saintly,
Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness !
O mystery of brightness
Upon those still, majestic brows shed solemnly
abroad !
Like the calm and blessèd sleeping
Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness for
their God !

LOVE FOR LOVE.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us,"—1 ST. JOHN
iv. 16.

KNOWING that the God on high,
With a tender Father's grace,
Waits to hear your faintest cry,
Waits to show a Father's face—
Stay and think ! oh, should not you
Love this gracious Father too ?

Knowing Christ was crucified,
Knowing that He loves you now
Just as much as when He died
With the thorns upon His brow—
Stay and think ! oh, should not you
Love this blessed Saviour too ?

Knowing that a Spirit strives
With your weary, wandering heart,
Who would change the restless lives,
Pure and perfect peace impart—
Stay and think ! oh, should not you
Love this loving Spirit too ?

*"MOST BLESSED FOREVER."*

THE prayer of many a day is all fulfilled,
Only by full fruition stayed and stilled ;
You asked for blessing as your Father willed,
Now He hath answered, " Most blessèd forever ! "

Lost is the daily light of mutual smile,
You therefore sorrow now a little while ;
But floating down life's dimmed and lonely aisle
Comes the clear music, "Most blessèd forever !"

From the great anthems of the Crystal Sea,
Through the far vistas of Eternity,
Grand echoes of the word peal on for thee,
Sweetest and fullest, "Most blessèd forever !"

*FINIS.**

A NOTHER little volume filled with varied verse and
song
Should wake another note of praise, unheard, but deep
and strong ;
For He who knows my truest need, and leads me day by
day,
Has given the music that hath been such solace on my
way.

I look up to my Father, and know that I am heard,
And ask Him for the glowing thought, and for the fitting
word :
I look up to my Father, for I cannot write alone ;
'Tis sweeter far to seek His strength than lean upon my
own.

* Written on the last leaf of a MS. volume.

And so the closing verses of my new-filled book shall be
A note of praise, dear Father, sung only unto Thee,
To Thee, who hast so helped me, to Thee who hast so
blessed,
The only Friend who knows my heart, the nearest and the
best.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, who hast molded praise
from pain,
And turned a wail of mourning to a trustful, calm refrain,
To many a sorrow giving me an afterward of song,
And wafting it to other hearts in comfort true and strong.

I bless Thee, gracious Father, for Thy pleasant gift to
me,
And earnestly I ask Thee that it may always be
In perfect consecration laid at Thy glorious feet,
Touched with Thine altar-fire, and made an offering pure
and sweet.





CLOSING CHORDS.

CHOSEN LESSONS.

“Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose.”—Ps. xxv. 12.

IN the way that He shall choose
He will teach us ;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest.
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH.

"The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—JOSH. xvii. 14.

HITHERTO the Lord hath blessed us,
Guiding all the way ;
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own ;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days ;
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.

*CHRISTMAS GIFTS.*

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—PS. lxxviii. 18.

CHRISTMAS gifts for thee,
Fair and free !
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more ;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again ;
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell ;

Pearls of peace that were sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea ;
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free !
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal home above ;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

HE HATH DONE IT !

“ I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins : return unto Me ; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O heavens ; for the Lord hath done it.”—*Isa.* xliv. 22, 23.

“ I know that, whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever : nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it.”—*Eccles.* iii. 14.

SING, O heavens ! the Lord hath done it !
Sound it forth o'er land and sea !
Jesus says, “ I have redeemed thee,
Now return, return to Me.”

Oh, return, for His own life-blood
Paid the ransom, made us free
Evermore and evermore.

For I know that what He doeth
Stands forever fixed and true ;
Nothing can be added to it,
Nothing left for us to do ;
Nothing can be taken from it,
Done for me and done for you
Evermore and evermore.

Listen now ! the Lord hath done it !
For He loved us unto death ;
It is finished ! He hath saved us !
Only trust to what He saith.
He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,
Spend in praise your ransomed breath
Evermore and evermore.

Oh believe the Lord hath done it !
Wherefore linger ? wherefore doubt ?
All the cloud of black transgression
He Himself hath blotted out.
He hath done it ! Come and bless Him,
Swell the grand thanksgiving shout
Evermore and evermore.

December 3d, 1878.

WHAT THOU WILT.

DO what Thou wilt ! yes, only do
What seemeth good to Thee :
Thou art so loving, wise, and true,
It must be best for me.

Send what Thou wilt, or beating shower,
Soft dew, or brilliant sun ;
Alike, in still or stormy hour,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Teach what Thou wilt ; and make me learn
Each lesson full and sweet,
And deeper things of God discern
While sitting at Thy feet.

Say what Thou wilt ; and let each word
My quick obedience win ;
Let loyalty and love be stirred
To deeper glow within.

Give what Thou wilt ; for then I know
I shall be rich indeed :
My King rejoices to bestow
Supply for every need.

Take what Thou wilt, beloved Lord,
For I have all in Thee !
My own exceeding great reward,
Thou, Thou Thyself shalt be !

December, 1848.

VOICES.

OF TWILIGHT.

WHAT are the whispering voices
That awake at twilight-fall?
Do they come from the golden sunset,
With their haunting, haunting call?
They tell me of breezy springtimes,
And the lakes' sweet summer eves,
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken
From the shining ivy leaves.
But the far-off treble changeth
To a tenor tone, and so
I know that the voices tell me
Only of long ago.
I hear you, I hear you,
In the gentle twilight-fall.
Come to me, come!
With your haunting, haunting call.

OF DAWN.

What are the whispering voices
That wake at early dawn?
Do they come from the orient portals
Of the palace of the morn?
They tell of a Golden City
With pearl and jasper bright,
And of shining forms that beckon
From the pure and dazzling light.

Then a rush of far-off harpings
 Blends with the voices clear.
 And I know that the night is passing,
 And I know that the day is near !
 I hear you, I hear you,
 Sweet voices of the dawn !
 Come to me, come !
 In the early, early morn.



ECHOES FROM THE WORD.

I.—“THY WORD.”

UPON thy word I rest,
 So strong, so sure ;
 So full of comfort blest,
 So sweet, so pure,—
 The word that changeth not, that faileth never !
 My King, I rest upon Thy Word forever !

II.—“THY KING COMETH.”

Cometh in lowliness,
 Cometh in righteousness,
 Cometh in mercy all-royal and free !
 Cometh with grace and might,
 Cometh with love and light,
 Cometh belovèd—oh, cometh to thee !

III.—“UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.”

Unto you the Child is born
On this blessed Christmas morn :
Unto you, to be your Peace ;
 Unto you, for He hath found you ;
Unto you, with full release
 From the weary chains that bound you ;
Unto you, that you may rise
Unto Him above the skies !

IV.—“ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.”

So may'st thou walk ! from hour to hour
 Of every passing year,
 Keeping so very near
To Him whose power is love, whose love is power.

So may'st thou walk ! in His clear light,
 Leaning on Him alone,
 Thy life His very own,
Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in white.

V.—“SILENT TO THE LORD.”

Rest, and be silent ! For, faithfully listening,
 Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
 Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.
Rest and be silent ! for Jesus is here,
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.

VI.—“CHILDREN OF THE DAY.”

Fear not the westering shadows,
Oh, Children of the day !
For brighter still and brighter
Shall be your homeward way.
Resplendent as the morning,
With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noonday,
Shall be your sunset hour.

VII.—OUR SUBSTITUTE.

On Thee the Lord
My mighty sins hath laid ;
And against Thee Jehovah's sword
Flashed forth its fiery blade.
The stroke of justice fell on Thee,
That it might never fall on me.

VIII.—EASTER HALLELUJAHs.

O mountain height, break forth and sing
In color-music fair and sweet !
O forest depths, awake and bring
Your delicate odors to His feet !
Sing, for the Lord hath done it !
Proclaim redemption, for He hath won it !
Let Easter hallelujahs rise from every living thing !

IX.—“WONDROUS GRACE.”

Wondrously
The Lord hath dealt with thee !

Wondrous mercy all the way,
Wondrous patience every day,
Wondrous pardon, wondrous feeding,
Wondrous help and wondrous leading.

Wondrously
The Lord shall deal with thee !
Wondrous tenderness and grace,
Wondrous shining of His face,
Wondrous faithfulness and power,
Wondrous love from hour to hour.

X. — “ HE KNOWS.”

He knows !
Yes, Jesus knows just what you cannot tell,
He understands so well !
The silence of the heart is heard ;
He does not need a single word ;
He thinks of you ;
He watcheth and He careth too.
He pitieth, He loveth ! All this flows
In one sweet word, “ He knows !”

XI. — “ THROUGH THE WATERS.”

“ When thou passest through the waters,
I will be with thee !”
Sure and sweet and all-sufficient
Shall His presence be.
All God’s billows overflowed Him
In the great atoning day :
Now He only leads thee through them—
With thee all the way.

XII.—THE BELIEVER'S REST.

The weary quest
Is over now, for He who loves us calleth,
“Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.”
That still Voice falleth
On hearts that, listening, are blest.
And daily shall that blessing flow,
And daily shall the gladness grow,
“For we which have believed do enter into rest.”

THE KEY FOUND.

THERE is a strange wild wail around, a wail of wild
unrest,
A moaning in the music, with echoes unconfessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes
shrill and thin,
And deep, low shuddering groans that rise from caves of
gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through His fair lands, rich
and broad ;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and
nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal
strain.

•

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for
truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their
youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting
sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfath-
omed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and still in
vain, -
Though they glory in the dimness, and are proud of very
pain ;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot,
will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest ! The Deliverer is near !
Arise, go forth to meet Him ! Bow down, for He is
here !
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and
blessèd tryst,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the Very God in
Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and
sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows
grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in
Him.

Do ye doubt our feeble witness ? Though ye scorn us,
come and see !

Come and hear Him for yourselves, and ye shall know
that it is He !

Ye shall find in Him the Centre, the Very Truth and
Life,

Resplendent resolution of the endless doubt and strife.

Ye shall find a perfect fitness with your highest, deepest
thought

In Him, the fair Ideal, that so long ye vainly sought,

In Him the grand Reality ye never found before,

In Him the Lord that ye must love, the God ye must
adore.

Ye shall find in Him the filling of the "aching void"
within ;

In Him the instant antidote for anguish and for sin ;

In Him the conscious meeting of the soul's unuttered
need ;

In Him the *All* that ye have sought, the goal of life in-
deed.

As the light is to the eye, with its sensitive array

Of delicate adjustments with their finely balanced play,

With its instinct of perception, and its craving for the
light,

So is Jesus to the spirit, when He gives the inward sight.

As the full and clear translation of some characters of
fate,

With their sibylline enfoldings, of dim mysterious
weight.

And a haunting terror lest the real be darker than the
guessed !

So is Jesus to the questions and enigmas of the breast.

As the key is to the lock, when it enters quick and
true,

Fitting all the complex wards that are hidden from the
view,

Moving all the secret springs that no other finds or
moves,

So is Jesus to the soul, when His saving power He proves.

As the music to the ear, when the mightiest anthems
roll,

With its corridors conveying every echo to the soul,

With its exquisite discernment of vibration and of tone,

So is Jesus to the heart that is made for Him alone.

No need to prove the sunshine when the eye receives the
light ;

When the cipher is deciphered we know the clue is right ;

The key is known by fitting the strange, intricate wards ;

And the ears must own the music when they recognize
the chords.

No need to prove a Saviour, when once the heart believes,
And the light of God's own glory in Jesus Christ re-
ceives !

No need for weary puzzle, with heart-lore strange and
dim,

When we find our dark enigmas are simply solved in
Him !

We cannot doubt our finding the very Key indeed,
When Jesus fills up every void, responds to every need,
When all the secrets of our hearts before Him are re-
vealed,
And all the mystery of life, alone with Him unsealed.

We cannot doubt, when once the ear of listening faith
has heard
With all-responsive thrill of love, the music of His word !
He gives the witness that excels all argument or sign,—
When we have heard it for ourselves we *know* it is
Divine !

And then, oh, then the wail is stilled, the wandering is
o’er,
The rest is gained, the certainty that never wavers more ;
And then the full, unquivering praise arises glad and
strong,
And life becomes the prelude of the everlasting song !
*December 14th, 1878.**



“FORGIVEN—EVEN UNTIL NOW.”

NUM. xiv. 19.

“**T**HOU hast forgiven—even until now !”
We bless Thee, Lord, for this,
And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow
In depth of sorrowing bliss ;

* Her last birthday.

While over all the long, regretful past
This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign hand doth
cast.

“Forgiven until now !” For Jesus died
To take our sins away ;
His blood was shed, and still the infinite tide
Flows full and deep to-day.
He paid the debt ; we own it, and go free !
The canceled bond is cast in Love’s unfathomed sea.

“Forgiven until now !” For God is true ;
Faithful and just is He !
Forgiving, cleansing, making all things new !
“Who is a God like Thee ?”
O precious blood of Christ that saves and heals !
While all its cleansing might the Holy Ghost reveals.

Yes, “even until now !” And so we stand,
Forgiven, loved, and blessed,
And, covered in the shadow of God’s hand,
Believing, are at rest.
The one great load is lifted from the soul,
That henceforth on the Lord all burdens we may roll.

Yes, “even until now !” Then let us press
With free and willing feet
Along the King’s highway of holiness,
Until we gain the street
Of golden crystal, praising purely when
We see our pardoning Lord ; forgiven until then !

New Year’s Day, 1879.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.

A FEW months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead brown boughs gave no hope of summer
shoots,
And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the
roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept ;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom ! I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone
In the sweet old summer tone,
For the strong white ice could not hush me for a day ;
Though no other voice was heard
But the bitter breeze that whirled
Past the gaunt, gray trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign ;
And the keen stars shone
When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

A few months ago
I was singing through the snow !
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land,
And the memories are lost
Of the winter fog and frost,
In the presence of the summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the ladyfern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam ;
And the wild rosebuds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble-vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed squirrel's home.

Oh, the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers
around !
I no longer sing alone
Through a chill surrounding moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred,
Ere the south wind's whisper heard
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary winter days,
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the summer time was sure,
When the lonely songs are gathered in the mighty choir
of praise. *February 18th, 1879.*

HOPE.

WHAT though the blossom fall and die ?
 The flower is not the root ;
 The sun of love may ripen yet
 The Master's pleasant fruit.

What though by many a sinful fall
 Thy garments are defiled ?
 A Saviour's blood can cleanse them all ;
 Fear not ! thou art His child.

Arise ! and leaning on His strength,
 Thy weakness shall be strong ;
 And He will teach thy heart at length
 A new, perpetual song.

Arise ! to follow in His track
 Each holy footprint clear,
 And on an upward course look back
 With every brightening year.

Arise ! and on thy future way
 His blessing with thee be !
 His presence be thy staff and stay,
 Till thou His glory see.

“THE SCRIPTURE CANNOT BE BROKEN.”

JOHN x. 35.

UPON the Word I rest
 Each pilgrim day ;

This golden staff is best
 For all the way.
 What Jesus Christ hath spoken
Cannot be broken !

Upon the Word I rest,
 So strong, so sure ;
 So full of comfort blest,
 So sweet, so pure !
 The charter of salvation,
 Faith's broad foundation.

Upon the Word I stand !
 That cannot die !
 Christ seals it in my hand ;
 He cannot lie !
 The Word that faileth never !
 Abiding ever !

Chorus.—The Master hath said it ! Rejoicing in this,
 We ask not for sign or for token ;
 His word is enough for our confident bliss,
 “The Scripture *cannot* be broken !”

April, 1879.

NOTHING TO PAY!

NOTHING to pay ! Ah, nothing to pay !
 Never a word of excuse to say !
 Year after year thou hast filled the score,
 Owing thy Lord still more and more.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
“Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
Ruined, lost, art thou, and yet
I forgave thee all that debt.”

Nothing to pay ! the debt is so great ;
What will you do with the awful weight ?
How shall the way of escape be made ?
Nothing to pay ! yet it must be paid !

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
“Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
All has been put to My account,
I have paid the full amount.”

Nothing to pay ; yes, nothing to pay !
Jesus has cleared all the debt away,
Blotted it out with His bleeding hand !
Free and forgiven and loved you stand.

Hear the voice of Jesus say,
“Verily thou hast nothing to pay !
Paid is the debt, and the debtor free !
Now I ask *thee*, lovest thou ME ?”

April, 1879.



THE SEED OF SONG.

THE seed of song was cast
On the listening hearts around,
And the sweetly winning sound
In a few short minutes passed.

But a song of perfect praise,
And a song of perfect love,
Was the harvest after many days,
Beneath the everlasting rays
Of the summer-time above.

The seed of a single word
Fell among the furrows deep,
In their silent, wintry sleep,
And the sower never an echo heard.
But the "Come!" was not in vain,
For that germ of Life and Love,
And the blessed Spirit's quickening rain,
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
For the Harvest Home above.

Will you not sow that song?
Will you not drop that word,
Till the coldest hearts be stirred
From their slumber deep and long?
Then your harvest shall abound
With rejoicing full and grand,
Where the heavenly summer-songs resound,
And the fruits of faithful work are found
In the Glorious Holy Land.

BEHOLD YOUR KING!

"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."—LAM. i. 12.

BEHOLD your King! Though the moonlight steals
Through the silvery sprays of the olive tree,

No star-gemmed sceptre or crown it reveals
In the solemn shade of Gethsemane.

Only a form of prostrate grief,
Fallen, crushed, like a broken leaf !
Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know
The depth of love in the depth of woe !

Behold your King ! Is it nothing to you
That the crimson tokens of agony
From the kingly brow must fall like dew,
Through the shuddering shades of Gethsemane ?
Jesus himself, the Prince of Life,
Bows in mysterious mortal strife ;
Oh, think of His sorrow ! that we may know
The unknown love in the unknown woe !

Behold your King ! With His sorrow crowned,
Alone, alone in the valley is He !
The shadows of death are gathering round,
And the Cross must follow Gethsemane.
Darker and darker the gloom must fall.
Filled is the Cup, He must drink it all !
Oh, think of His sorrow, that we may know
His wondrous love in his wondrous woe !

Good Friday, 1879.

“ HE SUFFERED.”

“ HE suffered !” Was it, Lord, indeed for me,
The Just One for the unjust, Thou didst bear
The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare

To look upon, in dark Gethsemane ?
“ He suffered ! ” Thon, my near and gracious Friend,
And yet my Lord, my God ! Thou didst not shrink
For me that full and fearful cup to drink,
Because Thou lovedst even to the end !
“ He suffered ! ” Saviour, was Thy love so vast
That mysteries of unknown agony,
Even unto death, its only gage could be,
Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed ?
Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane
Seal Thou my quivering love forever unto Thee.

1879.

*EASTER DAWN.**

IT is too calm to be a dream,
Too gravely sweet, too full of power,
Prayer changed to praise this very hour !
Yes, heard and answered ! though it seem
Beyond the hope of yesterday,
Beyond the faith that dared to pray,
Yet not beyond the love that heard,
And not beyond the faithful word
On which each trembling prayer may rest,
And win the answer truly best.

Yes, heard and answered ! sought^{*} and found !
I breathe a golden atmosphere
Of solemn joy, and seem to hear
Within, above, and all around,

* [Written in pencil the early dawn of her last Easter Day, April, 1879.]

The chime of deep cathedral bells,
 An early herald peal that tells
 A glorious Easter tide begun ;
 While yet are sparkling in the sun
 Large raindrops of the night storm passed,
 And days of Lent are gone at last.



LIFE FOR JESUS.

“The love of Christ constraineth us. . . He died for all, that they which live should not live henceforth unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.”—2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

HE is come to claim His throne, \
 And to make thy life His own.
 Voices of this passing earth,
 Echoes of its praise or mirth,
 Reach not where the heart hath heard
 Golden music of His word.
 “All for Jesus” henceforth be !
 Live for Him who died for thee !



AN EASTER PRAYER.

OH, let me know
 The power of Thy resurrection ;
 Oh, let me show
 Thy risen life in calm and clear reflection :

Oh, let me soar
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before ;
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest ;
Oh, let me live
With life abundantly because Thou livest ;
Oh, make me shine
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine ;
Oh, let me be
A faithful witness for Thy truth and Thee.

Oh, let me show
The strong reality of gospel story ;
Oh, let me go
From strength to strength, from glory unto glory ;
Oh, let me sing
For very joy, because Thou art my King ;
Oh, let me praise
Thy love and faithfulness through all my days.



STILLNESS.

“Be quiet : fear not.”—ISA. vii. 4.

THOU layest Thine hand on the fluttering heart,
And savest “Be still !”
The shadow and silence are only a part
Of Thy sweet will ;
Thy presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill.

“BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!”

MATT. XXV. 6.

O HERALD whisper falling
Upon the passing night,
Mysteriously calling
The children of the light !

He cometh : oh, He cometh !
Our own beloved Lord !
This blessed hope up-summeth
Our undeserved reward.

He cometh ! though the hour
Nor earth nor heaven may know,
Sure is the word of power,
“He cometh !” Even so !

*UNFINISHED FRAGMENTS.*

THE Master will guide the weary feet,
Choosing for each, and choosing aright,
The noontide rest in the summer heat ;
For some the glory of Alpine height,
For some the breezes fresh and free,
And the changeful charm of wave and sea ;
For some the hush and the soothing spells
Of harvest fields and woodland dells ;
For some it may be the quiet gloom
Of the suffering couch and the shaded room.

Master, *our* Master, oh, let it be
 That our leisure and rest be still with Thee,
With Thee and *for* Thee each sunny hour

.

II.

“ **A** RISE, depart ! for this is not your rest ! ”
 The voice fell strangely on the sleeping fold,
 As fell the starlight’s quivering gold
 Upon the dusky lake’s untroubled breast.
 And yet the Shepherd’s hand had led them there,
 And made them to lie down amid the pastures fair.

“ Arise ye, and depart ! ” The morning rays
 Lit up the emerald slope and crystal pool,
 Sweet sustenance for many days,
 And quiet resting places, calm and cool.
 They knew not why nor whither, yet they went !
 His own hand put them forth, and so they were content.

And so they followed Him, they could not stay
 When He had risen, the Shepherd good and fair.

.

In pencil, May, 1879.

THE END.

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